G.87

THE New Treasury of Musick:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF THE

Choicest and Best SONG-BOOKS

For these Twenty Years last past.

The *WORDS* Composed by the most Ingenious Wits of this Age, and Sett to MUSICK by the *Greatest Masters* in that Science.

WITH

A *Thorow-Bass* to most SONGS,

FOR THE

Theorbo, *Lute* or *Bass-Viol*, *Harpsichord* or *Spinnet*.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Playford* near the Temple-Church; or at his House over-against the *Blew-Ball* in *Arundel-street*: Where also the New *Catch-Book* may be had. 1695.

THE

Theater of MUSIC:

OR, A

Choice COLLECTION of the newest and best *Songs* Sung at the COURT, and Public THEATERS.

The *Words* composed by the most ingenious *Wits* of the Age, and set to MUSIC by the greatest Masters in that *Science*.

WITH

A THEORBO-BASS to each *Song* for the *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

ALSO

Symphonies and *Retornels* in 3 Parts to several of them for the *Violins* and *Flutes*.

THE FIRST BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by *J. Playford*, for *Henry Playford* and *R. C.* and are to be sold near the *Temple* Church, and at the *Middle-Temple* Gate, 1685.

THE

To Dr. *John Blow*, Maſter of the *Children*, and one of the *Organiſts* of His Majesty's *Chappel-Royal.*

AND, TO

Mr. *Henry Purcell*, Compoſer in Ordinary to *His Sacred Majeſty*, and one of the *Organiſts* of His *Chappel-Royal.*

GENTLEMEN,

THIS being the firſt Eſſay of ours in this kind, and being particularly obliged to you for your Aſſiſtance herein, (in peruſing ſeveral of the Songs of this Book before they went to the Preſs, whoſe Authors we could not ſo well apply our ſelves to, and adding Thorow-Baſſes to ſuch as wanted them) we preſume farther on your Generoſity, and beg the favour of you to patronize theſe our Endeavours; *and alſo to give us leave to acknowledge our ſelves, (as in Gratitude bound)*

Your obliged humble Servants,

R. C.
H. P.

To the Authors *in general of the following* Muſical *Compoſitions.*

GENTLEMEN,

I Hope the care we have taken, in endeavouring to get the moſt correct Copies of the following *Songs*, has rendred this Collection as perfect as any of thoſe five Books already printed: However, if ſome ſmall Errors ſhall be found (tho' we hope the contrary), as we dare not pretend to Infallibility, ſo we hope you will not attribute them to our neglect, but rather to our unhappineſs, in not having an opportunity of communicating ſeveral of theſe *Songs* to the Authors themſelves before they were printed off, as well as to the common Infirmity of the Preſs. For, tho' moſt of theſe were printed from the Authors own Copies, yet ſeveral of them were only Tranſcriptions, but thoſe, ſuch as we thought likewiſe faithfully done. To prevent the hazard for the future of printing a Song contrary to the Author's own Compoſition, we become Petitioners to you (which we hope in juſtice to your ſelves you will eaſily grant), That when you have made any new Songs, you will be pleaſed to leave Copies of them under your own hands, either at Mr. *John Playford*'s Shop in the *Inner-Temple*, or at Mr. *John Carr*'s Shop at the *Middle-Temple* Gate, and then we do faithfully promiſe forthwith to print them from ſuch Copies, whereby you may be aſſured to have them perfect and exact. This, as it will prevent ſuch as daily abuſe you, by publiſhing your Songs lame and imperfect, and ſinging them about the Streets like ordinary Ballads; ſo it will particularly oblige,

Your Servants,

R. C.
H. P.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

There is now in the Press a most excellent *Musical Entertainment*, to be performed at the Musical Feast on St. *Cecilia*'s day next, *Nov.* 22. 1684. The words made by the late ingenious Mr. *John Oldham*, Author of the *Satyr* on the *Jesuits*, and other excellent Poems; and set to Music, in two, three, four, and five Parts, by Dr. *John Blow*, Master of the Children, and one of the *Organists*, of *His Majesty*'s Chappel Royal.

Likewise at *John Carr*'s Shop may be had, the *Musical Entertainment* for last St. *Cecilia*'s day. The Words made by Mr. *Christopher Fishburn*, and set to Music, in two, three, four, and six Parts, by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, Composer in Ordinary to *His Sacred Majesty*, and one of the *Organists* of *His Majesty*'s Chappel Royal.

Also,

An *Essay* to the Advancement of *Music*, by *T. Salmon*. Price 2 *s.*

The *Vocal* and *Instrumental Music* in *Psyche*, with the *Instrumental Music* in the *Tempest*. Price 2 *s.*

Melotheſia, or Rules for playing a continued *Bass* on the *Harpsichord*. Price 3 *s.*

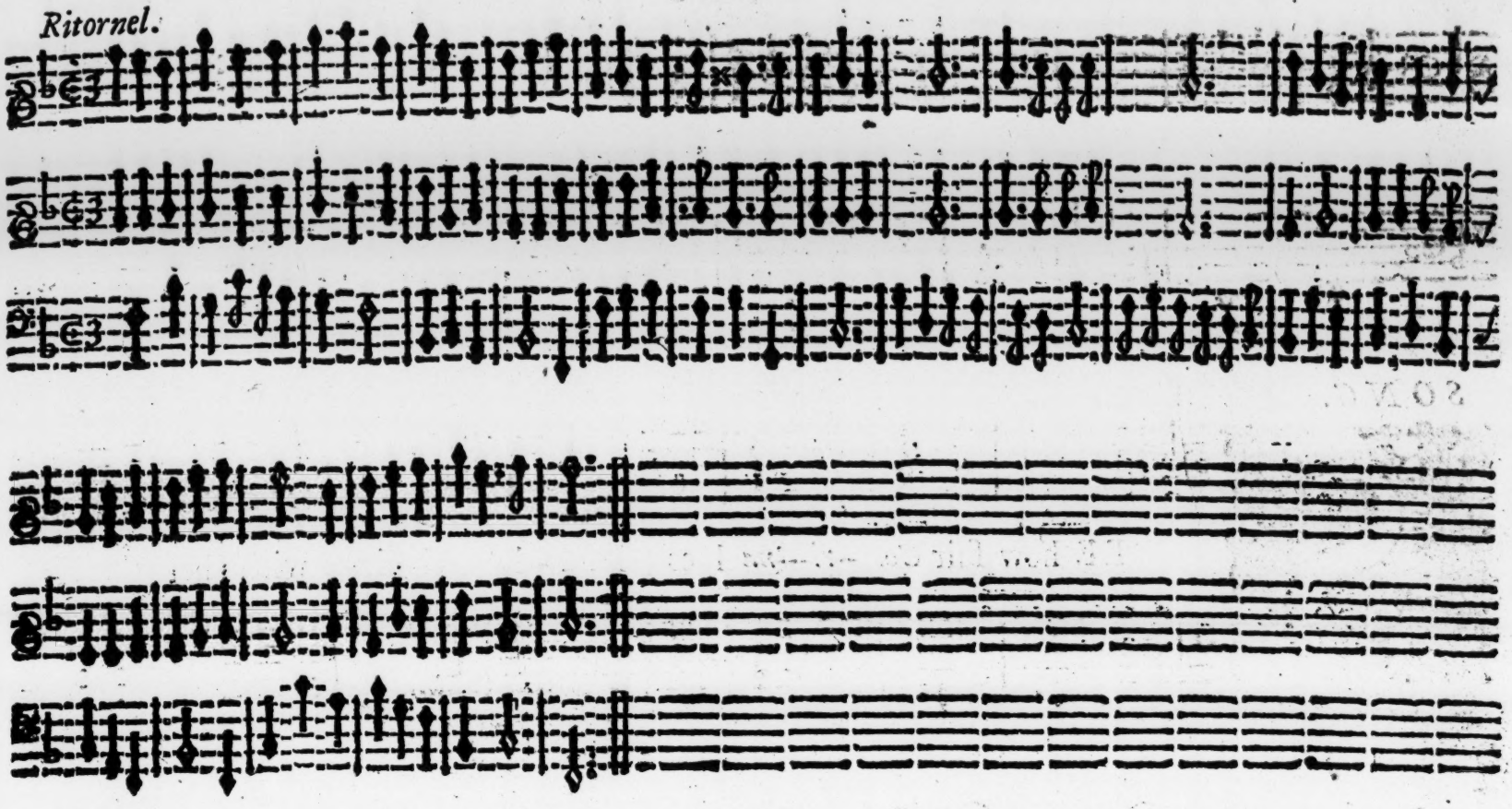
Tripla Concordia, or new *Ayres* in three Parts for *Treble* and *Bass-Viols*.

Also all sorts of *Musical Instruments* and *Strings*.

† Those marked thus are by H. Purcell

The three following Songs in the Diſappointment, *or* The Mother in faſhion.

Ritornel.



SONG.

I Never ſaw a face 'till now, that could my Paſſion move, I lik'd, and ventur'd many Vow, but durſt not think of Love; 'till Beauty, charming ev'--ry Sence, an ea--ſie Conqueſt made, and ſhew'd the vainneſs of Defence, when *Phil--lis* does invade.

Capt. *Pack.*

II.

But ah! her colder Heart denies,
The thoughts her looks inſpire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only fire:
Between Extreams I am undone,
Like Plants to Northward ſet,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or cold for want of heat.

Ritornel.

SONG.

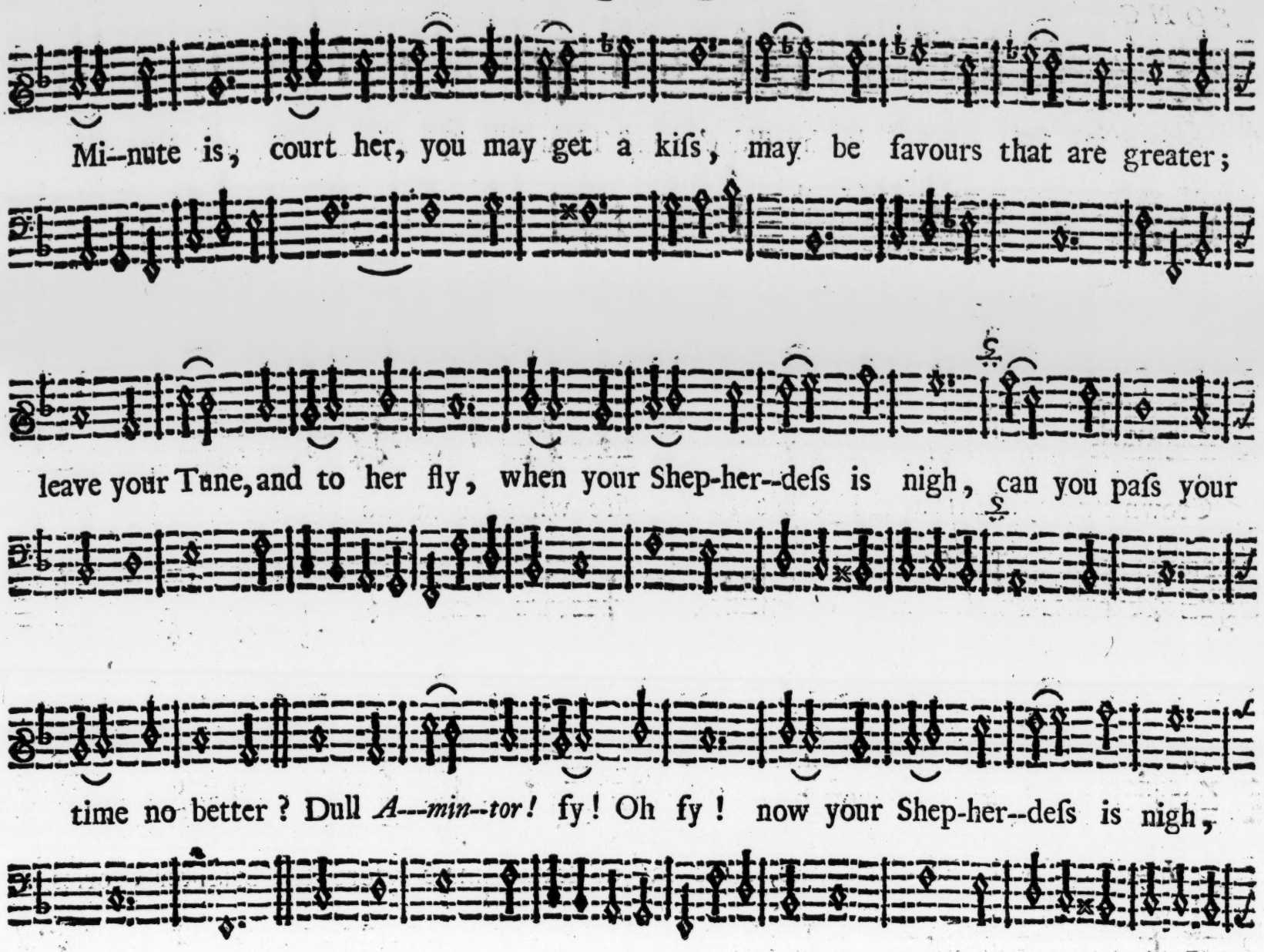
SEE how fair *Cor---ri---na* lyes, kind---ly cal--ling with her Eyes,

in the ten--der moment prove her; Shepherd! why ſo dull a Lo--ver? prethee!

why ſo dull, ſo dull a Lo--ver? In her Bluſhes ſee your Shame, Anger they with
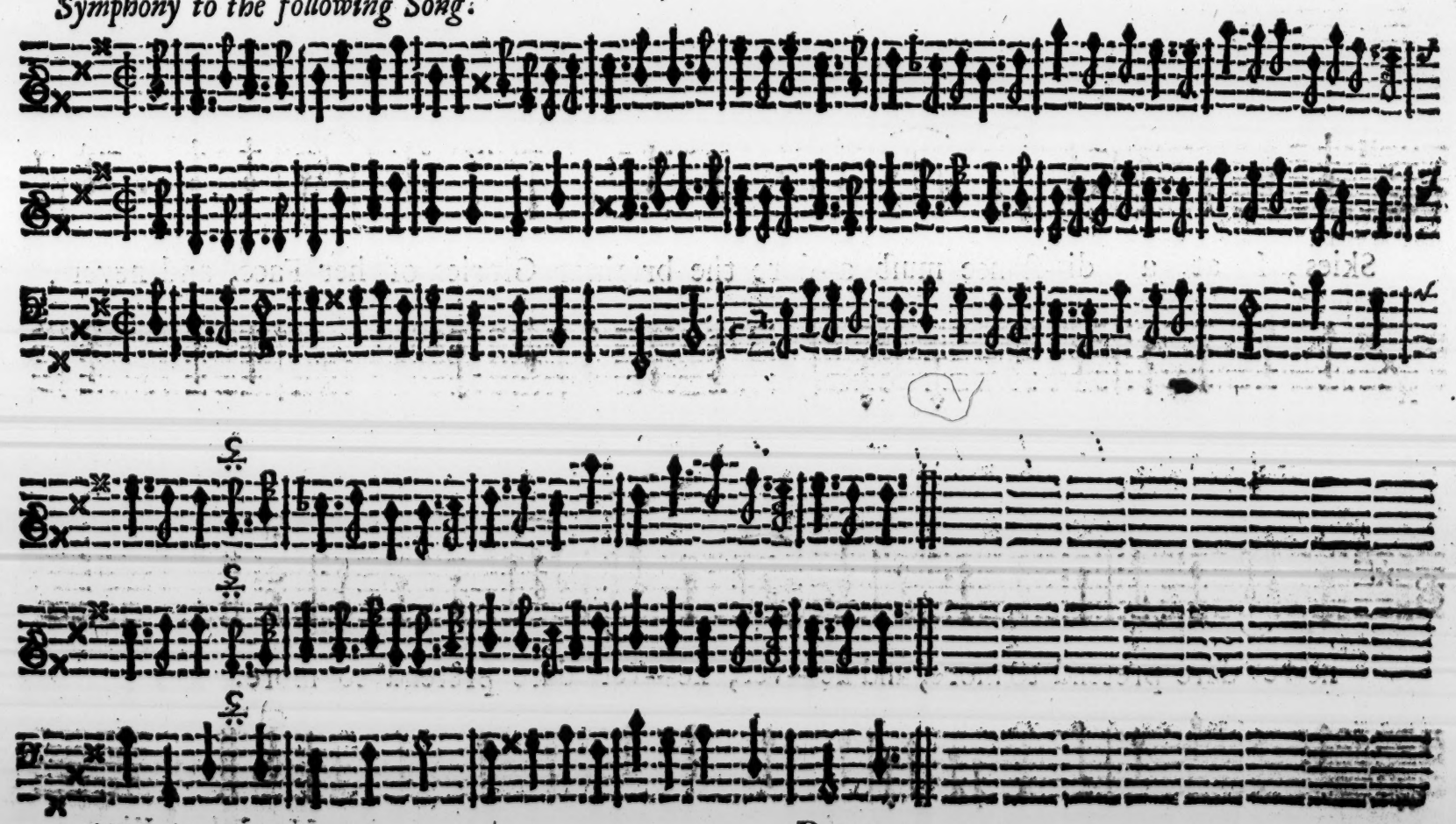
Love pro--claim, you too cold--ly en--ter-tain her; lay your Pipe a lit---tle by,

if no o-ther Charm you try, you will ne-ver, ne--ver gain her. While the hap-py

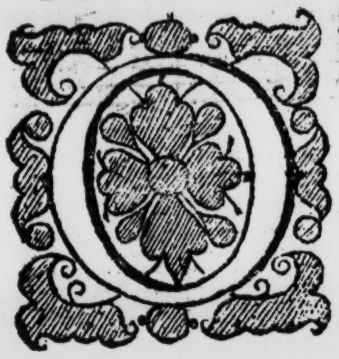


Capt. *Pack.*

Symphony to the following Song.



SONG.



H! why did e're my Thoughts aſpire, to wiſh for that no

Crown can buy? 'Tis Sa-cri-lege but to de---fire what ſhe in ho---nour will de--ny: As

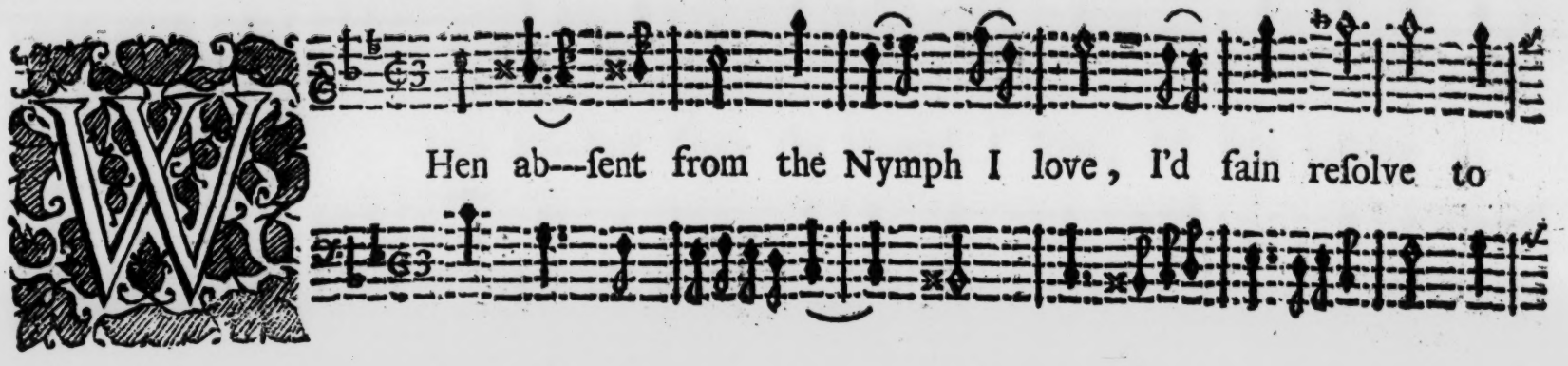
In--dians do the Ea--ſtern Skies, I at a di--ſtance muſt adore the brighter Glories

of her Face, and never, ne--ver dare pretend to more; as *Indians* do the Eaſtern

Skies, I at a di--ſtance muſt a--dore the brighter Glories of her Face, and never,

ne-ver dare pretend to more, and ne---ver, ne---ver dare pretend to more.
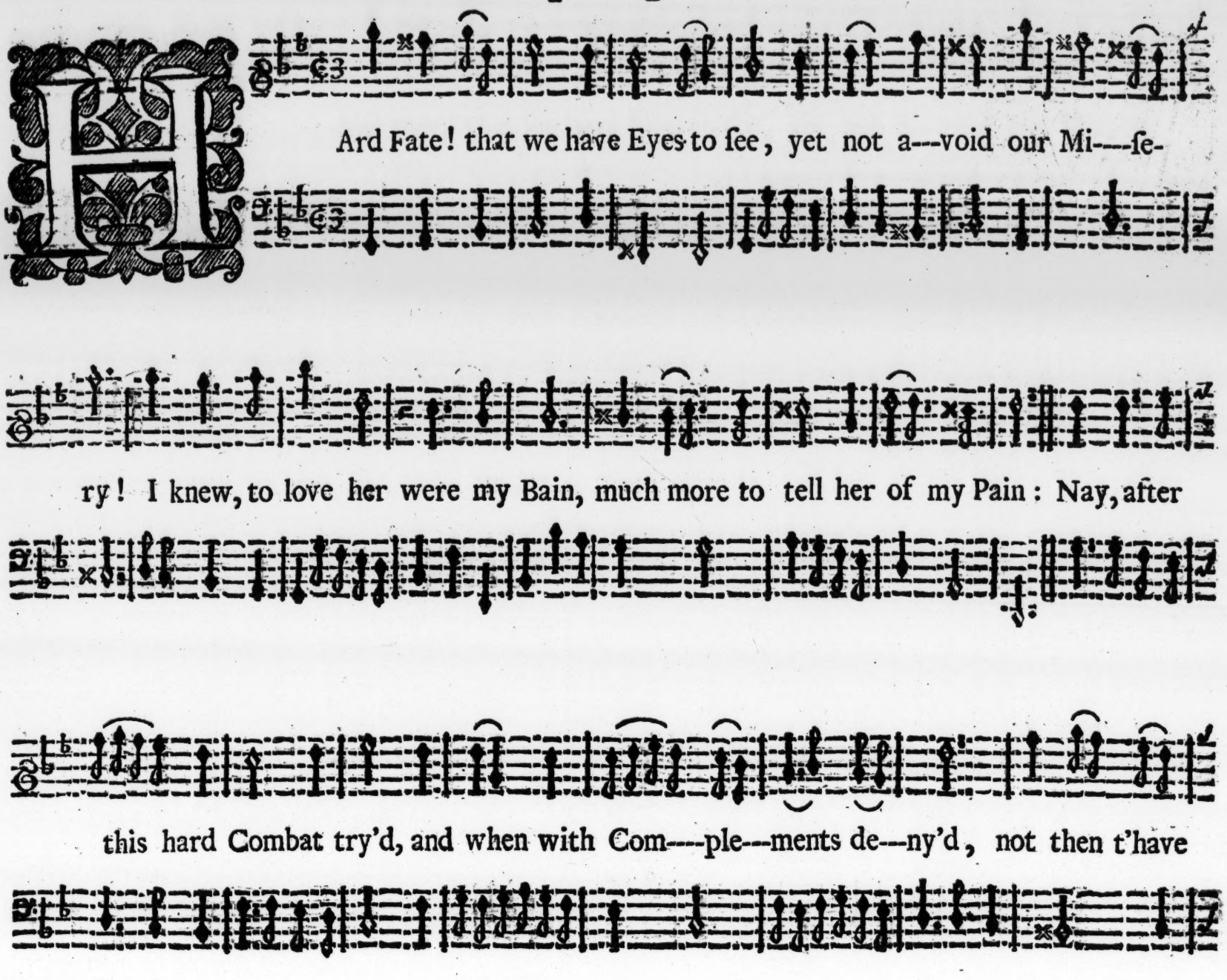
Mr. *Robert King.*



Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

II.

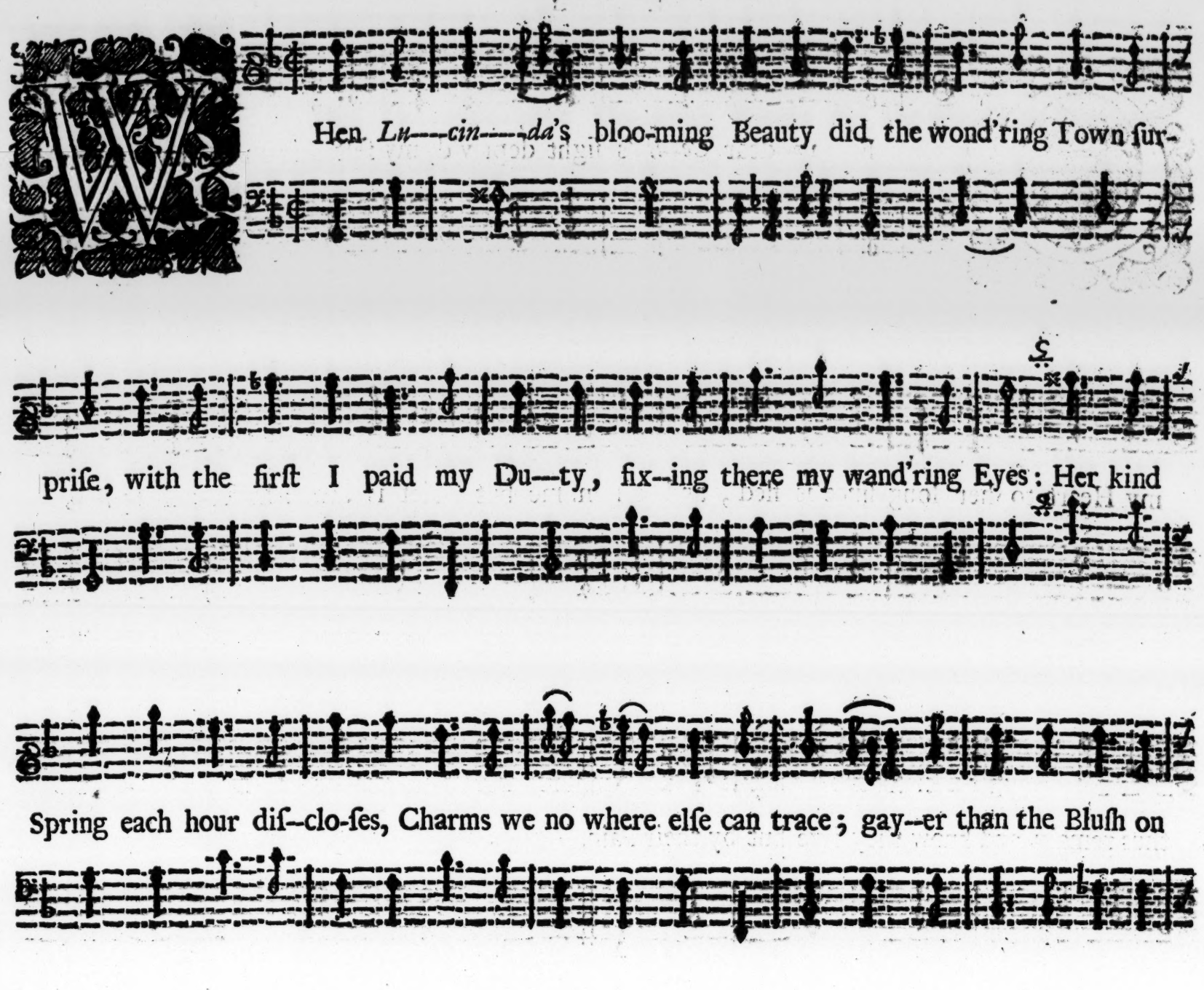
To Rocks and Trees I ſigh alone,
And often do my Paſſion tell;
I fancy that they hear my moan,
And Eccho back, *You love too well:*
Forbear your Paſſion to purſue,
Or it will end in miſery;
The Nymph's in love, but not with you,
If this won't do, deſpair and dye.



Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd.*

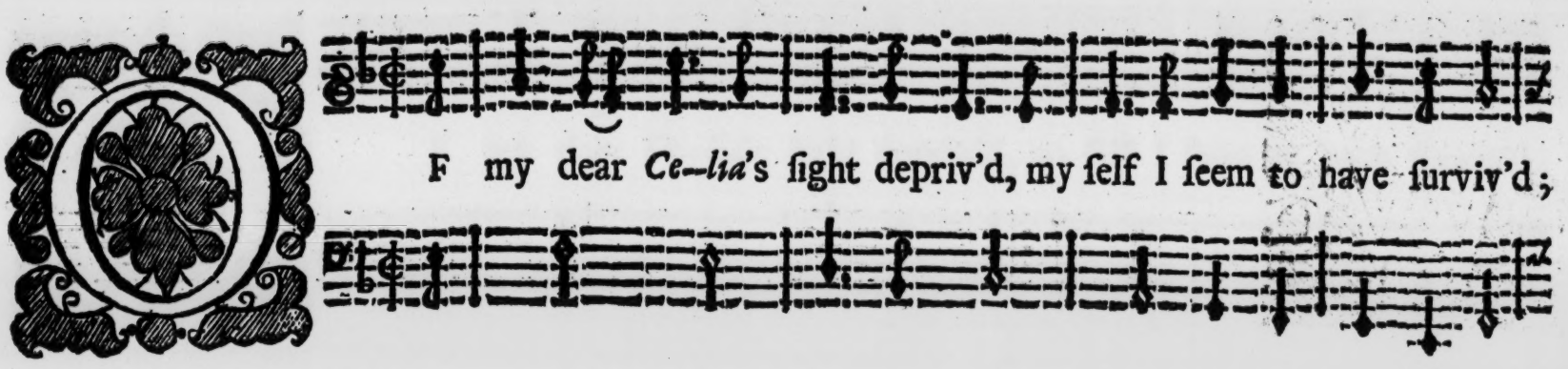
II.

Yet who would grudge to bear this weight,
Would ſhe, alas! commiſerate;
Who would refuſe whole days of Care,
To dream all night of Love and her?
I would a Purgatory bear,
That might be overcome by Pray'r;
But this Eternal Round of Woe,
None but the Damn'd ſhould undergo.



II.

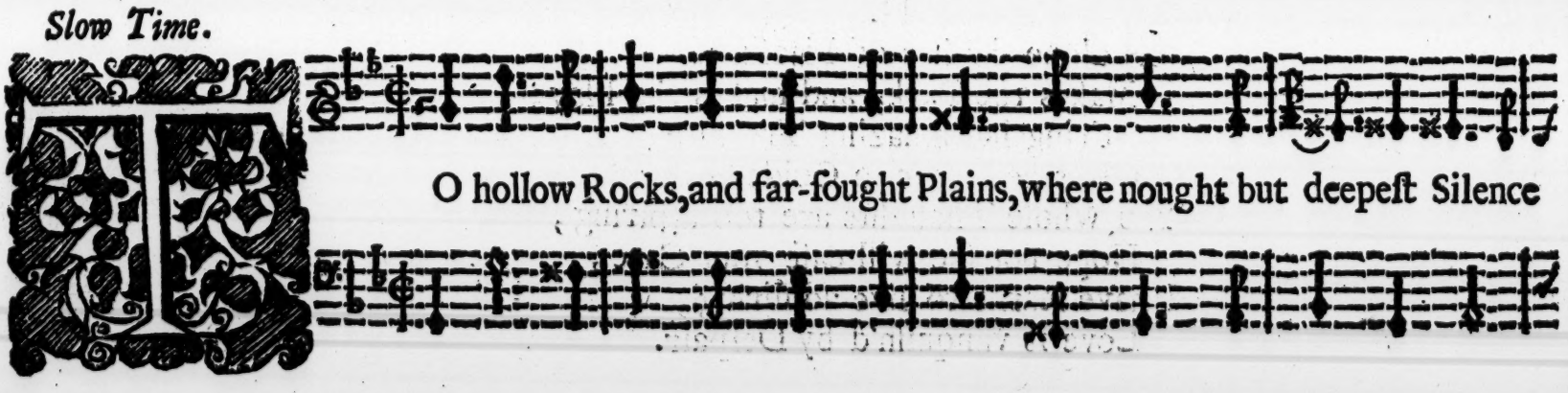
She alone the life of Pleaſure,
Makes the Park, and makes the Play;
Scatt'ring her amazing Treaſure,
Gives her Slaves a Golden day:
You whoſe Thoughts are too aſpiring,
Hope not ſhe will eaſe your Care;
I have learnt to live admiring,
Love is vanquiſh'd by Deſpair.

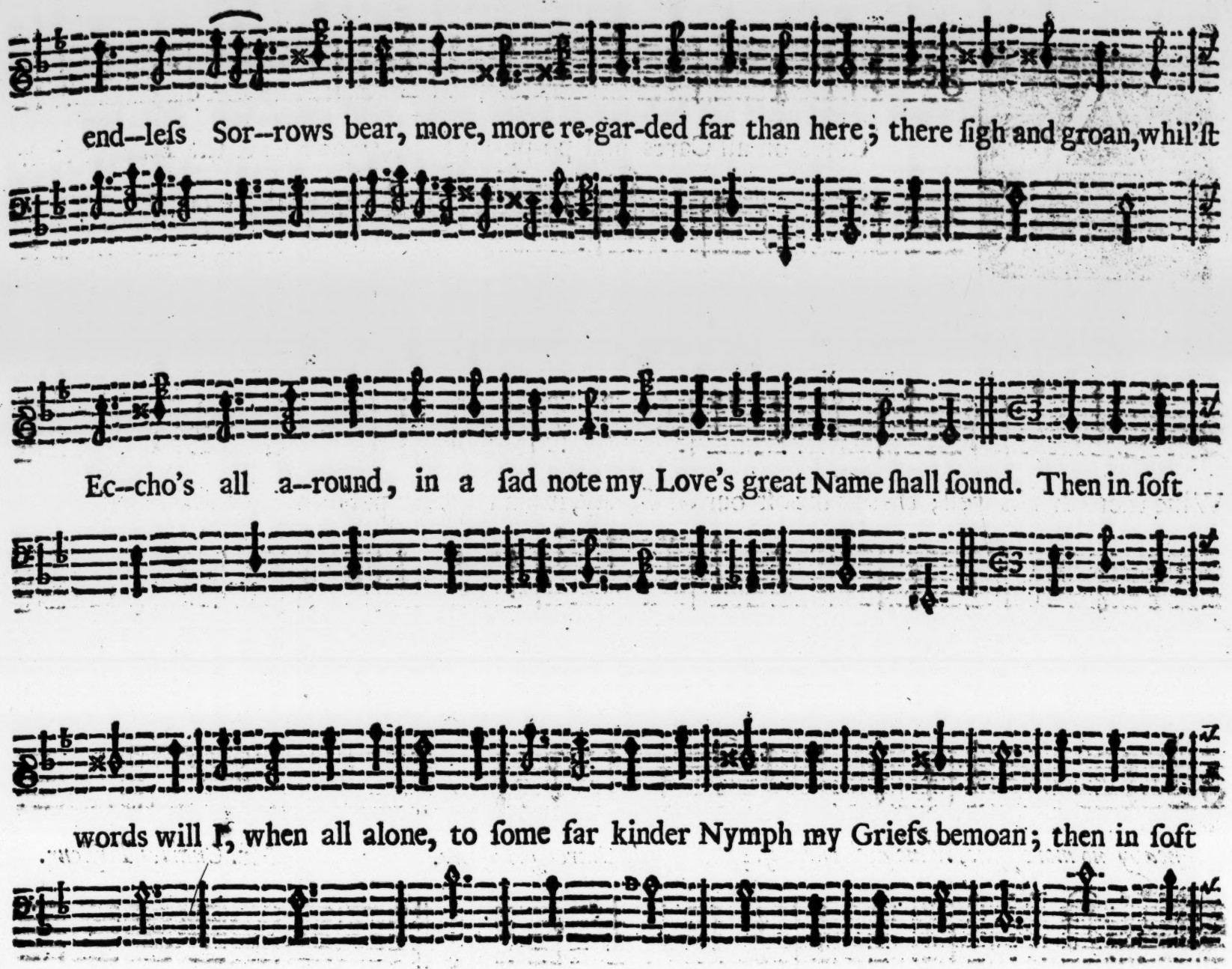


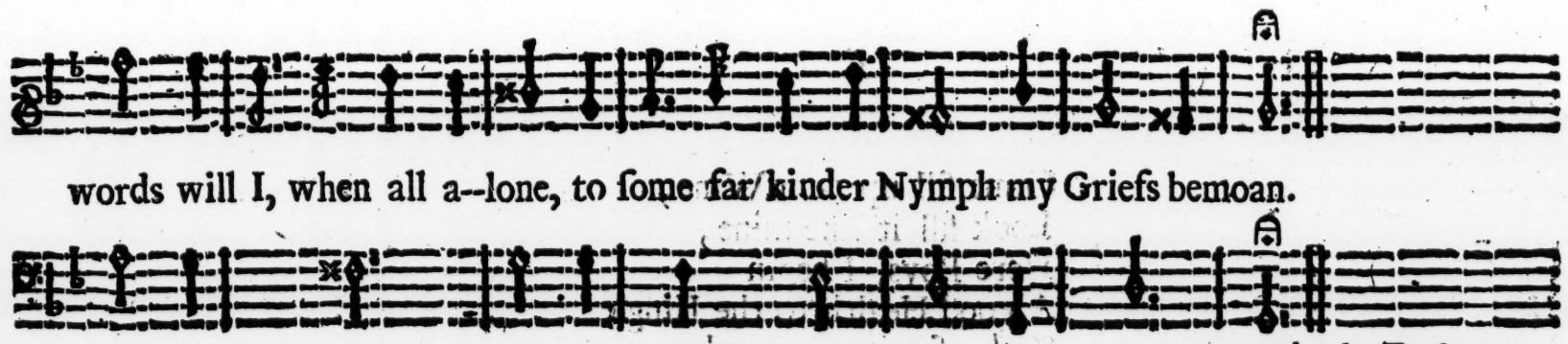
II.

And yet the lovely Nymph no doubt,
Allows not me one careleſs Thought;
Whilſt circled in the adoring Crowd,
That of her Charms complain allow'd:
My Sighs do fall undiſtinguiſh'd there,
And dye e're they arrive at her.

Slow Time.







Mr. *Charles Taylour.*

II.

Scarce did I feel a Fire to move,
But now, Oh now! muſt leave my Love;
No more her Morning Bluſhes view,
A ſweeter Red ne're Nature drew;
Nor ſee (which above all I priſe)
Thoſe killing Glances of her Eyes:
Then whil'ſt I ſwell with pregnant thoughts of Love,
Such mournful Thoughts ne're Gods themſelves ſhall move;
On ſome ſoft Bank, whil'ſt Beaſts ſtand wond'ring by,
I'le lay me down, I'le lay me down and dye:
On ſome ſoft Bank, whil'ſt Beaſts ſtand wond'ring by,
I'le lay me down, I'le lay me down and dye.

A Curſe on all Cares, and po-pu-lar Fears, come let's to the *Bell*, for their

℔ Chorus.

Wine there drinks well; there take off our Glaſs, nay, it ſhall not one paſs: *For we will be dull, and*

heavy no more, ſince Wine does encreaſe, and there's Claret good ſtore. Mr. *Charles Taylour.*

II.

Come fill up your Wine,
Look fill it like mine,
Here Boys, I begin
A good Health to the King;
Jack, ſee it go round,
Whilſt with Mirth we abound:

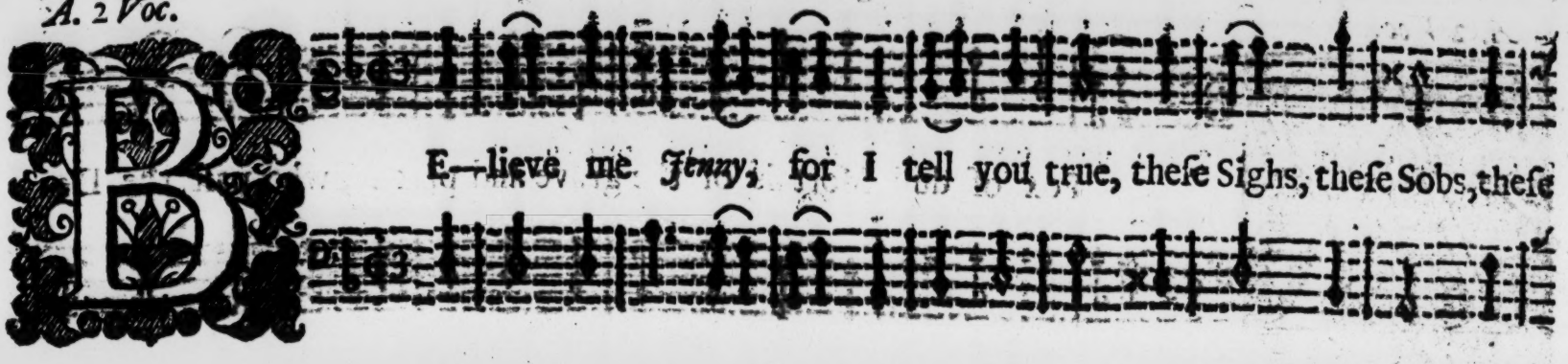
Chor. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does encreaſe, and there's Claret good ſtore.

III.

Nay, don't us deceive,
Why this will you leave?
The Glaſs is not big,
What a-pox, you're no Whig;
Come drink up the reſt,
Or be merry at leaſt:

Chor. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does encreaſe, and there's Claret good ſtore.

A. 2 Voc.



Mr. Charles Taylour.

II.

No, no, theſe ſilly Stories won't ſuffice,
Fate ſpeaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
Let not Diſſimulation's baſer Art,
Stifle the buſie Paſſion of your Heart:
Let, let the Candor of your Mind,
Now with your Beauty equal prove;
Which I believe ne're yet deſign'd
The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A. 2 Voc.



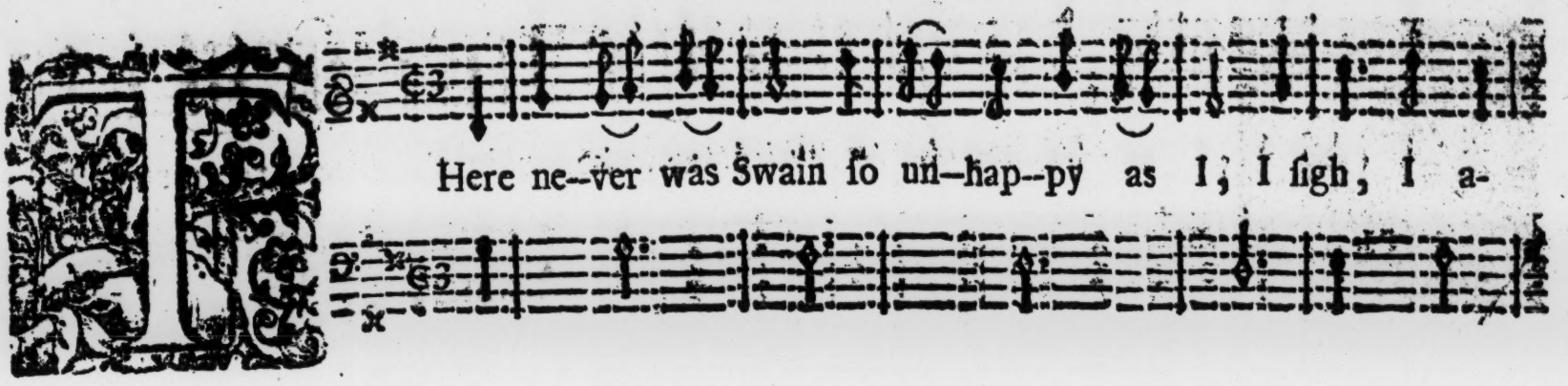
Mr. *Charles Taylour.*

II.

The brisk vigour of Youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,
The force of Deſires
Which kind Love inſpires,
Are too powerful Motives, and can't be withſtood:
If Love be a Crime,
We're yet in our Prime;
Let's never grow wiſe, and repent e're our time.

III.

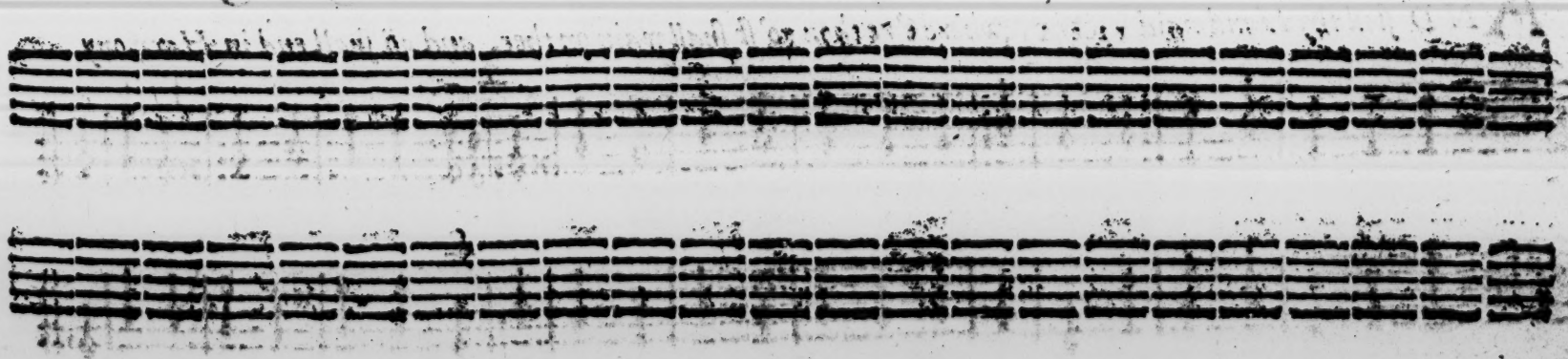
Then we'll boldly go on whil'ſt we're luſty and ſtrong,
Whil'ſt fit for the Task
Of a Vizard Mask,
And ſtill be as happy as ſtill we are young:
Whil'ſt the impotent Sot
Rails, curſes his Lot,
And being paſt his Pleaſures, would have 'em forgot.



Sen. *Baptiſt.*

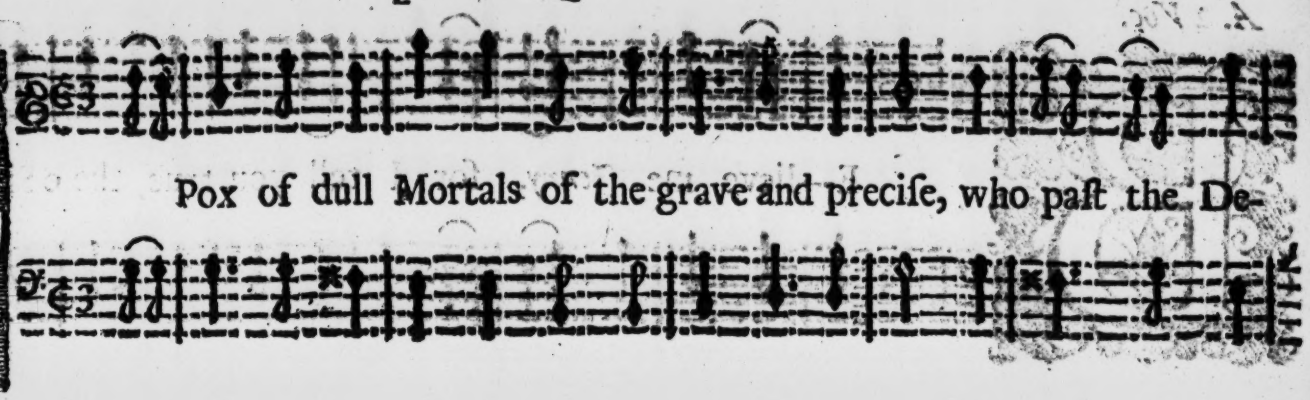
II.

My Pipe I forget, my Sheep go aſtray,
The Wolf and the Fox with my Lambs run away;
And I am the talk of the Village they ſay:
The Nymphs all agree,
That *Phillis* is ſhe,
And Love is the thing that has quite undone me.

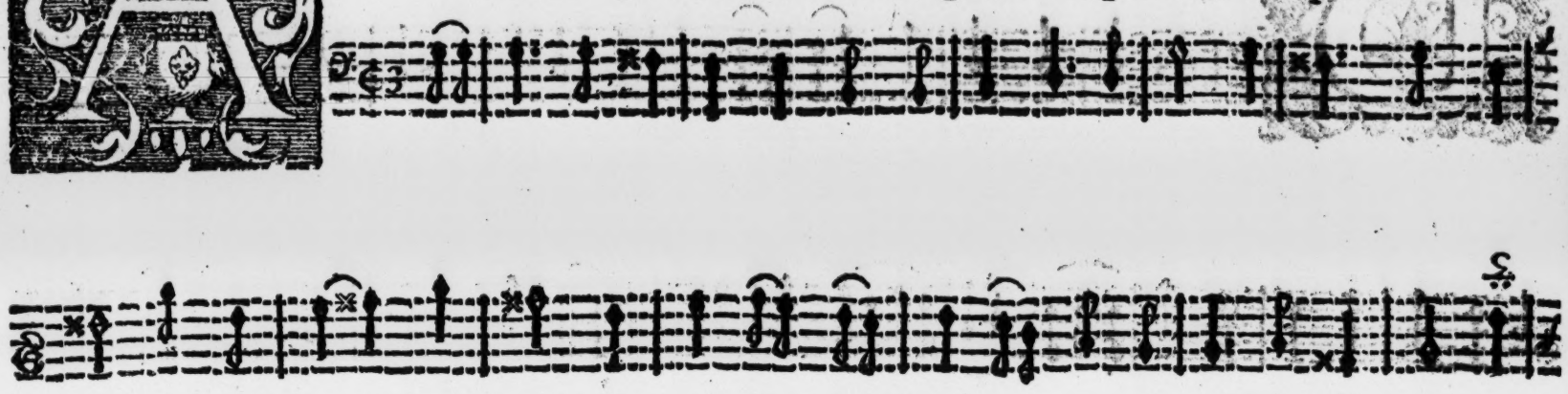


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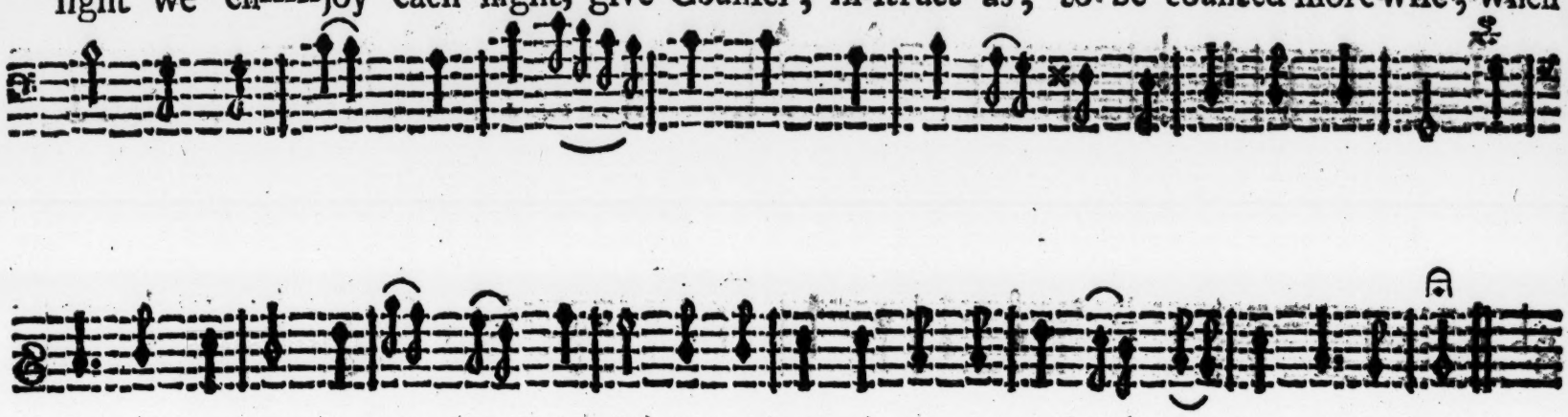




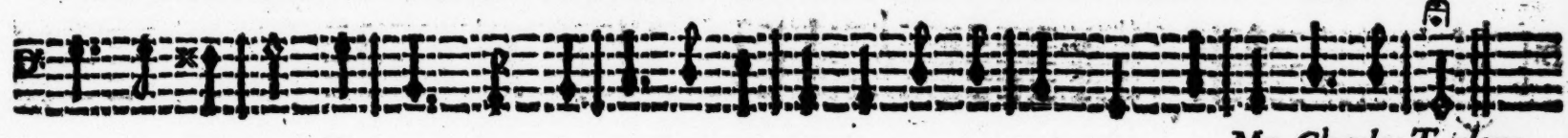
Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and preciſe, who paſt the De-



light we en----joy each night, give Counſel, in-ſtruct us, to be counted more wiſe; when



Nature excites, and Beau-ty invites, let us follow, let us fol-low our own Appetites.



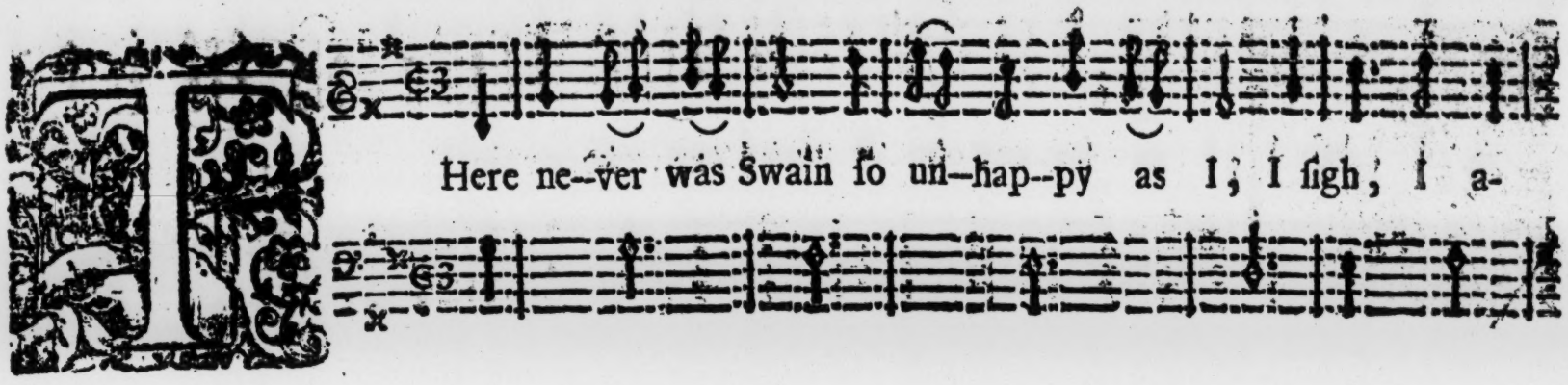
Mr. *Charles Taylour.*

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The force of Deſires
Which kind Love inſpires,
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Sen. *Baptiſt.*

II.
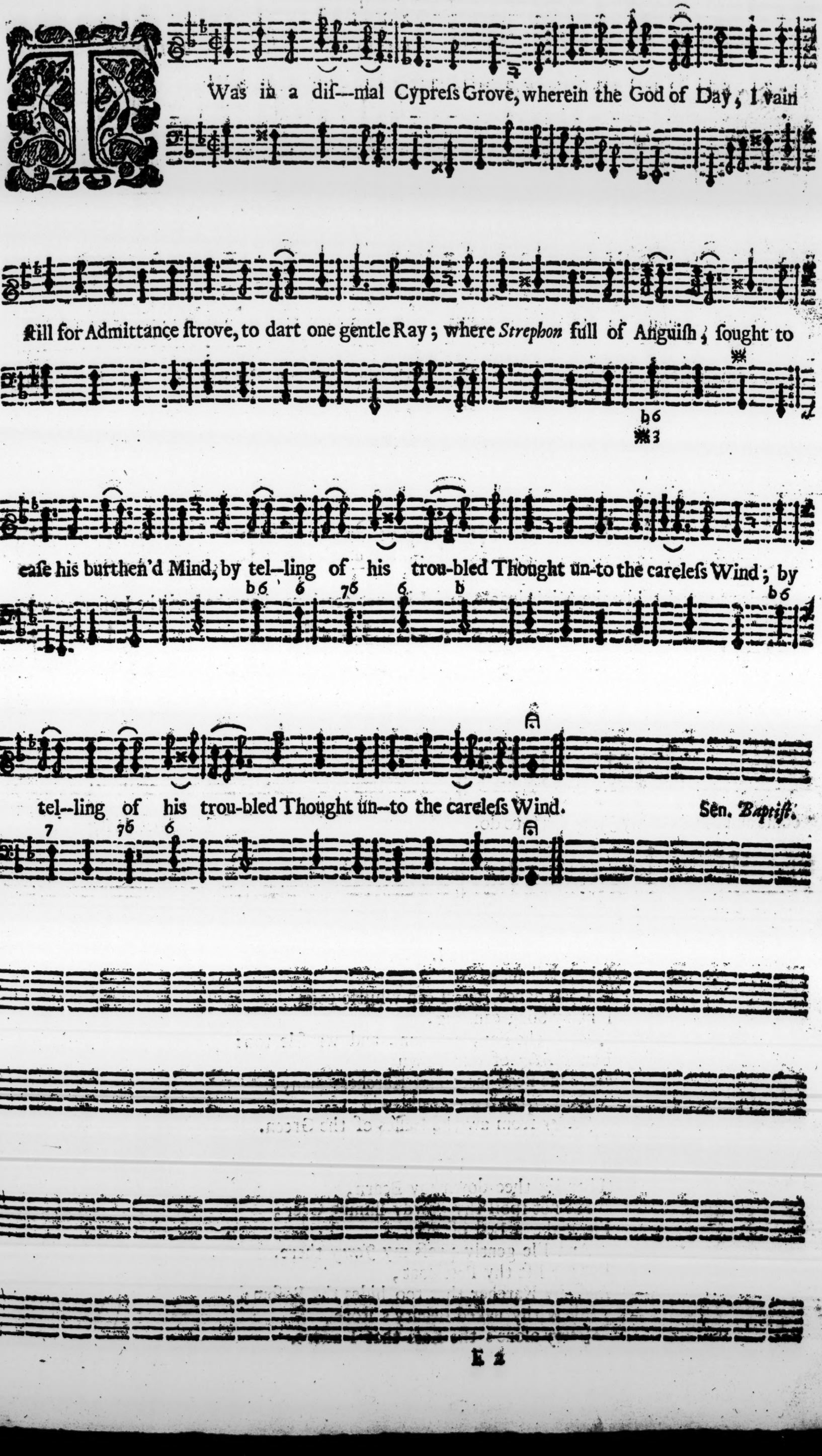
My Pipe I forget, my Sheep go aſtray,
The Wolf and the Fox with my Lambs run away;
And I am the talk of the Village they ſay:
The Nymphs all agree,
That *Phillis* is ſhe,
And Love is the thing that has quite undone me.

A--Wake, oh *Constantine!* a--wake, or in thy Sleep the prospect take; here in this hollow'd streaming Gold, the prospect of thy Life behold: This Emblem of a bleeding Love, shall both thy Cross and Triump prove; for a--las! 'tis decreed by the Heavenly Doom, to purge thy past Crimes there's a Torment to come. Yet after the Storm, believe in me, no more disturb'd thy Thoughts shall be, but all se--rene as breathless Sea.

Chorus in three Parts.

AND still thy *Handmaid* Victory, *where e're thou go'st shall wain on thee, and all shall end in Harmony.*

Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*


Was in a dif--mal Cypreſs Grove, wherein the God of Day, I vain
ſtill for Admittance ſtrove, to dart one gentle Ray; where *Strephon* full of Anguiſh, ſought to
eaſe his burthen'd Mind, by tel--ling of his trou-bled Thought un-to the careleſs Wind; by
tel--ling of his trou-bled Thought un--to the careleſs Wind.
Sēn. *Baptiſt.*

A SCOTCH *Song, made to a new Playhouſe Tune.*



En--ny, my blitheſt Maid; prethee li--ſten to my true Love now;

I am a can---ny Lad, gang a--long with me to yon--der Brow: Aw the Boughs ſhall

ſhade us round, while the Nightingale and Lin--net teach us, how the Lad the Laſs may woo,

come and I'le ſhew my *Jenny* what to do.

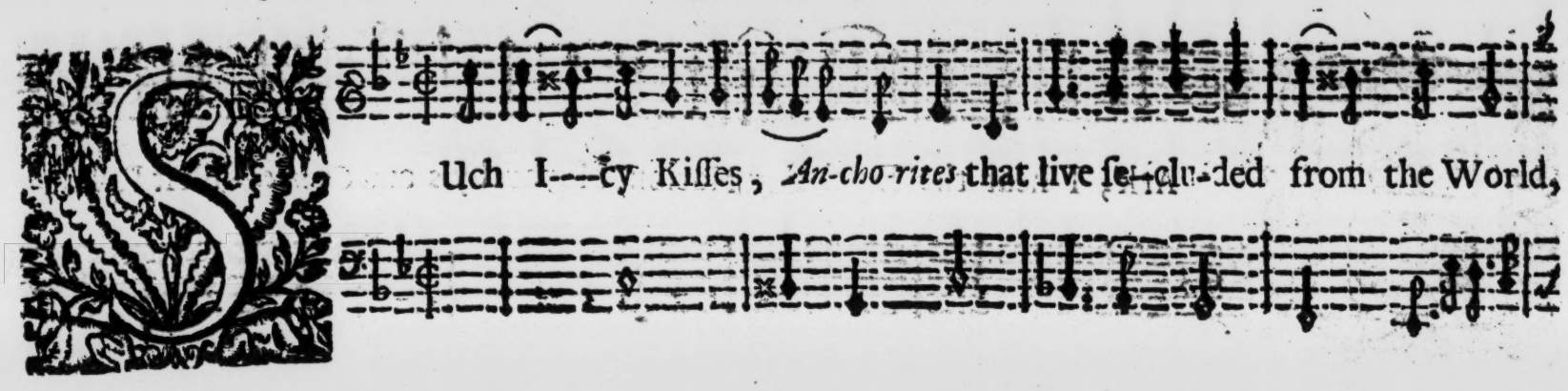
Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd.*

II.

I ken full many a thing,
I can dance, and I can whiſtle too;
I many Song can ſing,
Pitch the Bar, and run, and wraſtle too:
Bonny *Mog* of our Town
Gave me Bead-laces and Karchers many,
Only *Jenny* 'twas could win
Jockey from aw the Laſſes of the Green.

III.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,
Ize not ſpoil thy gawdy ſhining Geer;
I'le make a Bed of Fern,
And I'le gently preſs my *Jenny* there.
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy Karcher that too hides thy Boſom;
Shew thy naked Beauty's ſtore,
Jenny alone's the Laſs that I adore.



Mr. *John Roffey.*

II.

Fye *Charissa!* whence so chang'd of late,
As to become in Love a Reprobate?
Quit, quit this Dulness fairest, and make known
A Flame unto me equal to my own:
Shake off this Frost for shame that dwells upon
Thy Lip, and if it will not so be gon,
Let's once more joyn our Lips, and thou shalt see,
That by the Flame of mine 'twill melted be.

HArk, I hear the Ec-choing Nation, Monarchy's and *Charles*'s bleſt Reſtau-
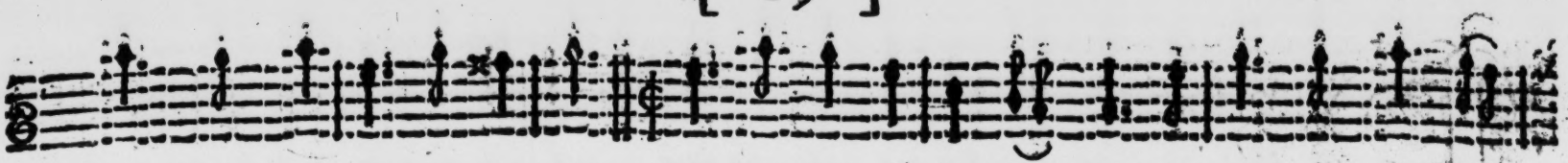
ration; ſets Fame's Trump a ſoun-------ding, and all Hearts a rebounding; ſee all Knees a-

doring, and the proud Eagle ſoaring o're the Head of great *Charles*, our dread Soveraign crown'd: See

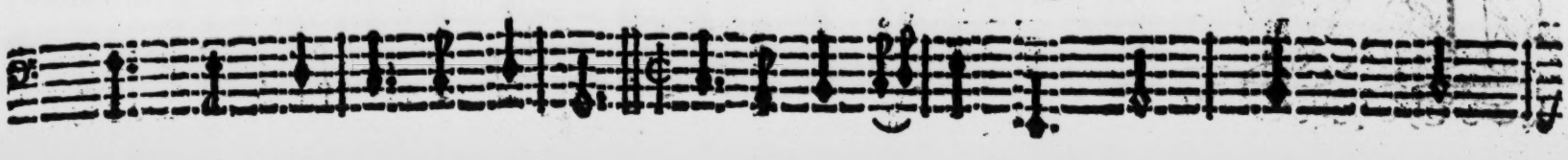
Ga-ny-med yonder, for the God of the Thunder fills up a full Bowl there, and from each Loyal

Soul there, the Im--pe-ri-al Health in bleſt *Nectar* goes round. Bid the ſhining God of Day his

glo--ri--ous Chariot ſtay, to pay his juſt Homage to that happy Morn', when th'Illuſtrious

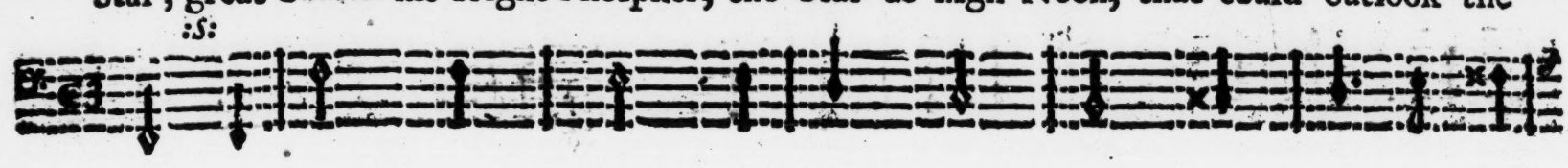


CHARLES of *Great-Britain* was born: Bid him ſtop his burning Car; to view his Ri--val



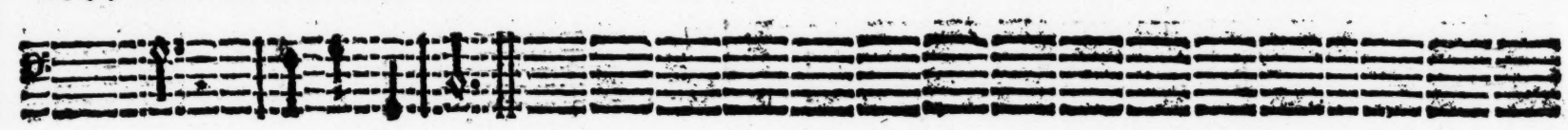


Star; great *Charles* his bright Phoſpher, the Star at high Noon, that could outlook the





Day, and out-face the Sun.
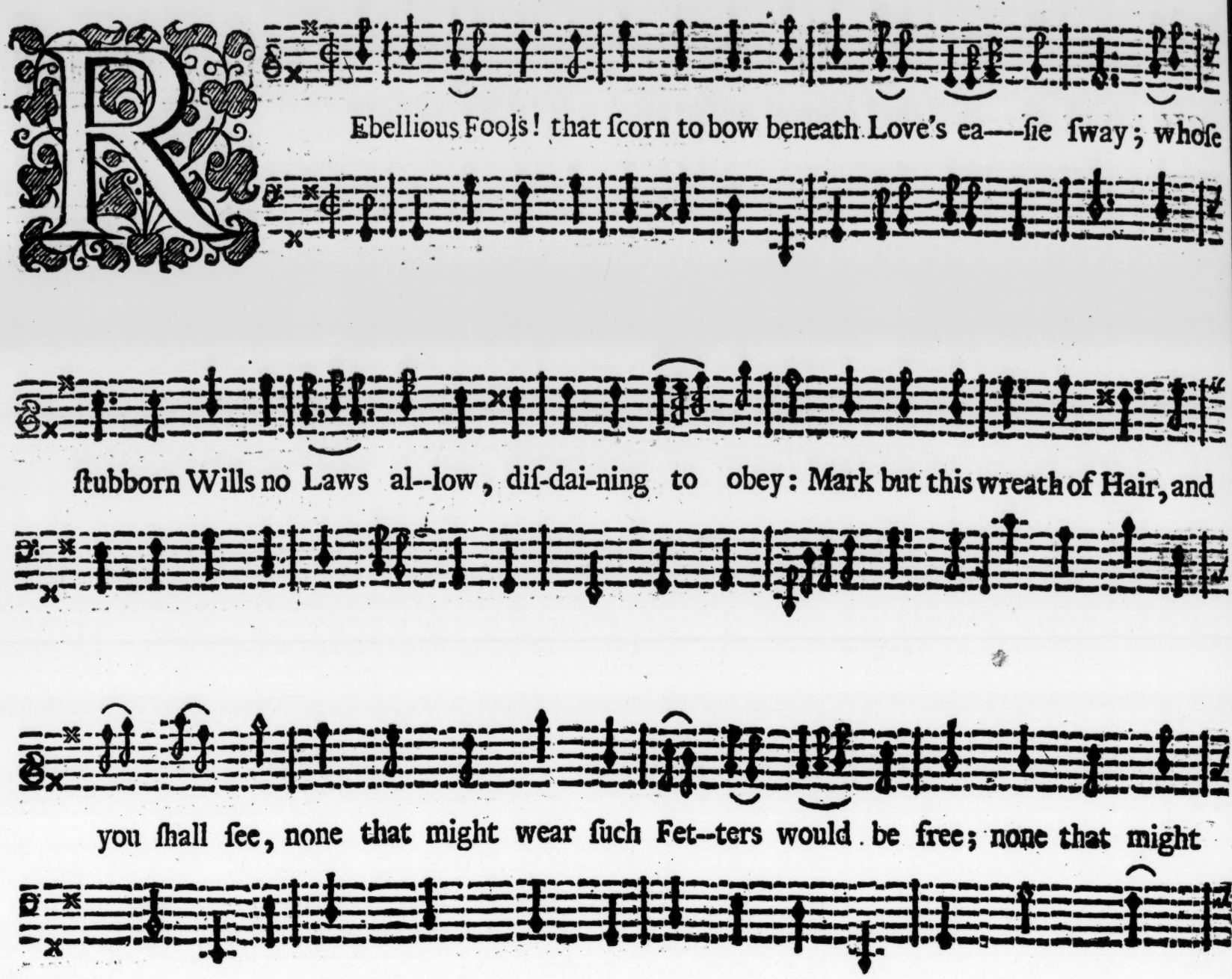


II.

But to make our Joys compleater,
And this great Day's ſolemn Triumph ſtill greater,
Whilſt *Cæſar* we ſing to,
Let Great *James* Fame take Wing too,
Whilſt Poets and Story
Shall unite both their Glory,
And chant the loud Praiſe of a Race ſo Divine;
Our Cannons ſhall roar all,
And proud Mortals adore all,
And with the Loyal *Britains*,
The kind *Nereids* and *Trytons*,
To their Ocean's great Lord ſhall his Admiral joyn.
See, the glad long widow'd Main
Welcoms home her *James* again;
And ſo when Omnipotent Birthright had giv'n
To *Jove* the vaſt Empire of Earth, Sea, and Heav'n,
When he found the mighty Load
Too big even for a God,
He gave his great Brother the Storms and the Seas,
Whilſt dread *Jove* and *Neptune* the whole World o-
(beys.

III.

See Impoſture and Deluſion,
Titus and his Crew are brought to confuſion!
'Gainſt Thouſands and Millions
Of Whigs, Rebels, and Villains;
The Conqueſt is won Boys,
The *Herculean* work done Boys,
The vanquiſh'd Phanatical *Hydra's* quite damn'd:
The black Bills and *Spaniſh*
Bloody Pilgrims all vaniſh;
Whilſt Perjurers and Traytors
Into Dungeons and Fetters,
With their bugg'ring, bug'ring Saviour lie cram'd.
Bold Sedition ſhall no more
Diſturb our Halcyon Shore; (World,
No Factious curſt Senates ſhall enflame the
Thoſe *Phaeton*-Drivers to Damnation are hurl'd;
Through a Race of endleſs Years,
Shall dance the jocund Sphears,
With Union and Order the whole Globe ſhall roul,
While *Charles* his bright Wain ſhall drive round
(the Pole.



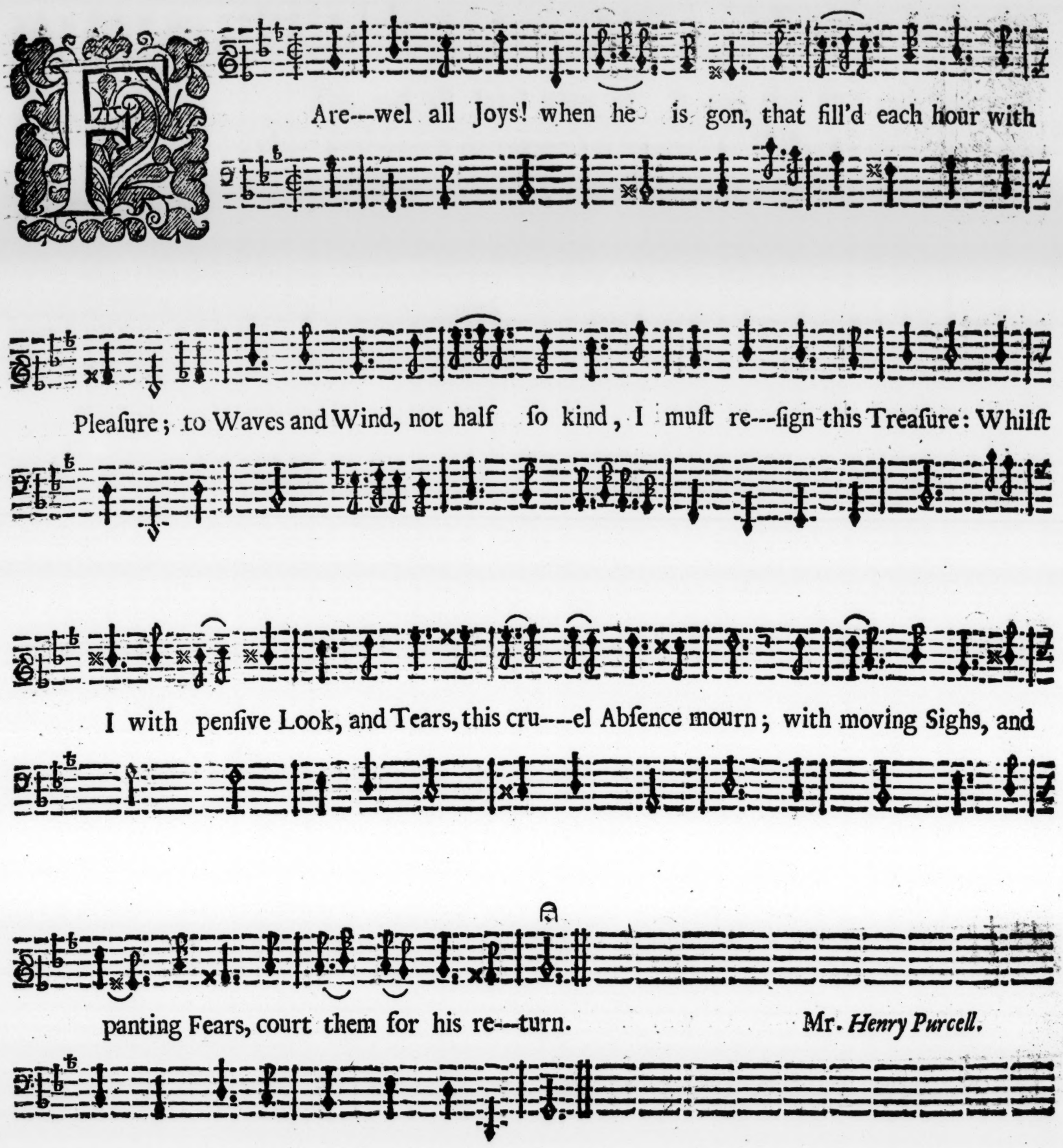
Mr. *John Roffey.*

II.

I once could boaſt a Soul like you,
  As unconfin'd as Air;
But mine, which Force could not ſubdue,
  Was caught within this Snare:
And (by my ſelf betray'd) I for this Gold,
A Heart that many Storms withſtood have ſold.

III.

Now Beauties, I defie your Charms,
  Rul'd by more powerful Art;
This myſtic Wreath which crowns my Arm,
  Defends my vanquiſh'd Heart:
And I ſubdu'd by one more Fair ſhall be,
Secur'd from Conqueſt by Captivity.



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

That happy Minute when it comes,
Will ſatisfaction give;
Tho' I endure,
I'me then moſt ſure,
In laſting Love to live:
In my *Alexis* God-like Mind,
None can deſtroy that Bliſs;
He muſt be faithful, true and kind,
And I for ever his.

O O high, oh *Cu----pid!* cries the Swain, you've forc'd my mounting

Fire, to reach that Sphear I hope in vain, towards which it does aſpire: In Har--mo--ny, ſince

ev'--ry one o'th' Gods delight does take, oh why, oh why ſhould Love a--lone ſuch diſ---pro-

portion make! Oh why, oh why ſhould Love a----lone ſuch diſ ----pro---por--tion make.

Where e're the beauteous Nymph does come, my Feet all joy--ful ſtill; as conſtant as her Shadow
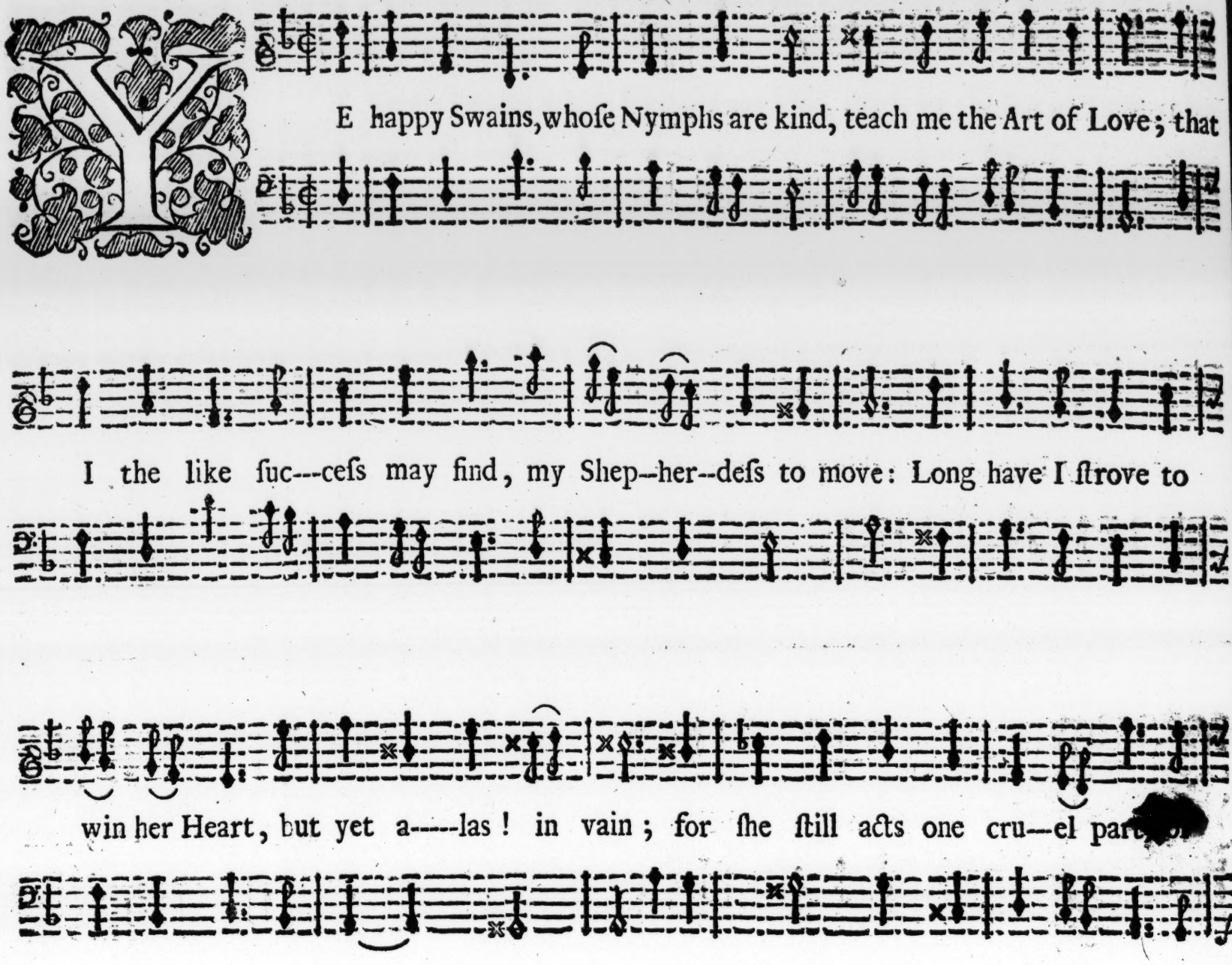
roam, againſt her Maſter's will: My Eyes from ga--zing ne're refrain, up--on the charming

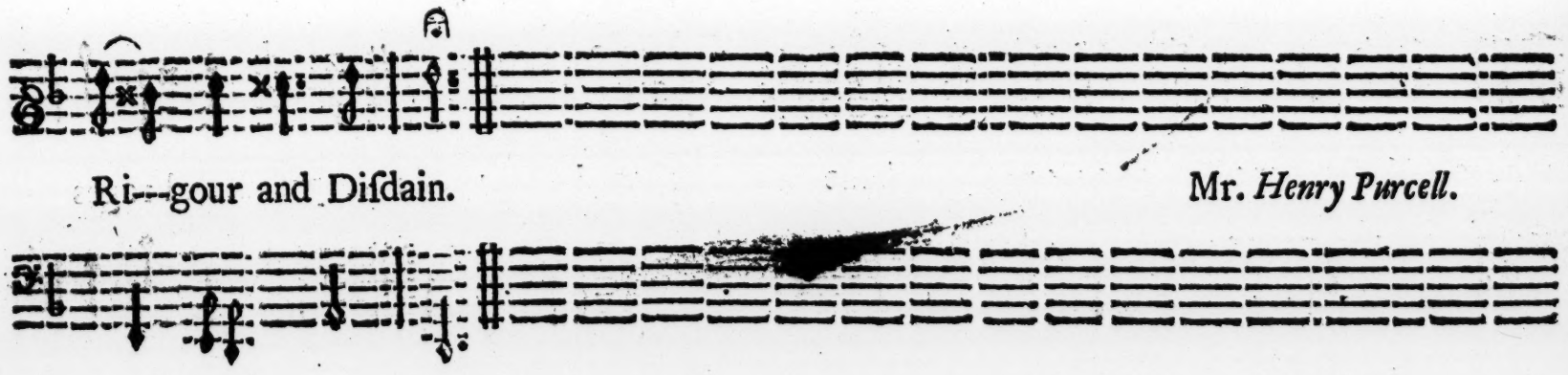
Fair; *Cha-me-lion*-like, they feed my Pain with no-thing elſe but Air; *Cha-me-lion*-like, they feed my Pain with nothing elſe but Air.

Sen. *Baptiſt.*

Hot from *Orinda*'s brighter Eyes, the Lightning pierc'd my kindling Breſt; from whence a ſtubborn Flame does riſe, a Flame no more to be ſuppreſt: It ſpreads and rages in my Soul, to ſuch a head the Tyrant's grown; he ſau----ci-----ly without controul, burns all that does oppoſe him down.

Dr. *John. Blow.*
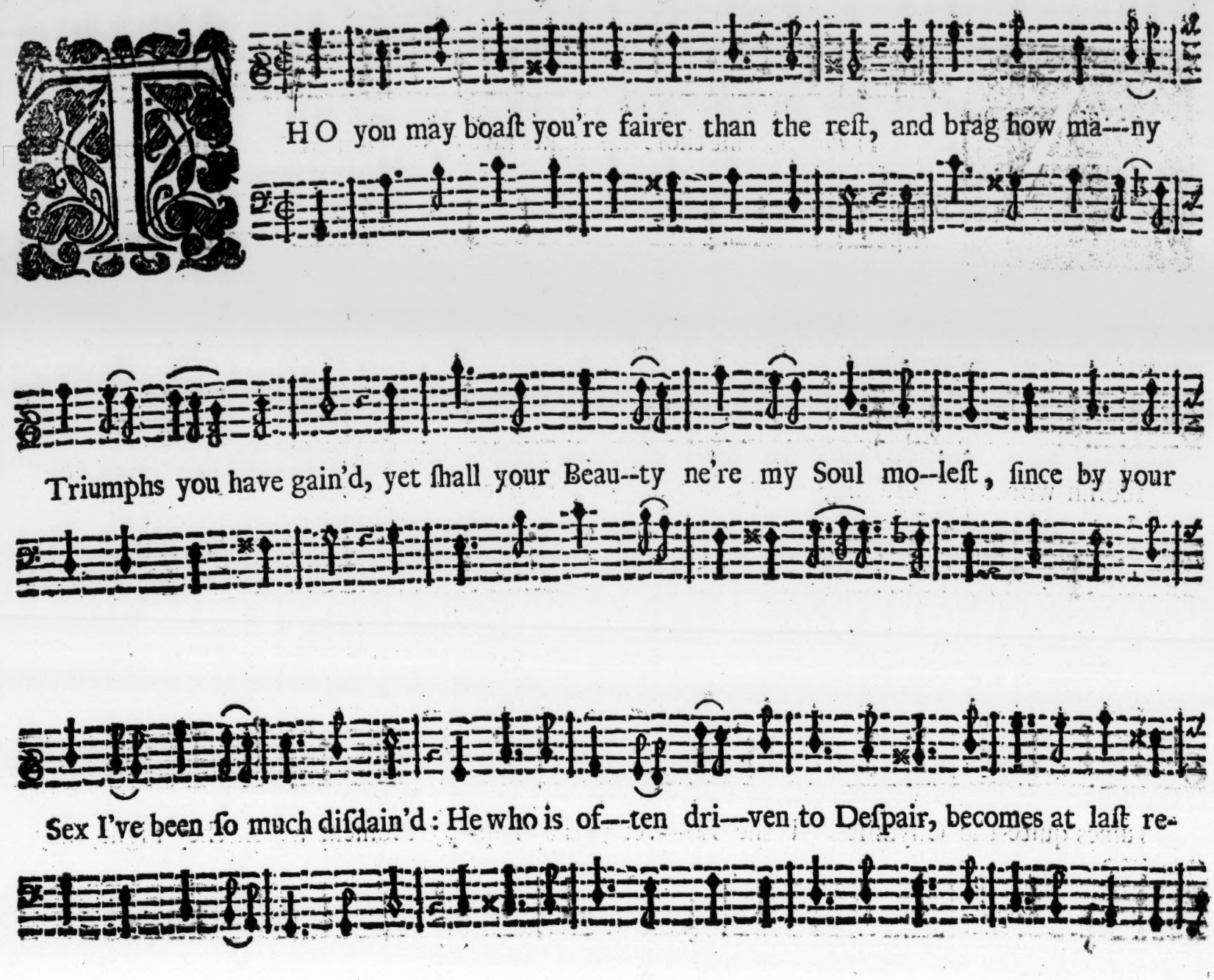




II.

Whilſt in my Breaſt a Flame moſt pure,
Conſumes my Life away;
Ten thouſand Tortures I endure,
Languiſhing night and day:
Yet ſhe regardleſs of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
To heal the Wound ſhe gave.

III.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate!
I'me puniſh'd ſo ſevere;
Tell me, that I may expiate,
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have reſolv'd, that I
No Mercy ſhall obtain;
Let her perſiſt in Tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.



II.

Know *Celia* then, I'le ſcorn as well as you;
And never more to Woman-kind ſubmit;
Your Tyrant-Graces can't my Heart ſubdue,
Nor can you conquer with your pow'rful Wit:
I'me now ſecure from all Love's cruel Harms,
And have prepar'd againſt them Counter-charms.

III.

They who have follow'd long Love's idle Trade,
And do on all they ſee dote and admire;
Will, when repuls'd, find Paſſion quite decay'd,
And ſo contemn what once they did deſire:
This common Tale, alas! few can prevent;
We firſt muſt ſin, before we can Repent.

AH *Phillis!* caſt thoſe Thoughts away, of Honour and Diſcretion; ſuch

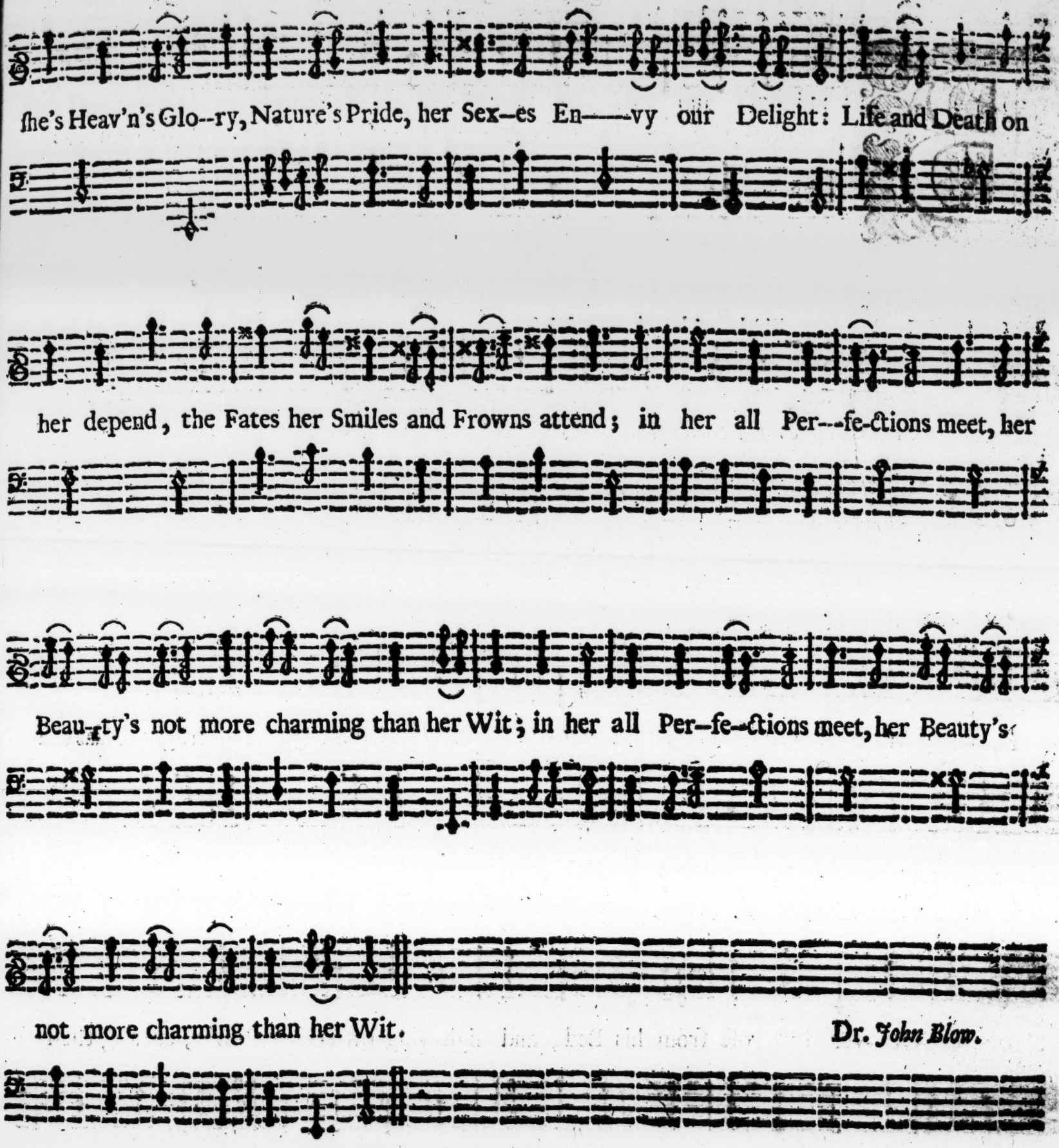
fooliſh words of old might ſway, but now they're out of faſhion: De--fer--ring Time, both

ruines quite the Chymiſt and the Lo---ver; the hap--py Moment which they ſlight, they

ne--ver can re-co-ver. Then let's be happy while we may, no more defend your Treaſure; ſince

Life makes ſo much haſt away, let's ſpend it all in Pleaſure. Mr. *John Lenton.*

PLeaſures by An--gels un--en--joy'd, on *Glo--ri---a---na*'s Smiles do wait;

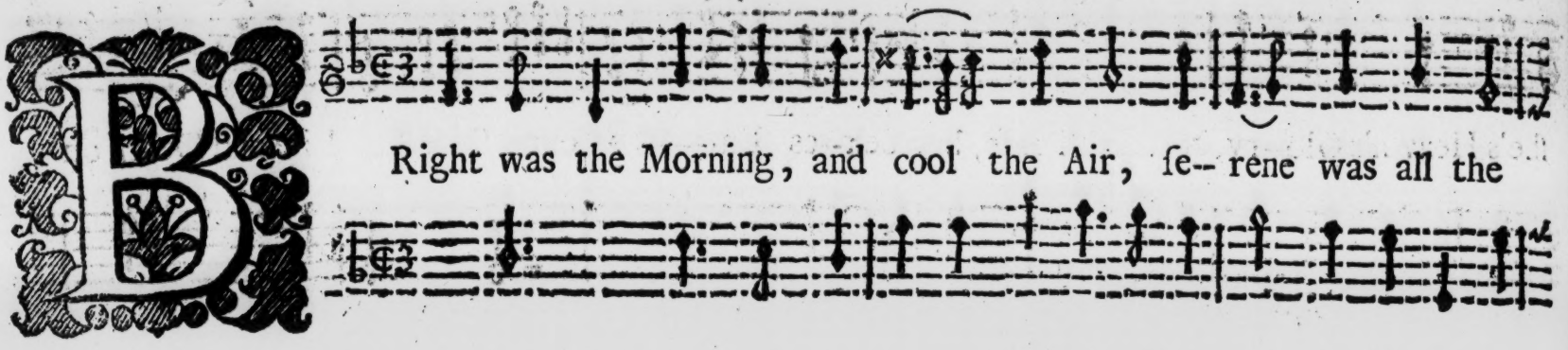


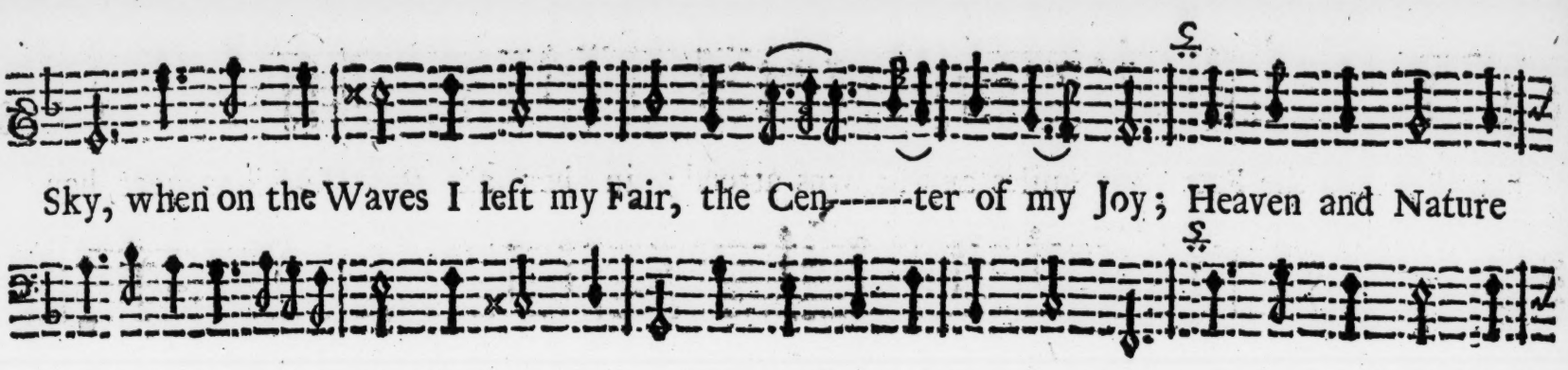
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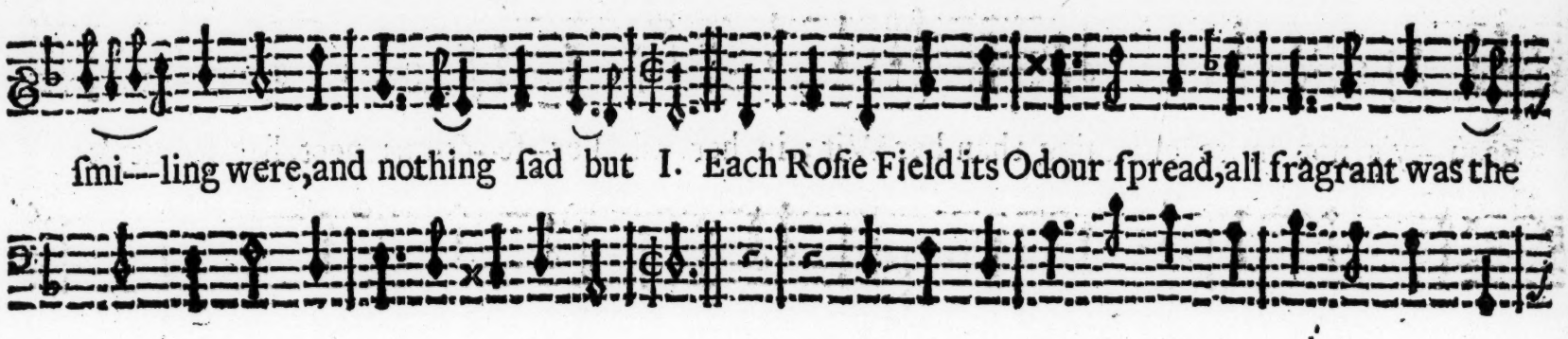
Love ſits with Triumph in her Eyes,
  Fitting for every Look a Dart;
Which from her ſwift as Lightning flies,
  And never fails to wound a Heart:
Every motion does inſpire,
Endleſs Paſſion, ſtrong Deſire;
What other Beauties give and claim,
Is, like themſelves, a falſe decaying Flame.

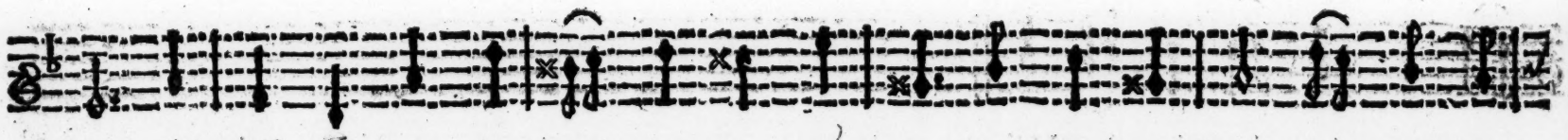
III.

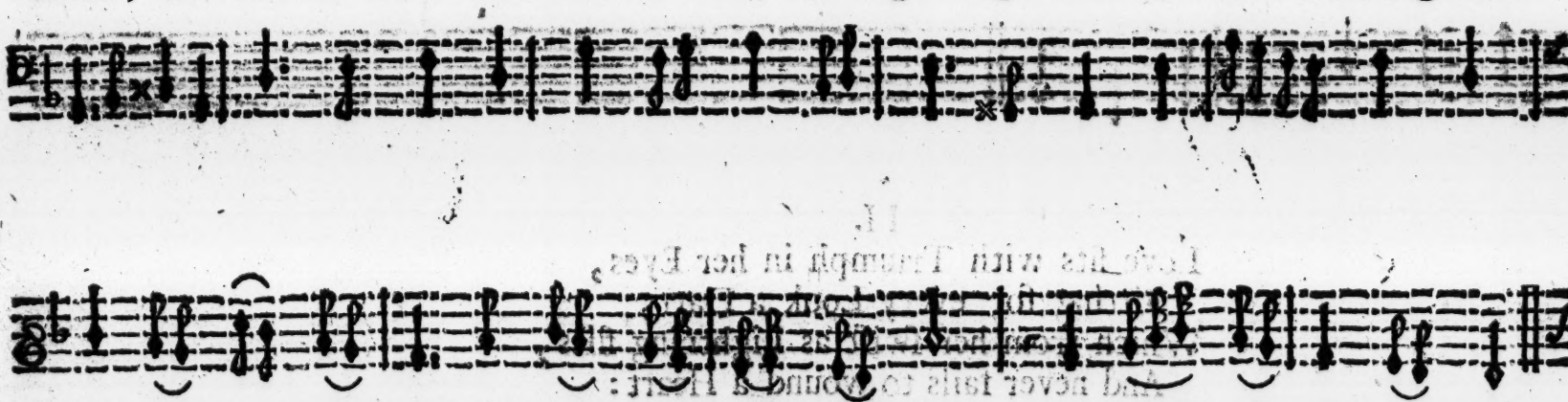
Love in one moment greater grows,
  When by thoſe lovely Charms convey'd;
Then what from years of Worſhip flows:
  When by another's Beauty made:
All thoſe Pains Deſpair attend,
Can ne're my hopeleſs Paſſion end?
There's joy in ſuff'ring caus'd by you,
More than the happieſt Lover e're knew.

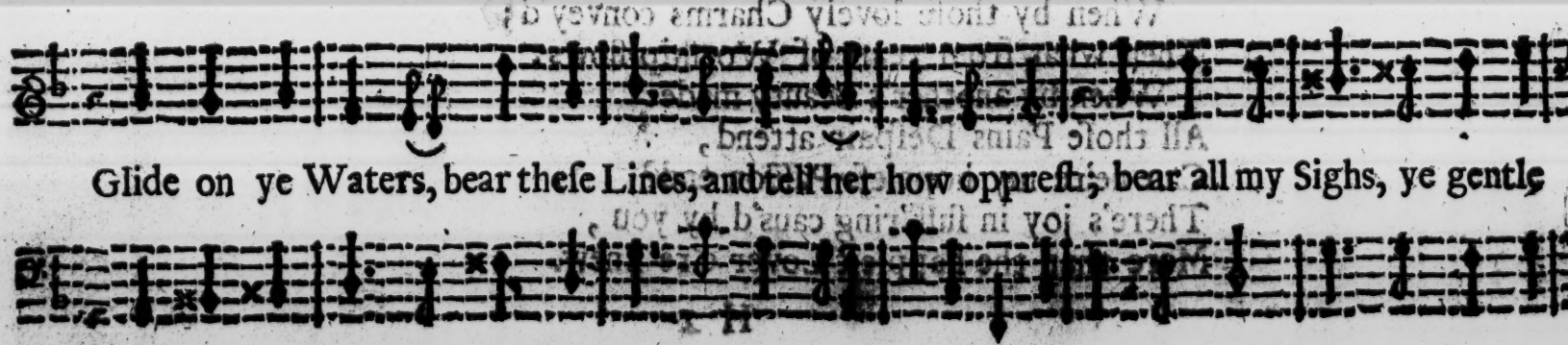

Right was the Morning, and cool the Air, ſe-- rene was all the

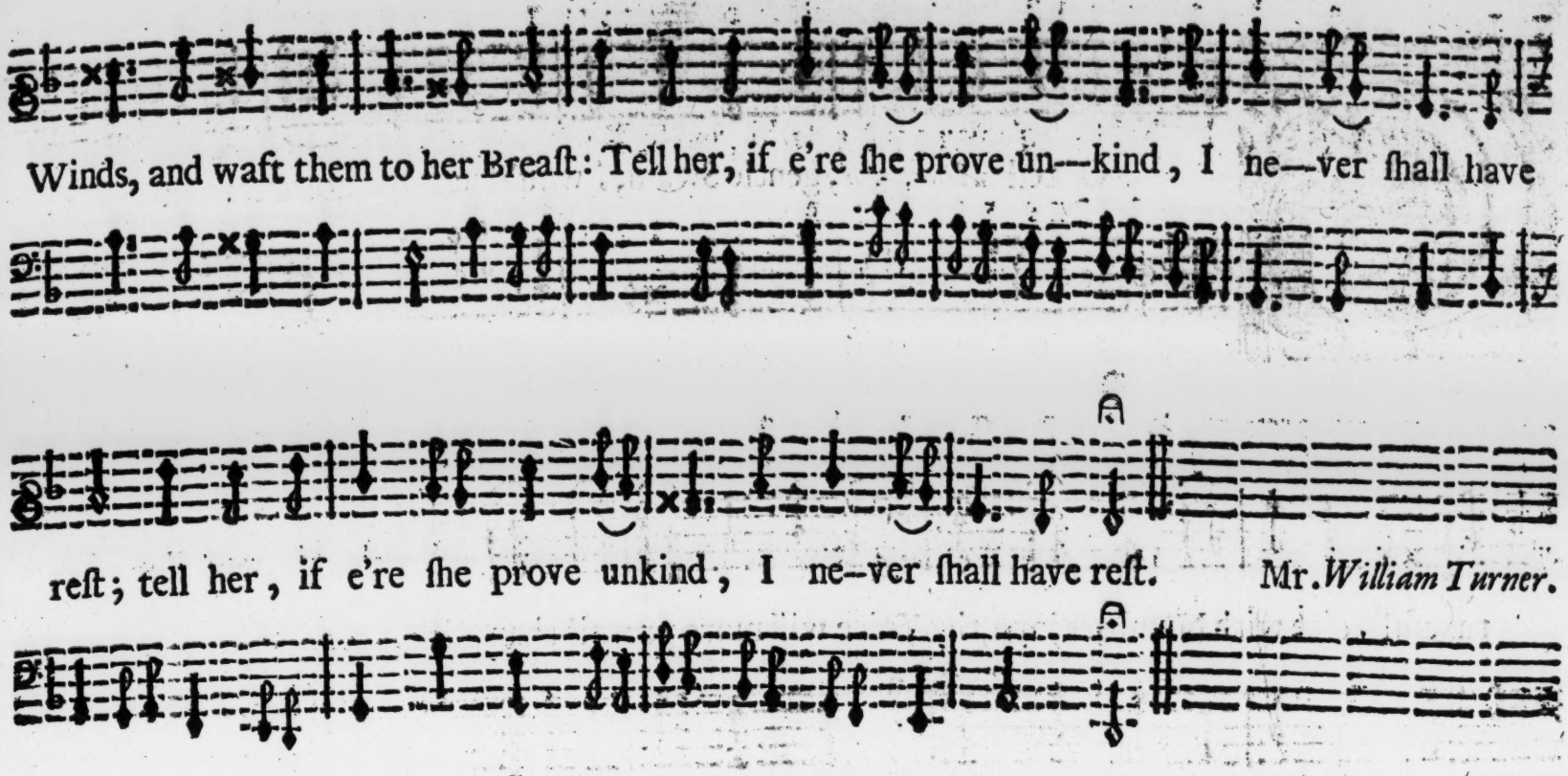

Sky, when on the Waves I left my Fair, the Cen------ter of my Joy; Heaven and Nature

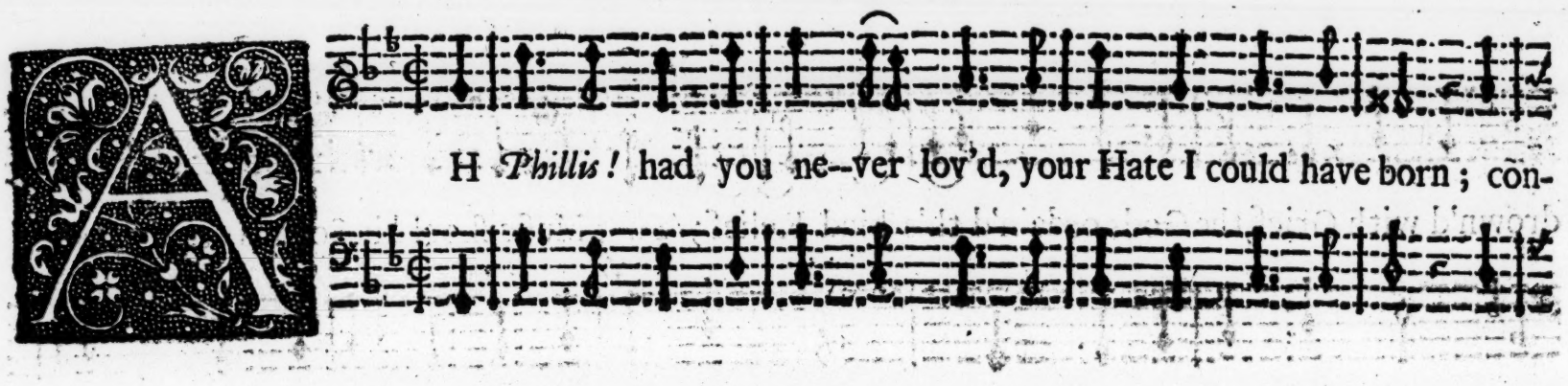

ſmi---ling were, and nothing ſad but I. Each Roſie Field its Odour ſpread, all fragrant was the
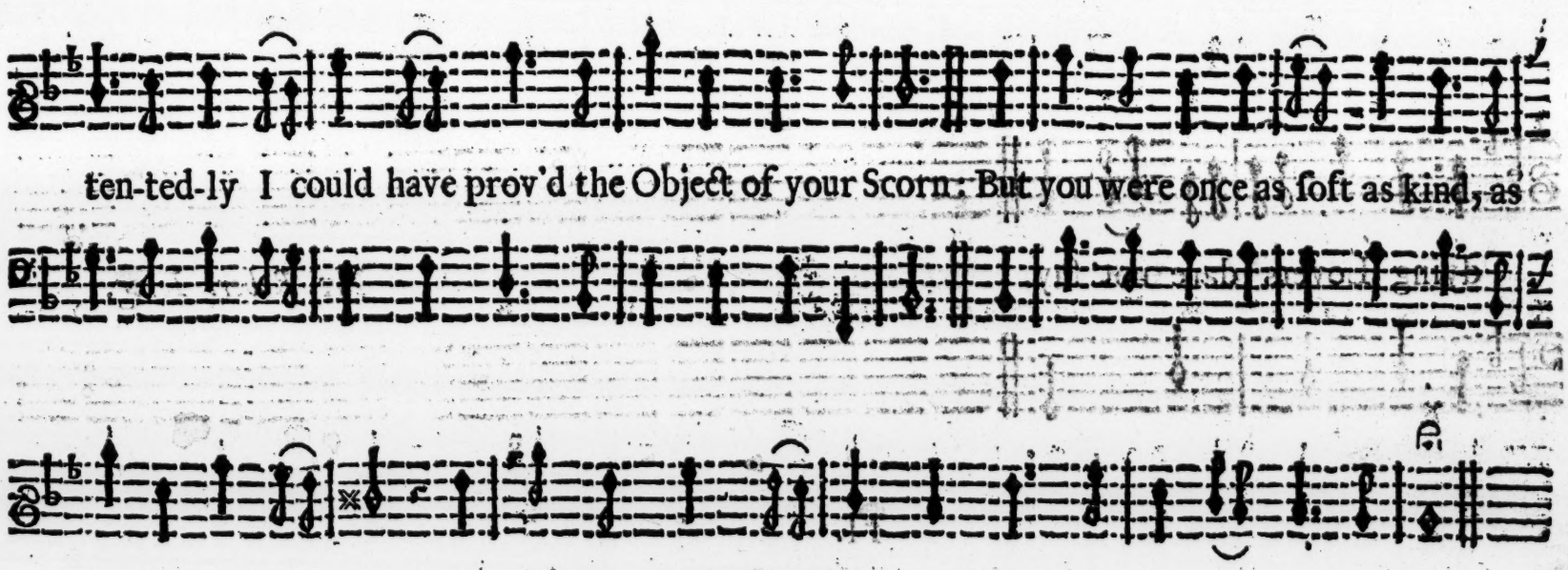

Shoar; each Ri--ver God roſe from his Bed, and ſigh---ing own'd her Pow'r; curling their


Waves they deck'd their Heads, as proud of what they bore, as proud of what they bore.


Glide on ye Waters, bear theſe Lines, and tell her how oppreſt; bear all my Sighs, ye gentle







II.

No Tongue can tell the Joy
  Your kindneſs did create;
But the ſweet Rapture you deſtroy,
  With ſudden cauſleſs Hate,
So have I ſeen the Riſing-Sun
  Promiſe a glorious Day;
But ſoon o'recaſt, the brightneſs gone,
  Did to rough Storms give way.
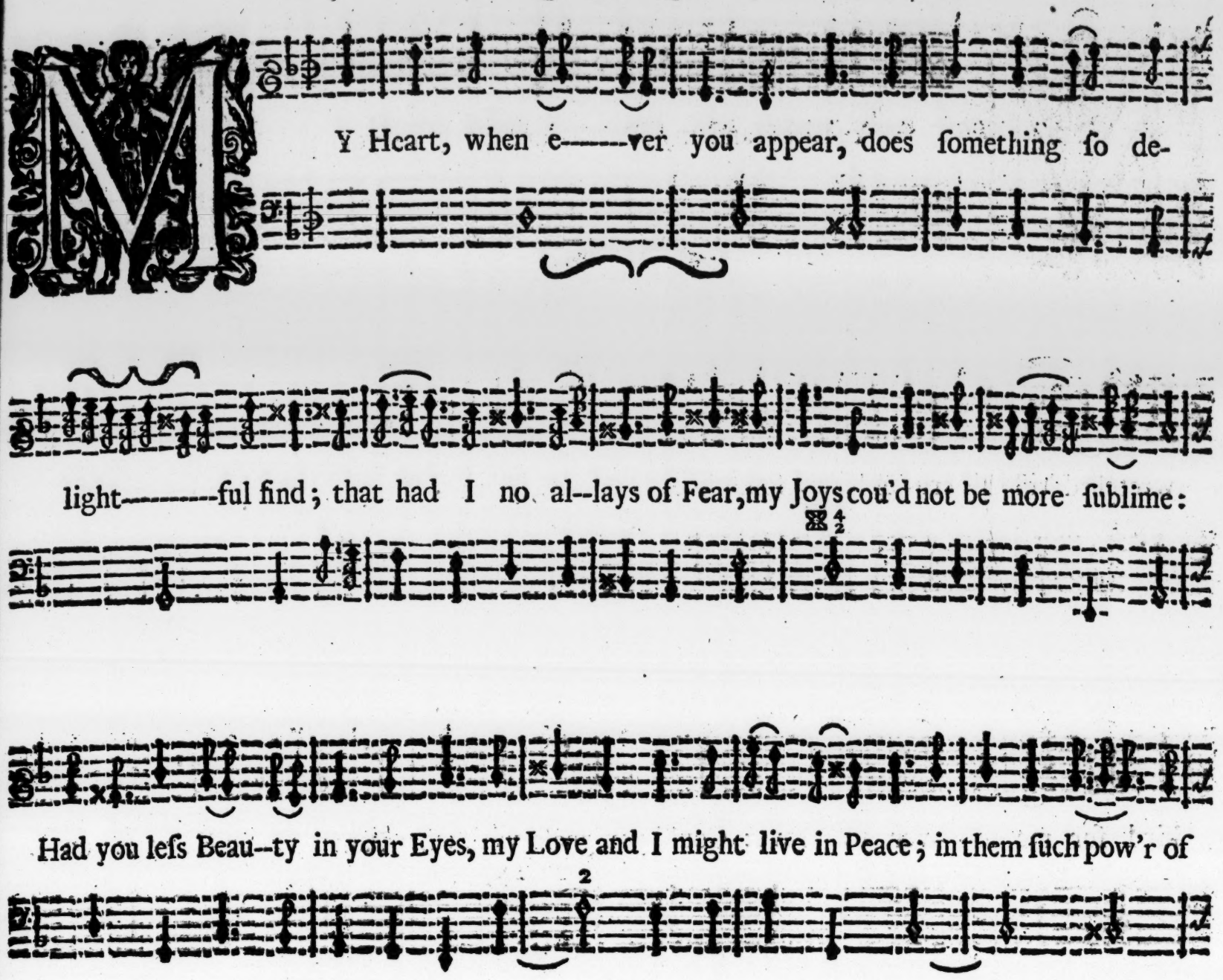


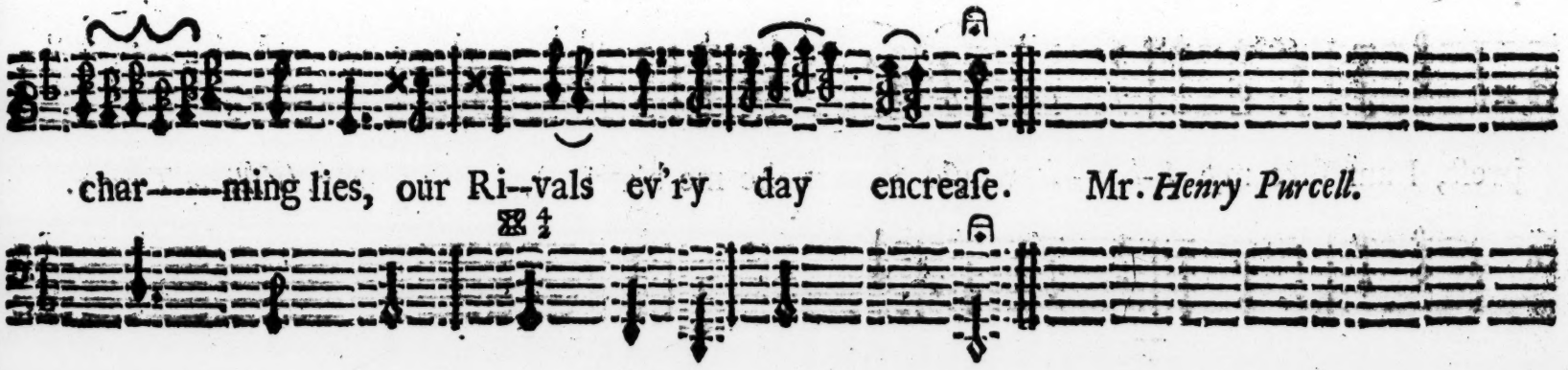
O tell *A-min-tor*, gentle Swain, I would not dye, nor dare complain; thy tuneful Voice with Numbers joyn, thy Voice will more prevail than mine: For Souls oppreſs'd, and drown'd with Grief, the Gods ordain'd this kind Relief; That Muſic ſhould in Sounds convey, what dying Lovers dare not ſay.

Mr. *Robert King.*

II.

A Sigh, or Tear, perhaps ſhe'd give,
But Love on Pity cannot live;
Tell her, That Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid:
Tell her, My Pains ſo faſt encreaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt Redreſs;
For ah! the Wretch that ſpeechleſs lies,
Attends but Death to cloſe his Eyes.





II.

But tho' a thouſand Hearts there be,
To you their Adoration owe;
In this you are as poor as we,
You have but one you can beſtow:
'Tis this that gives me all my Care,
Whilſt trembling for my Doom I ſtand;
'Tis this that racks me with Deſpair,
For fear I ſhould not be the Man.

MY Life, and my Death, are both in your pow'r, I ne--ver was

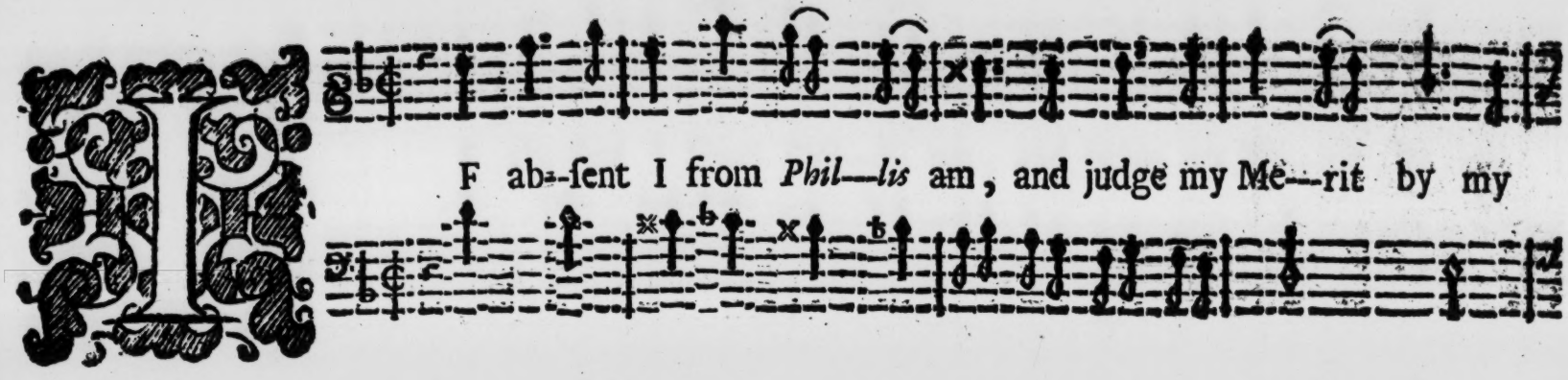
wretched 'till this cru--el hour; ſometimes,it is true, you tell me you love, but a-las! that's too

kind for me e----ver to prove: Could you gueſs with what Pain my poor Heart is op-

preſt, I am ſure my *A--lex---is* would ſoon make me bleſt. Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

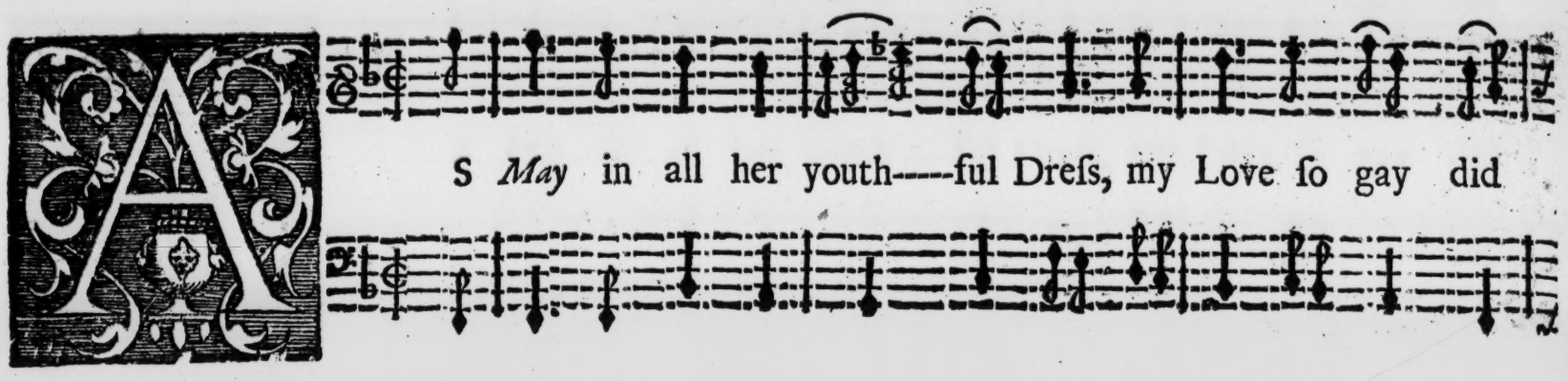
Diſtractedly jealous I do hourly rove,
Thus ſighing and muſing, 'tis all for my Love;
No place I can find that does yield me Relief,
My Soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:
But when my kind Stars let me ſee him, (oh then!)
I forgive the cruel Author of all my paſt Pain.



Mr. *Robert King.*

II.

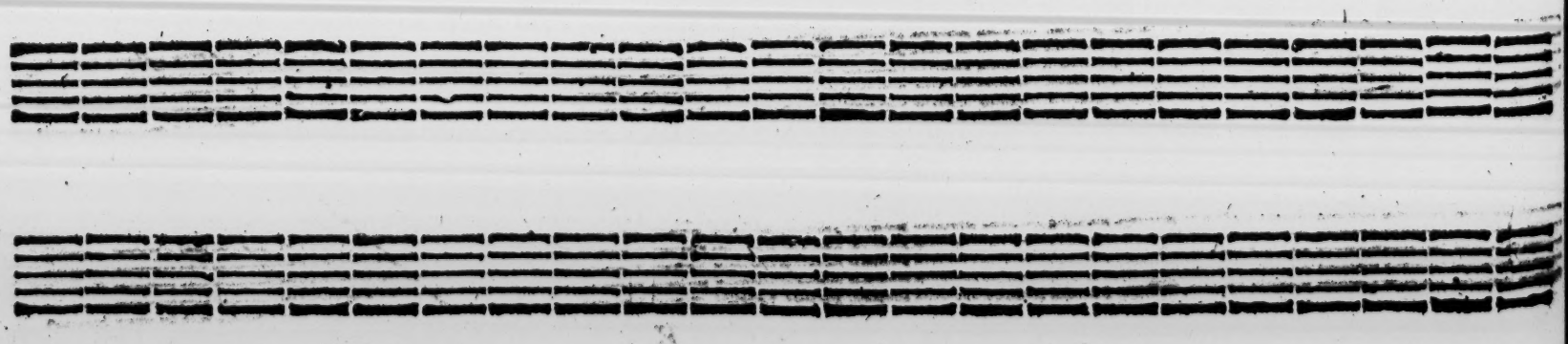
Then quite deſpairing of my Fate,
I all amaz'd and ſilent ſtray;
Nor dare, ſo much I dread her Fate,
One Sigh and tender Look betray:
Thus they who moſt their Alms deſerve,
Aſham'd to beg, unpity'd ſtarve;
While oft with Calls, and clamorous Grief,
The ſawcy Begger gets Relief.

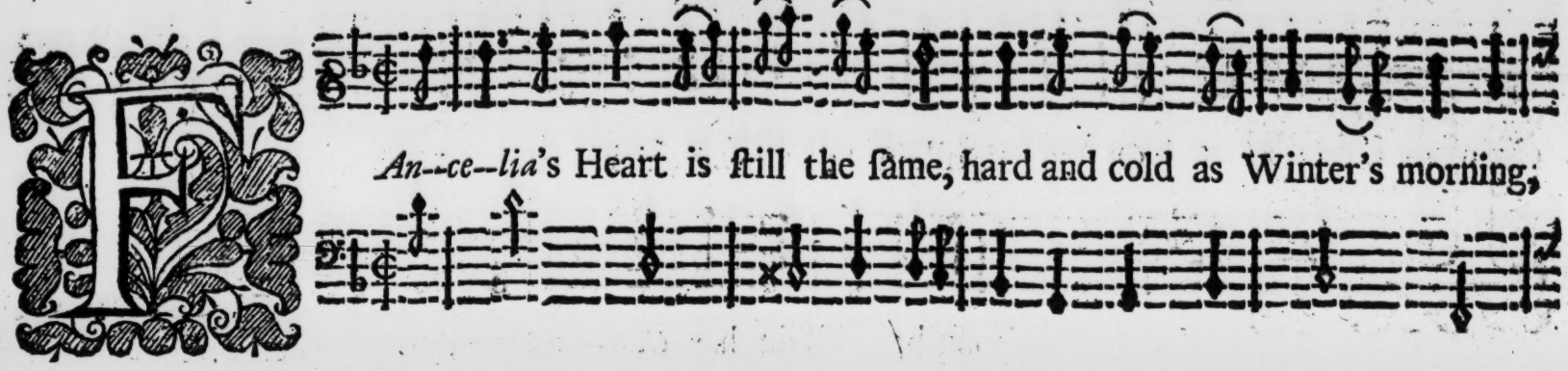


Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde.*

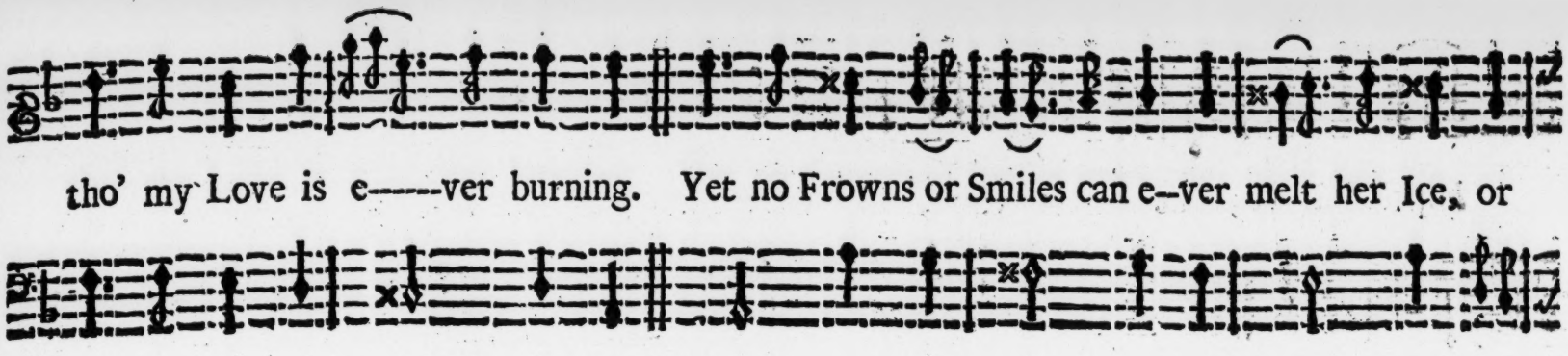
II.

But as the Sun to Weſt declines,
  The Eaſtern Sky does colder grow;
And all its bluſhing Looks reſigns,
  To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
  My *Cloe* then was kind and gay;
But when by time I loſt the Charm,
  Her ſmiles like Autumn dropp'd away.





An--ce--lia's Heart is ſtill the ſame, hard and cold as Winter's morning;



tho' my Love is e-----ver burning. Yet no Frowns or Smiles can e--ver melt her Ice, or



cool my Feaver, melt her Ice, or cool my Feaver. Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde.*

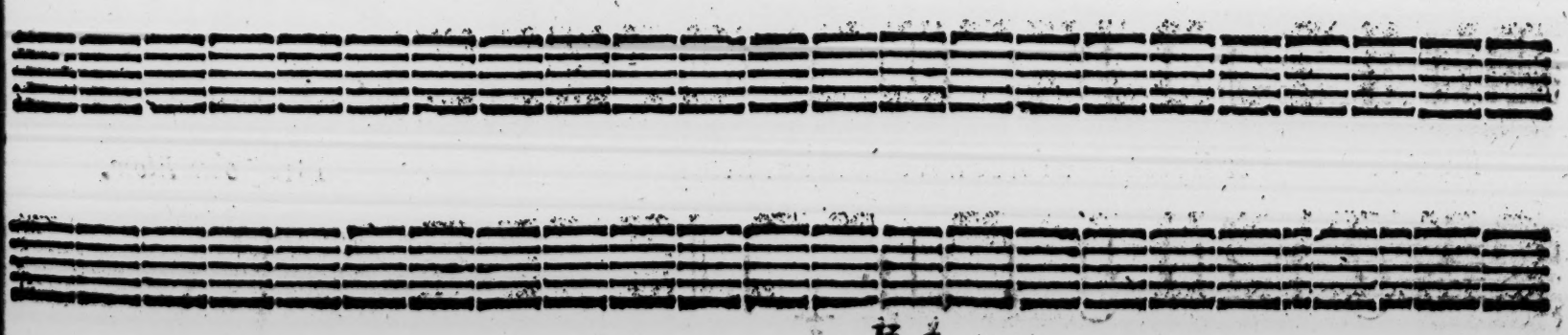


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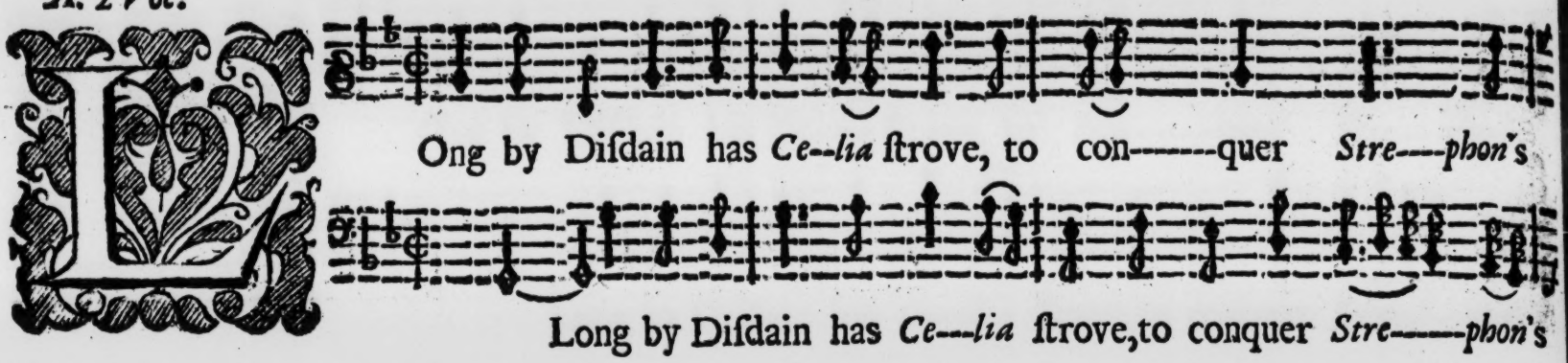
So long I talk and think of Love,
All the Groves and Streams can name her,
All the Nymphs and Eccho's blame her.
If ſhe keeps her cruel faſhion,
Nought but Death can eaſe my Paſſion.

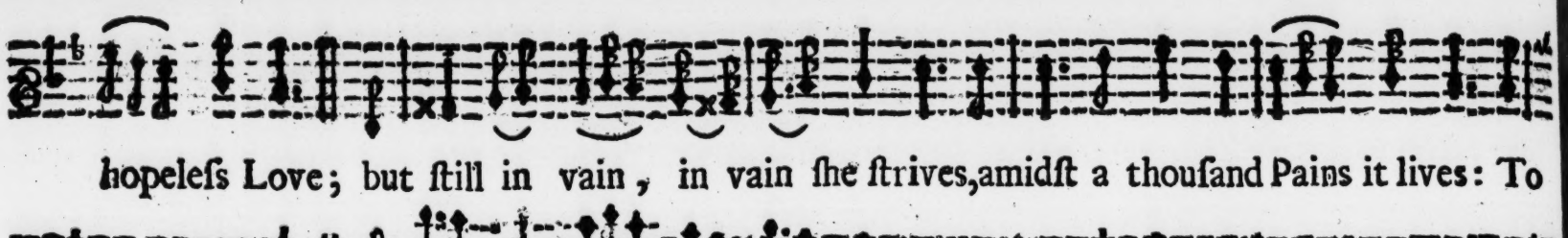
III.

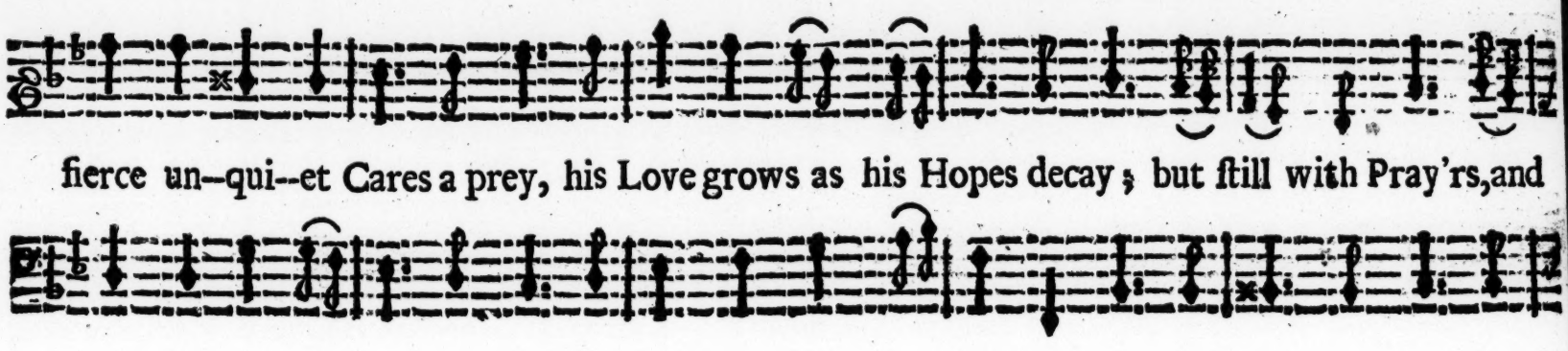
Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguiſh,
All the Looks with which I languiſh,
Moves not her to any feeling,
Beauty takes delight in killing.



A. 2 Voc.

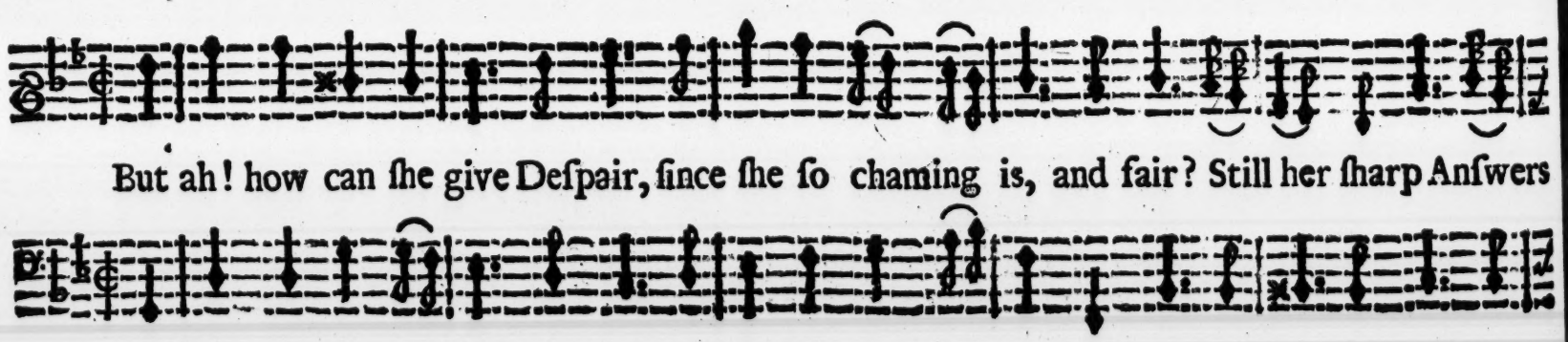


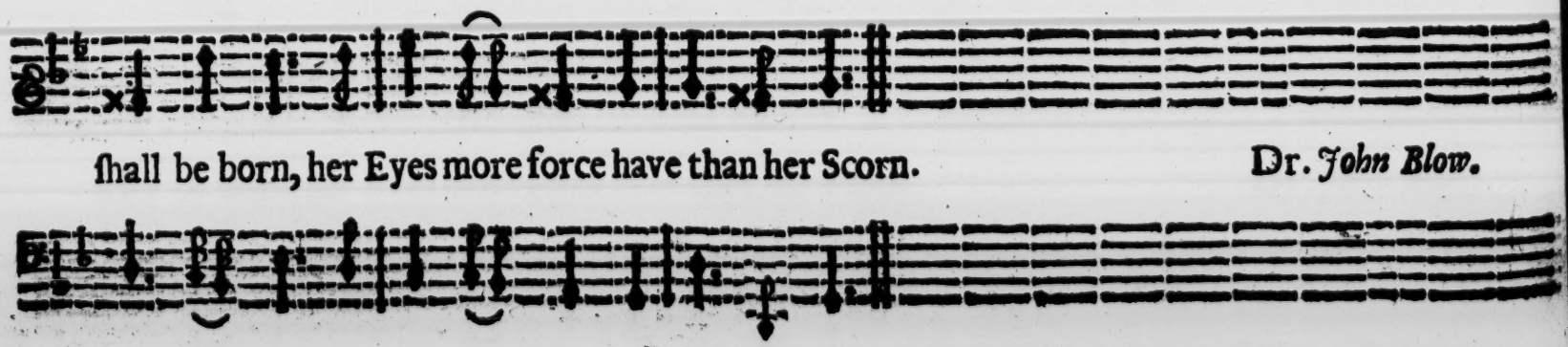






All ways, all times, the Wretch has try'd,
In her beſt humours been deny'd;
When pity did good Nature aid,
With all the tenderneſs it had:
When Reaſon againſt Fancy ſtrove,
With powerful Arguments for Love;
Such Love as ſhe muſt needs eſteem,
And like, had it not come from him.

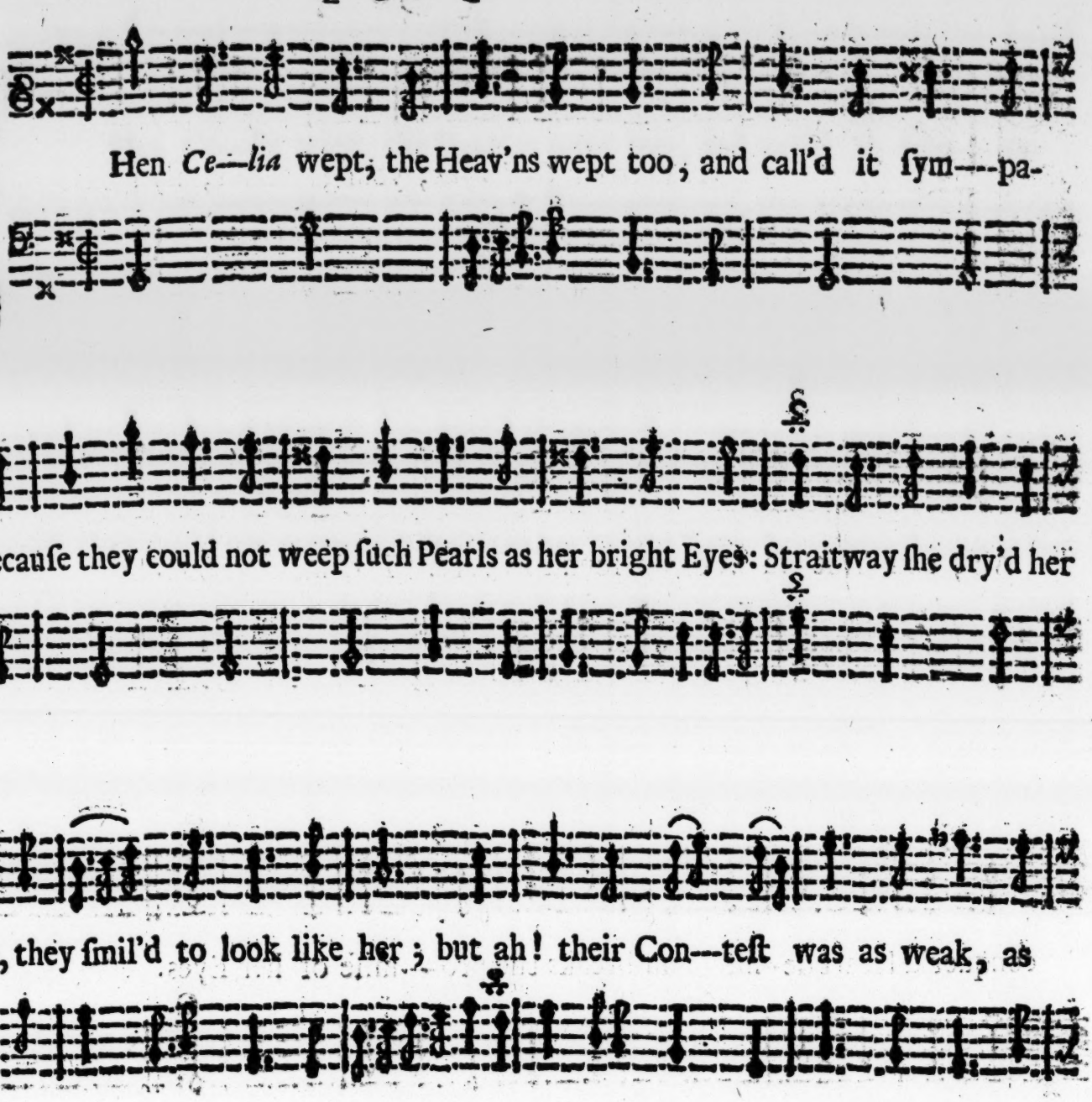




Dr. *John Blow.*

Very Slow.





Darkneſs to a Star. Mr. *John Lenton.*

II.

Ceaſe; ceaſe your Emulation then,
Fond Sphears, be rul'd by me;
Strive to preſerve your Gods and Men
By Contrariety:
Smile when ſhe weeps, to dry thoſe Streams;
Leſt (delug'd) Men expire;
Weep when ſhe ſmiles, to cool thoſe Beams,
And ſave your ſelves from Fire.



LY from *O--lin--da*, young and fair, fly from her ſoft en--ga----ging

Air, and Wit in Woman found ſo rare. Tho' all her Looks to Love adviſe, his yet un-

conquer'd Heart de--nies, and breaks the pro---miſe of her Eyes. Mr. *Robert King.*

II.

Waſt not your Youth in coy Diſdain,
Hope not your Beauties pleaſing Reign,
By ways of Rigour to maintain.
If we to Kings Obedience owe,
Or to the Gods with Incenſe go,
'Tis for the Bleſſing they beſtow.



Hen abſent from my fair *Co--rin---na* I, to eaſe my Grief, fall into

Po--e--try; courting Enjoyment from a gen----------tle Muſe, 'till by Di-

ſtraction I my Fancy loſe: So wret----------ched Men that ſun-----dry Med'cines try, as

oft en--creaſe as cu----------re their Ma---la---dy. Cru---el Pow'rs! that

wound with ſuch delight, affording Love to make us periſh by't! Elſe, why this diſtance

ſhould they place between conq'ring *Co-rin-na*, and her vanquiſh'd Swain? The frown of Fortune

oft our Bo---dies parts, 'tis Death alone di--vides u---ni--ted Hearts.

Mr. *James Hart.*

SAY my Heart, what ſhall I do, Love or hate her, which o'th' two?

ſay my Heart, what ſhall I do? Thus through doubtful untrac'd ways, tread we Love's am-

biguous Maze: Let us move then, let us move, where--ſo---e-------ver led by Love.

'Tis true indeed, ſhe's coy and proud, proud as all the beauteous Croud; 'tis true indeed, but

'Tis true indeed, ſhe's coy and pro--------ud, *&c.*

'tis as true, ſhe's gay, young, lovely, wit---ty too; mo----------ve thi--ther

then, my Heart, let's move, I am reſolv'd, reſolv'd to love. Mr. *James Hart.*

HOW ſweet is the Paſ--ſion of Love! how gay is the Joy of the

Soul! how pleaſing thoſe Fa---vours do prove, whoſe kindneſs does Fortune controul! Her

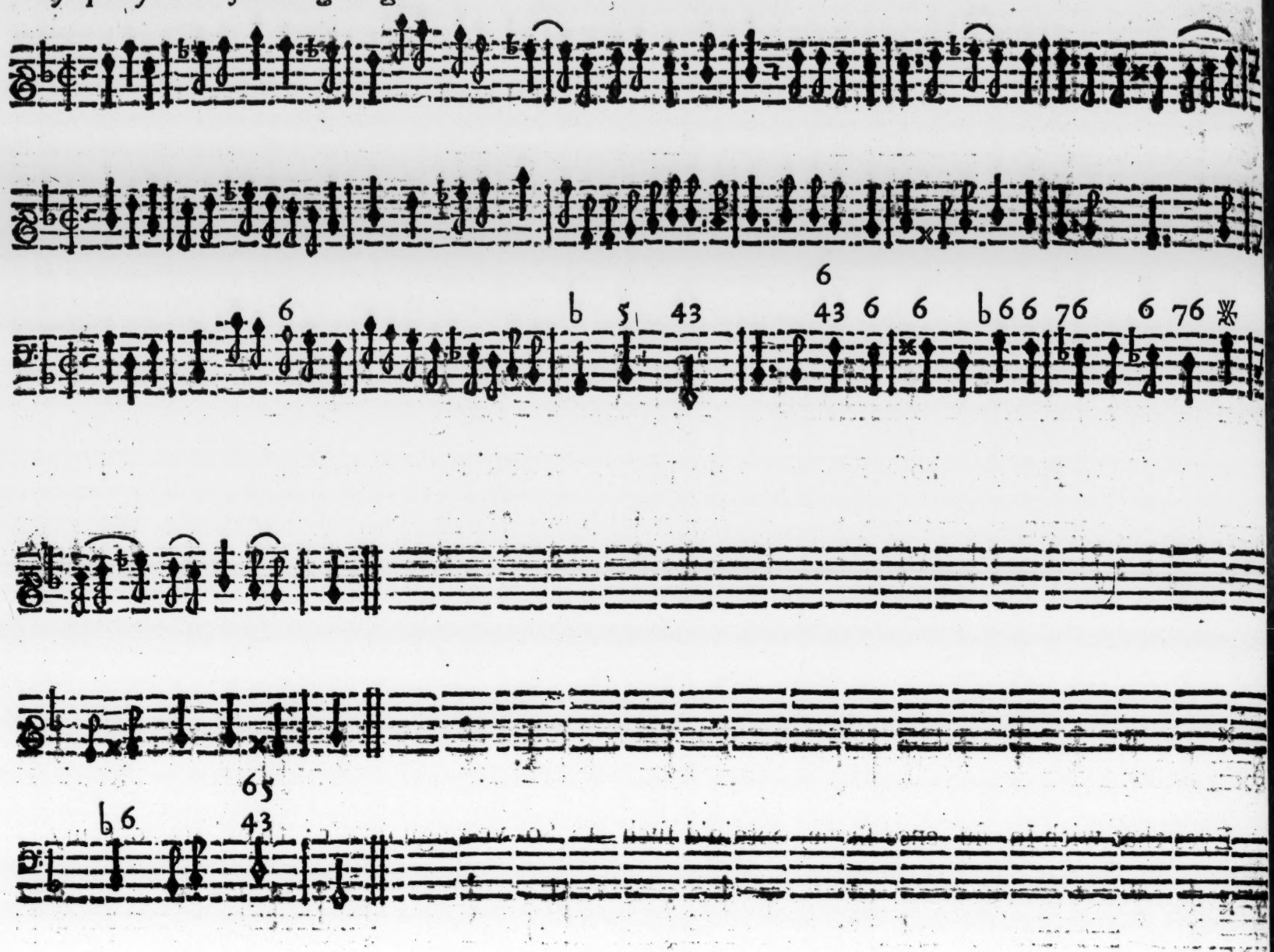
Eyes that with In--flu--ence ſhone, obtain'd ſuch a So--ve-reign Pow'r; th'exhal'd out my

Soul like the Sun, when it draws up the Dew from a Flow'r. Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.

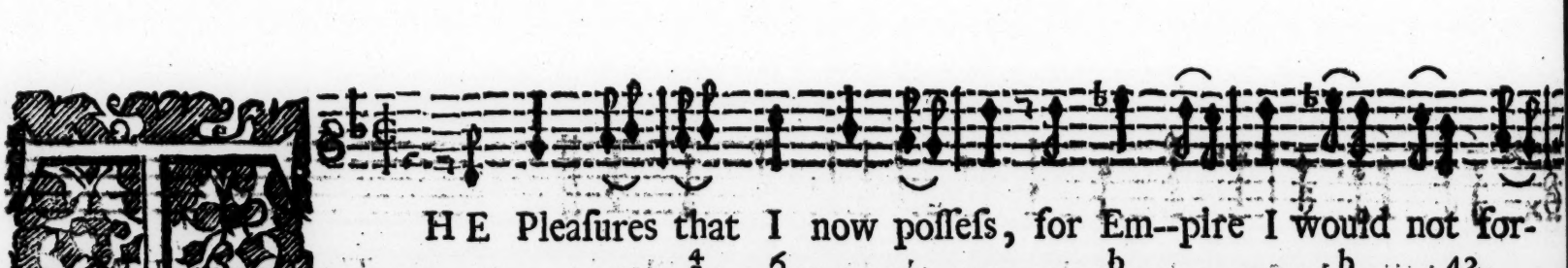
II.

Let no Man believe he is wiſe,
  By applauding the Muſical Sphere;
But turn his Ear to her Voice,
  And all that is Charming is there:
My Heart in the Paradiſe Land,
  Within her ſweet Boſom, I loſt,
And with every touch of her hand,
  I was ready to give up the Ghoſt.

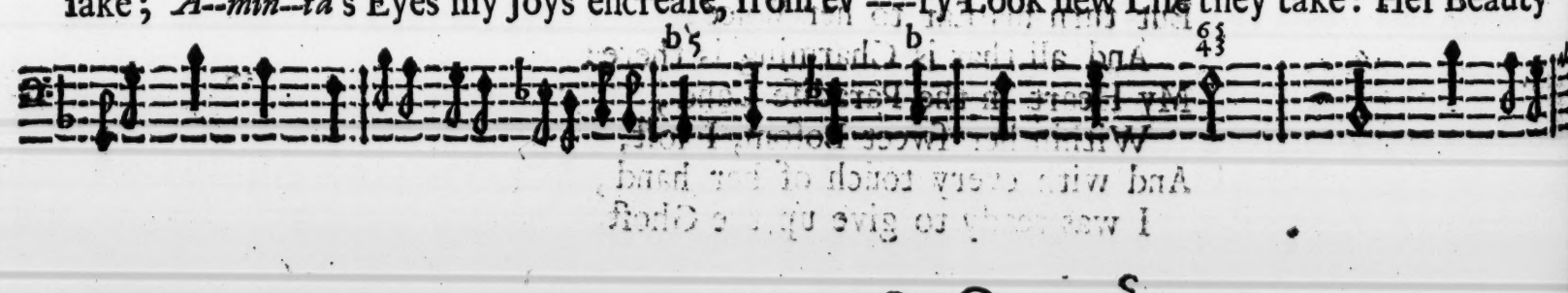
Symphony to the following Song.



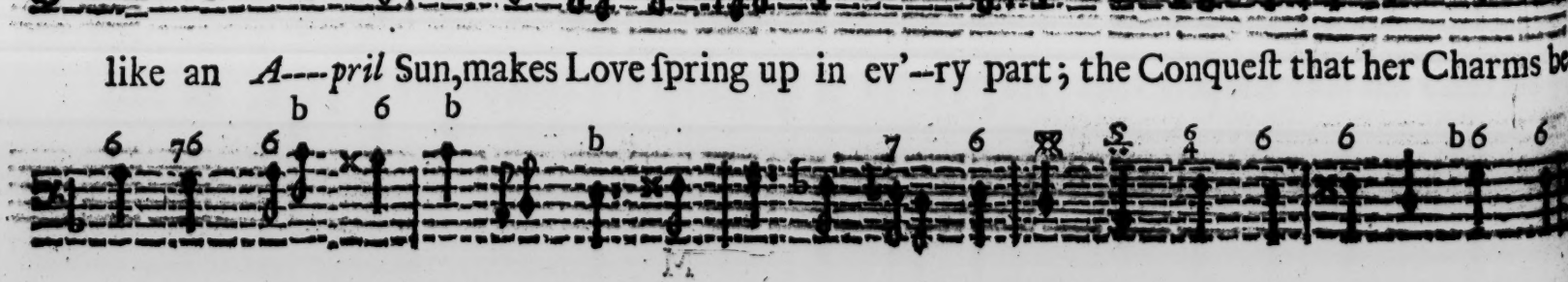
THE Pleaſures that I now poſſeſs, for Em--pire I would not for-

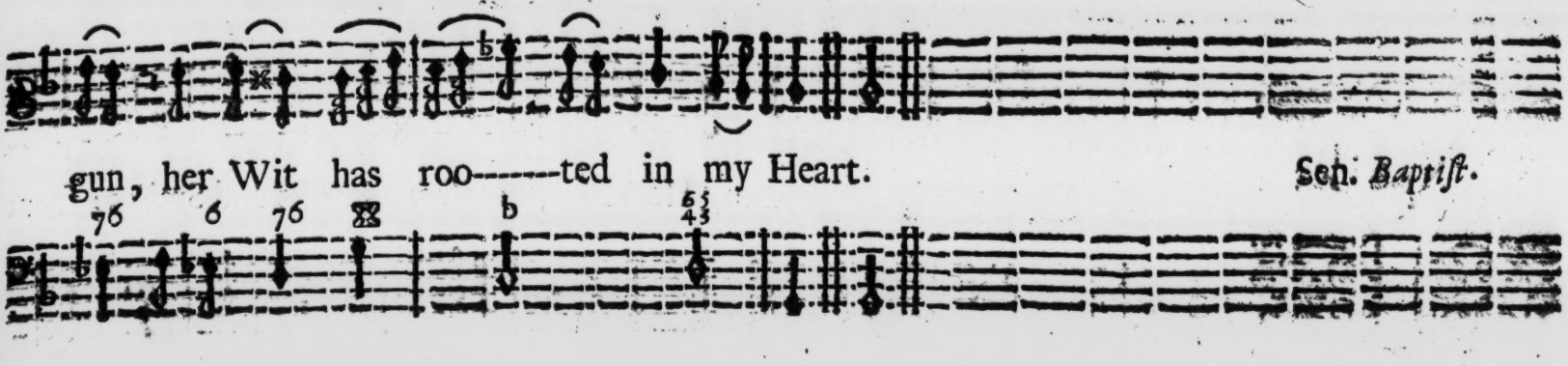


ſake; *A--min--ta*'s Eyes my Joys encreaſe, from ev'---ry Look new Life they take: Her Beauty



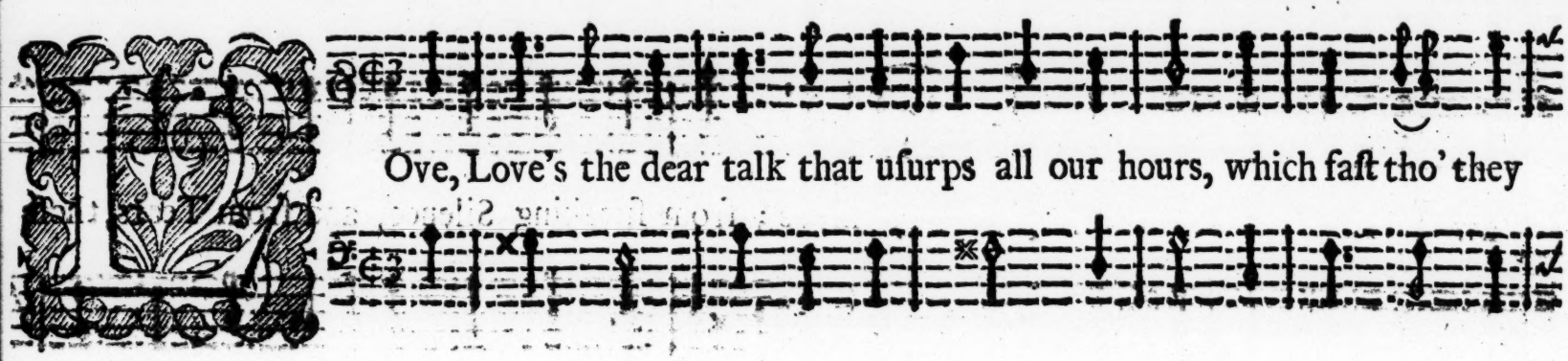
like an *A----pril* Sun, makes Love ſpring up in ev'--ry part; the Conqueſt that her Charms be-

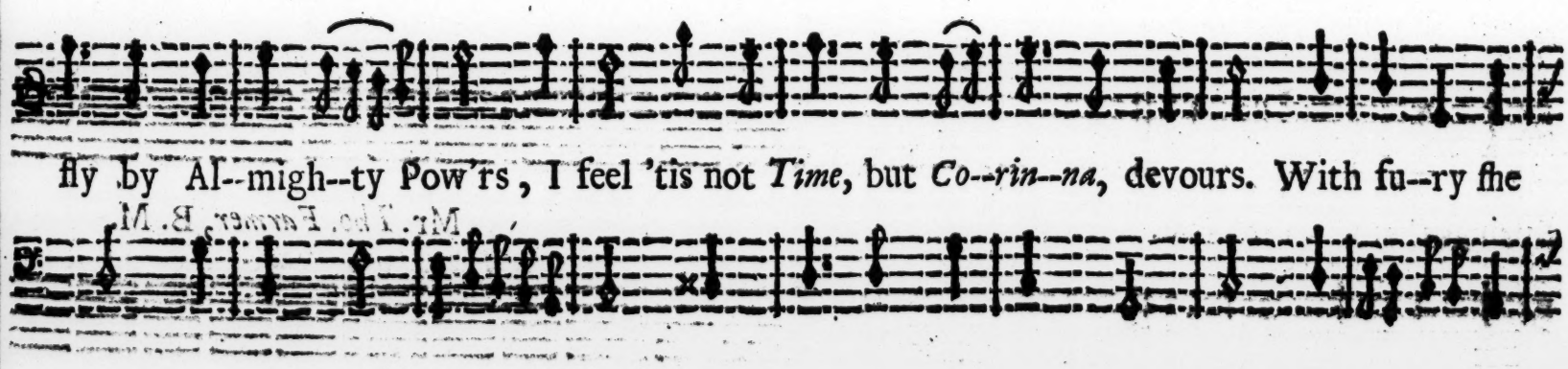




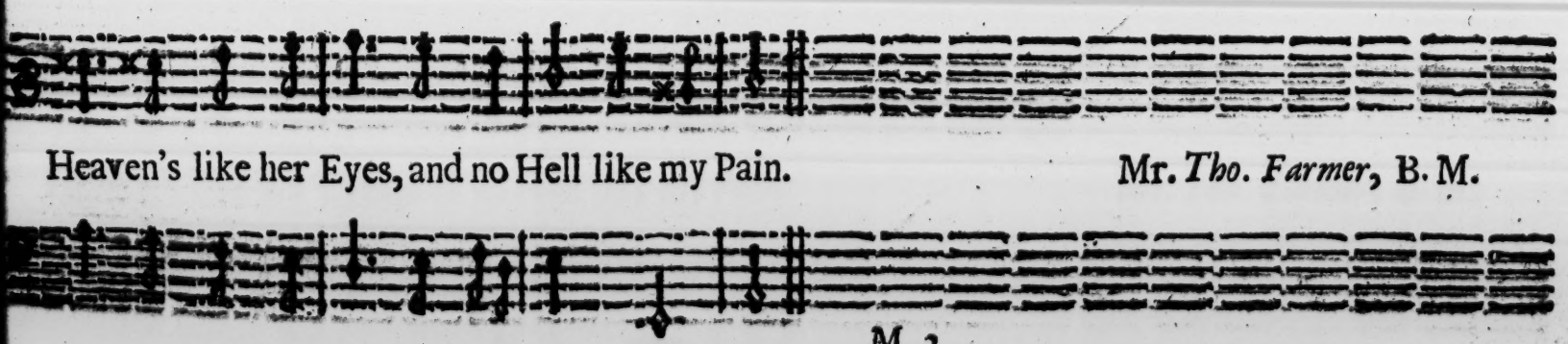
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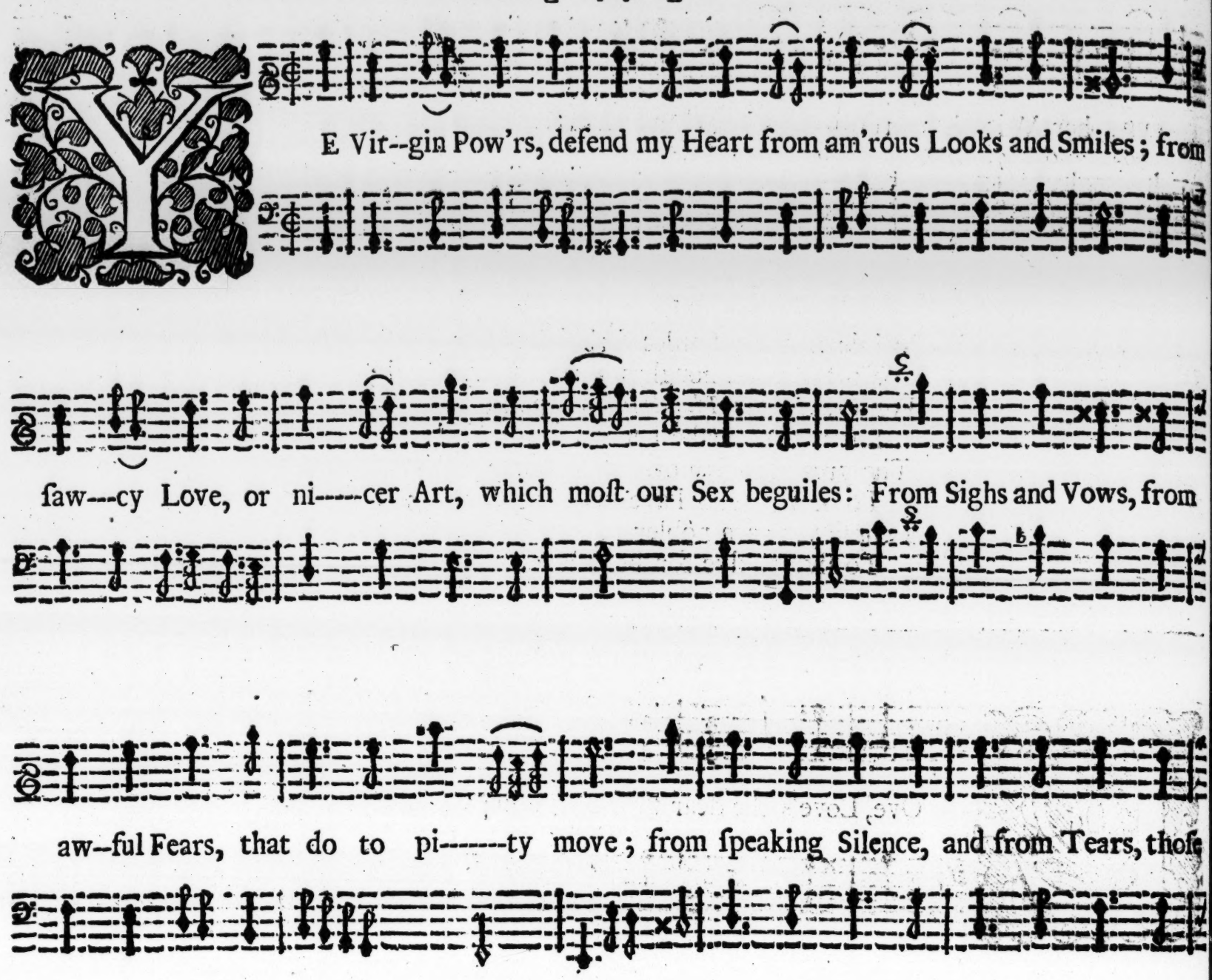
While her ſoft Smiles forbid Deſpair,
No reſtleſs Thoughts torment my Mind;
For *France* nor *Flanders* I prepair,
But how to make her yet more kind:
The greateſt *Hero* owes that name,
To Slaves who have his Laurels won;
I chuſe yet as a nobler Fame,
To live or dye for her alone.





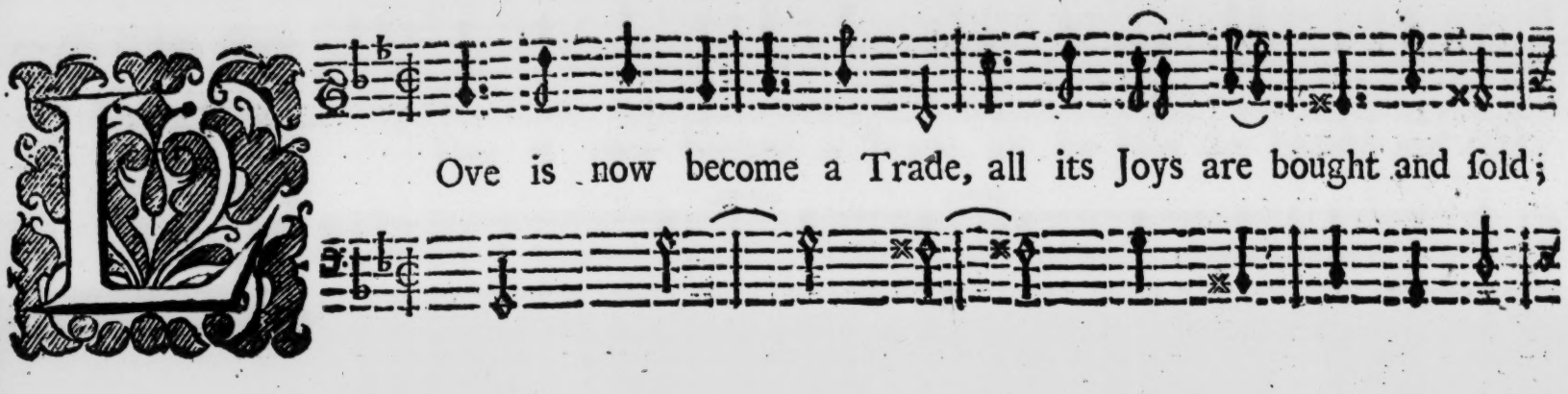


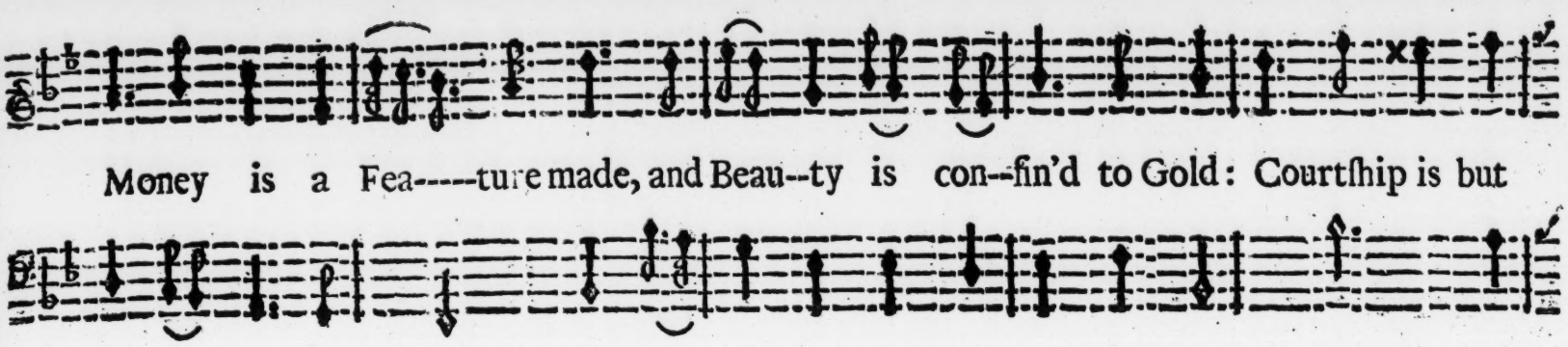


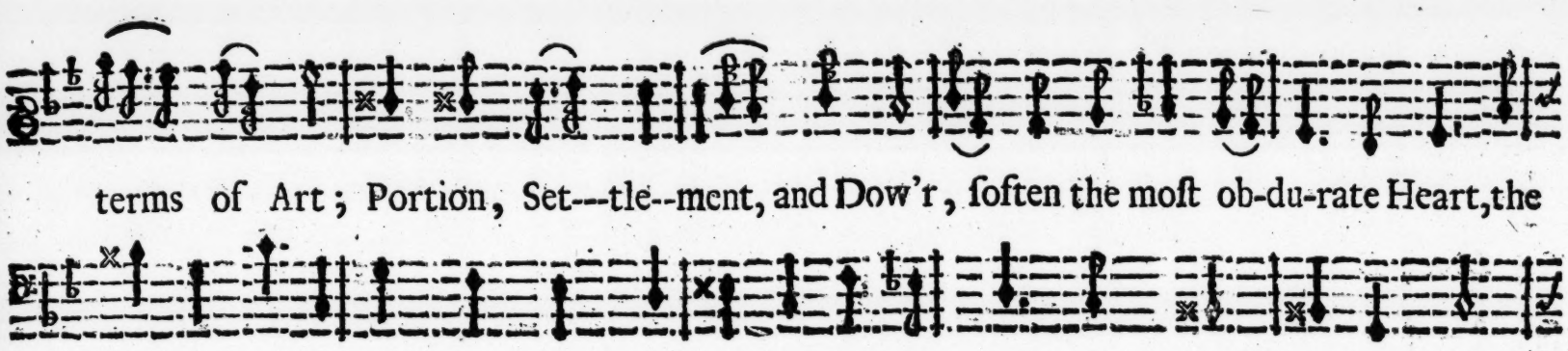


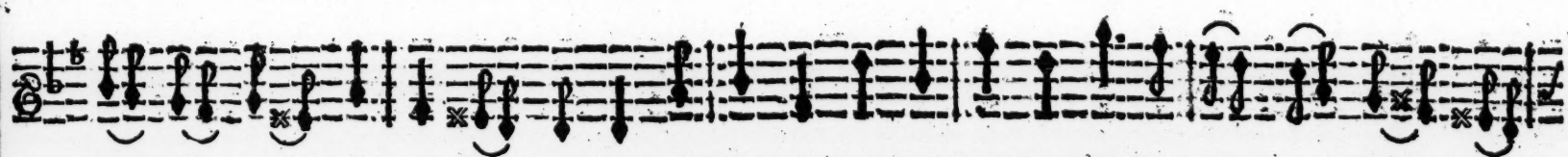
II.

But if through Paſſion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my guide;
And where frail Nature ſeems enclin'd,
There fix a Guard of Pride:
'Tis fit the price of Heaven be pure,
And worthy of its Aid;
For thoſe that think themſelves ſecure,
The ſooneſt are betray'd.
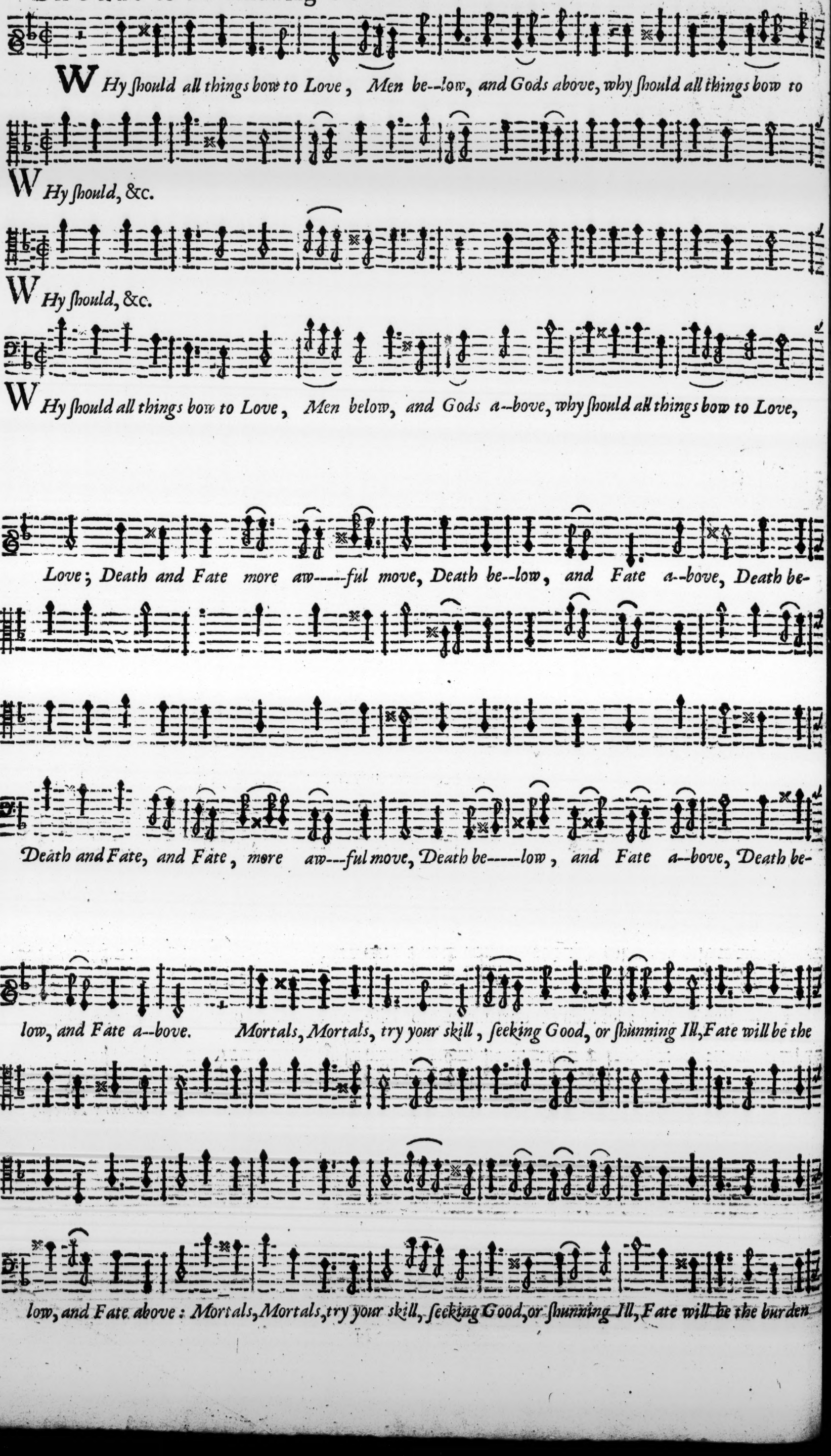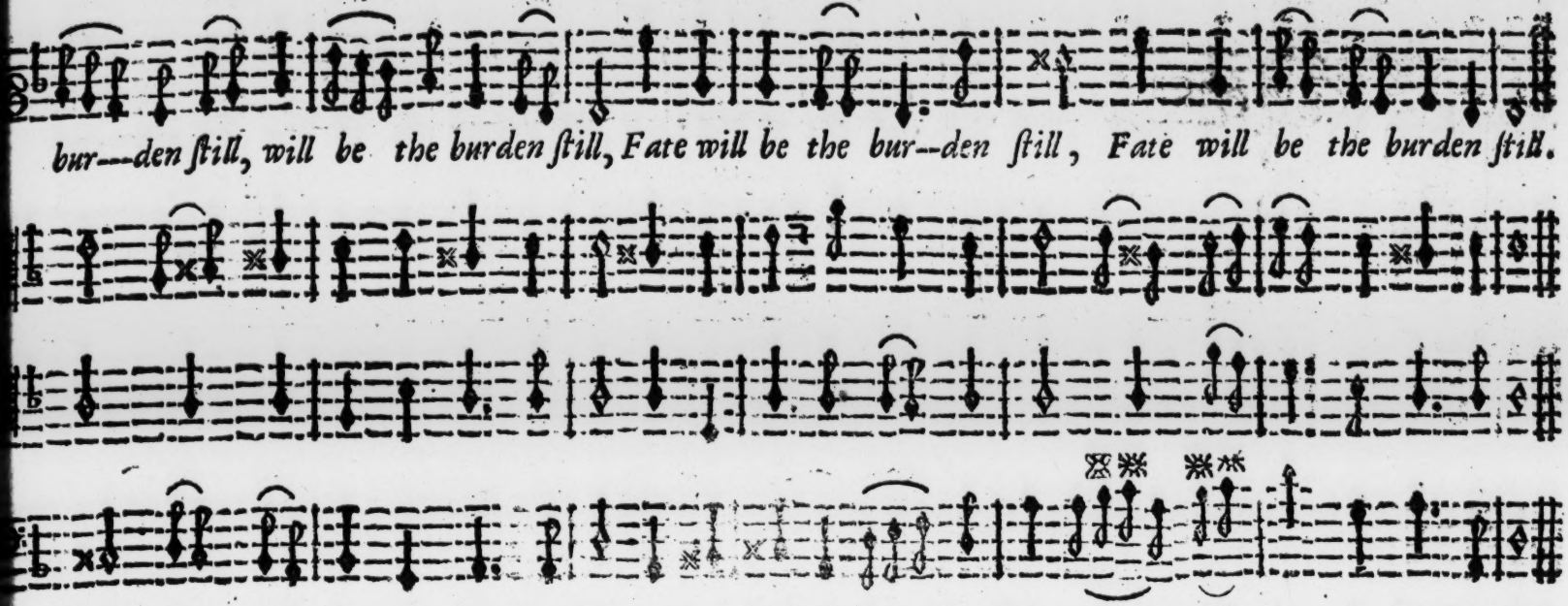










Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

CHORUS to the following *SONG*.





SONG.



Eep all ye Nymphs, your Floo---ds unbind, for *Strephon*'s now no more; your Treſſes ſpread be---fore the Wind, and leave the ha--ted Shoar: See, ſee, up--on the craggy Rocks, each Goddeſs ſtripp'd appears; they beat their Breaſts, and rend their Locks, and ſwell the Sea with Tears. Dr. *John Blow.*

II.

The God of *Love* that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born,
Had ſworn by *Styx* to ſhew his Power,
He'd kill a Man e're morn':
For *Strephon*'s Breaſt he arm'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and ſhot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood ſhall quench my Flame.

III.

n *Stella*'s Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes,
e cry'd, Remember when I am dead,
That I deſerve the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He ſigh'd, You love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.

BReak *Cupid*, break thy feeble Bow, and burn thy uſe----leſs Darts;

what Pow-er does thy Godhead ſhow, in woun----------ding ſin---gle Hearts: Each Mortal

Hand can do the like, their Shafts as ſure---ly fly; but diſtant Marks at once to

ſtrike, that's pure Di-----vi------ni-----ty. Then mighty Love, to ſhew thy Art and Pow'r

is all Di-vine; ſtrike through my Breaſt, *Bel--lin-da*'s Heart, and through *Bel--lin-da*'s Mine

Alex. Damaſcene.

HOw bleſt is the Paſſion, when guarded with Diſcretion! that in the poſ-

ſeſſion no Fears can an--noy us? Like the Gods, we our Pleaſure enjoy at our leiſure, and

love without meaſure, for who can deſtroy us? Like the Gods, we our Pleaſure enjoy at our

leiſure, and love without meaſure, for who can deſtroy's? When ſecure in thy Arms, and

Treaſure of Charms, like an ab--ſo--lute Monarch I'le be; no Power ſhall e--ver ſo

juſt a Paſ--ſion ſe--ver, but I will be happy to E--ter--ni--ty.

Alex: Damaſcene.

IF Love did make its chief Abode on fading Cheeks and Eyes, I'de

ſpit up---on the tri--fling God, and all his Arts, and all, and all his Arts deſpiſe:

No gawdy Face ſhould ſhake my reſt, none of the ſil---ly Fair ſhould have Do-mi-nion

in my Breaſt, nor find, nor find a——————————n entrance there.
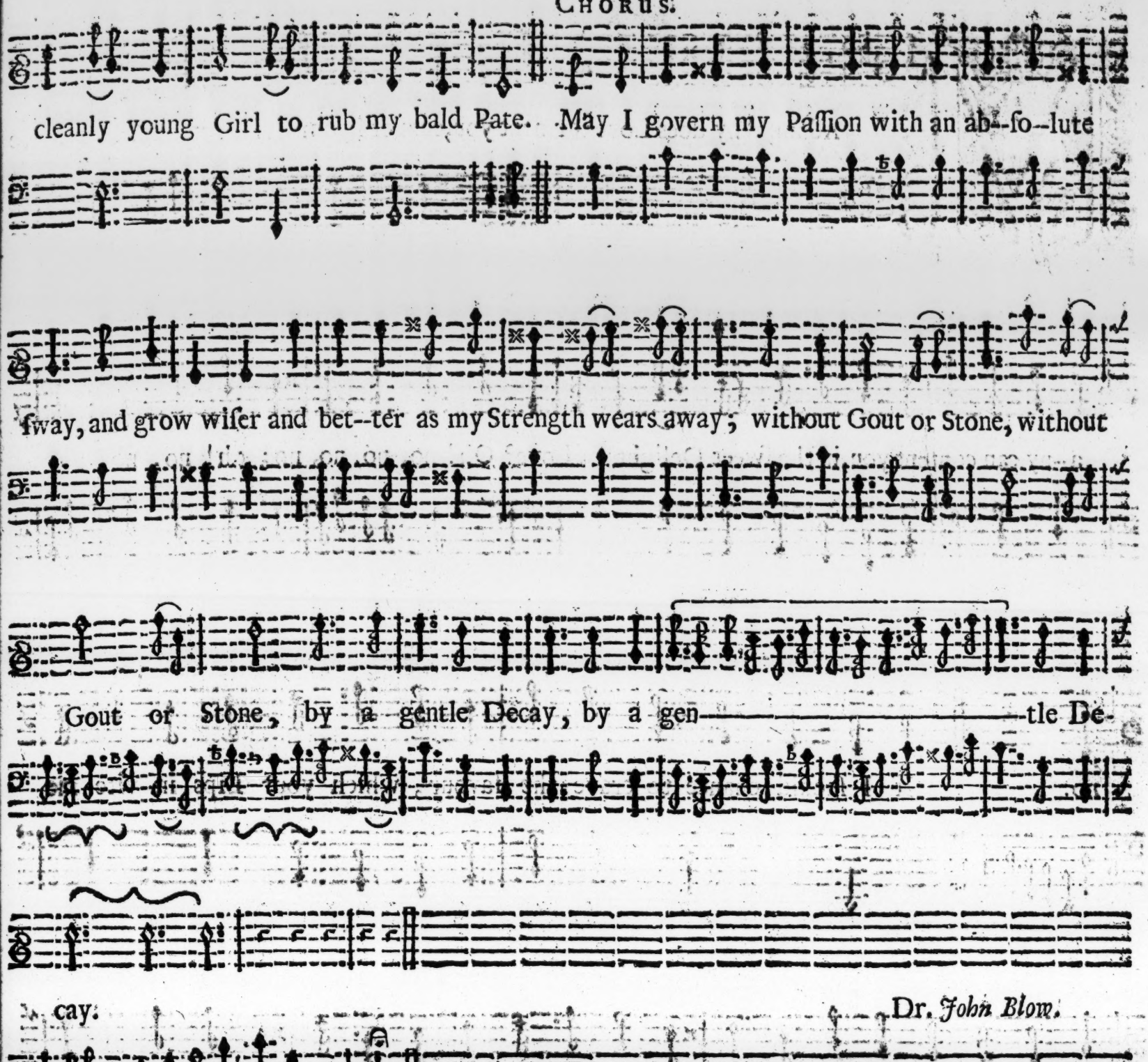
Alex. Damaſcene.

The Old Man's Wiſh.

IF I lived to be old, for I find I go down, let this be my

Fate in a Coun--try Town; may I have a warm Houſe with a Stone at the Gate, and a

CHORUS.



Dr. *John Blow.*

II.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook;
With the Ocean at diſtance on which I may look;
With a ſpacious Plain, without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſie Pad Nag to ride out a Mile.
Chor. *May I govern*, &c.

III.

With *Horace* and *Plutarch*, and one or two more
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Diſh of Roſt Mutton, not Veniſon nor Teal,
And clean, though courſe, Linnen at every Meal.
Chor. *May I govern*, &c.

IV.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, and ſtout humming Liquor;
And remnants of Latin to welcom the Vicar;
With a hidden Reſerve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the King's Health in as oft as I dine.
Chor. *May I govern*, &c.

V.

With a Courage undaunted may I face the laſt day,
And when I am dead, may the better ſort ſay,
(In the Morning when ſober, in the Evening when mellow)
He's gone, and leaves not behind him his Fellow.
Chor. *May I govern*, &c.

Adam, why does Love torment you, cannot I your Grief remove? Or is there

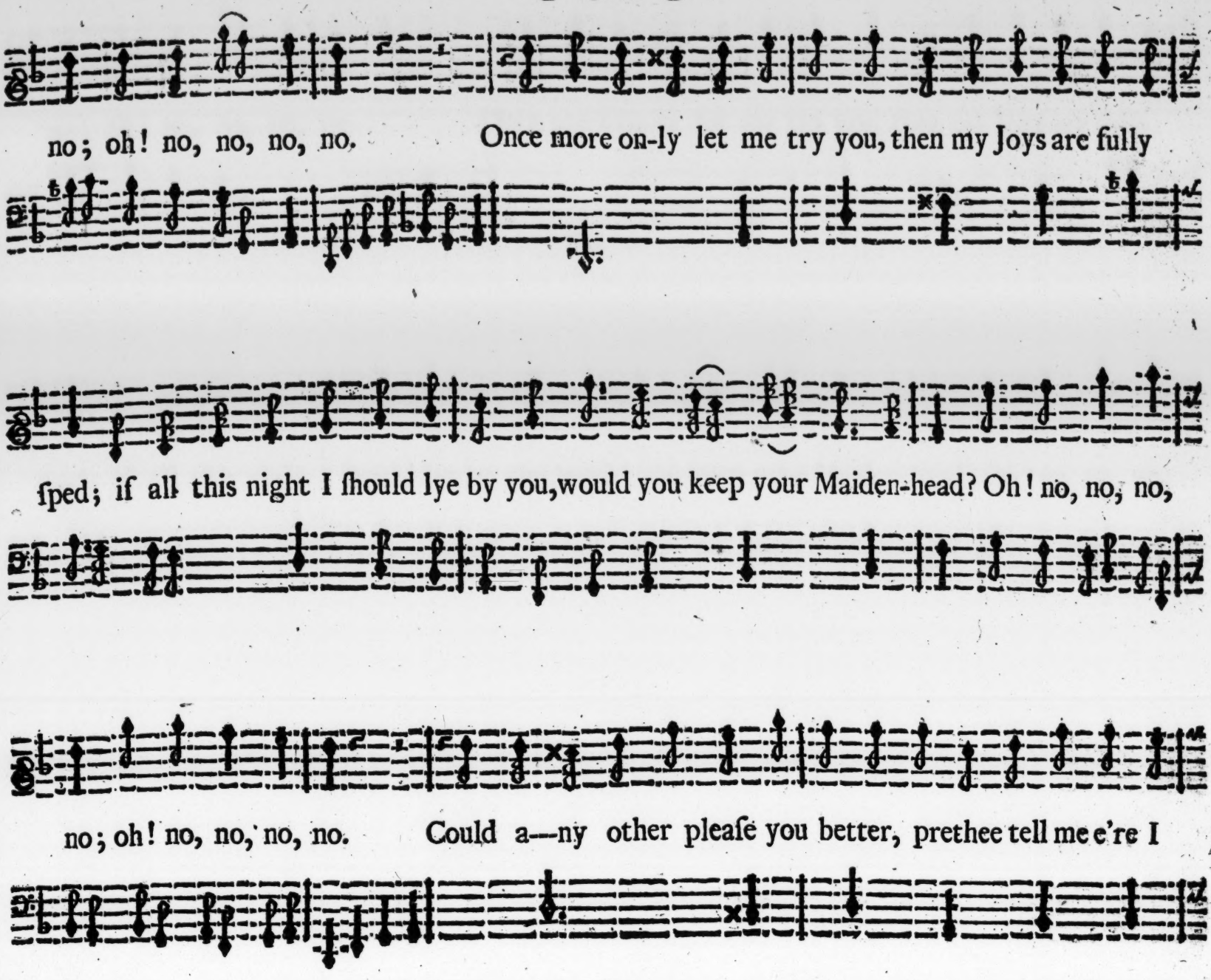
a--ny can content you, in the ſweet Delights of Love? Oh! no, no, no, no; oh! no, no, no,

no. If I ſhould chance to crave the favour, which your Lips in--vite me

to; would you not think't a light be--ha--viour, for to take a kiſs or two? Oh! no, no, no,

no; oh! no, no, no, no. Fair one, made of Beauty's wonder, if I preſume your Breaſt to

touch; or if I attempt a lit--tle under, would you not think it too much? Oh, no, no, no,


no; oh! no, no, no, no. Once more on-ly let me try you, then my Joys are fully
ſped; if all this night I ſhould lye by you, would you keep your Maiden-head? Oh! no, no, no,
no; oh! no, no, no, no. Could a--ny other pleaſe you better, prethee tell me e're I
go? Or e--ver was a Night ſpent ſweeter? Or e-ver were you tickl'd ſo? Oh! no, no, no,
no; oh! no, no, no, no.
Senior *Petro Reggio.*
P

Come, come a--way, let's to the May-Pole go, and ſee what Lads and

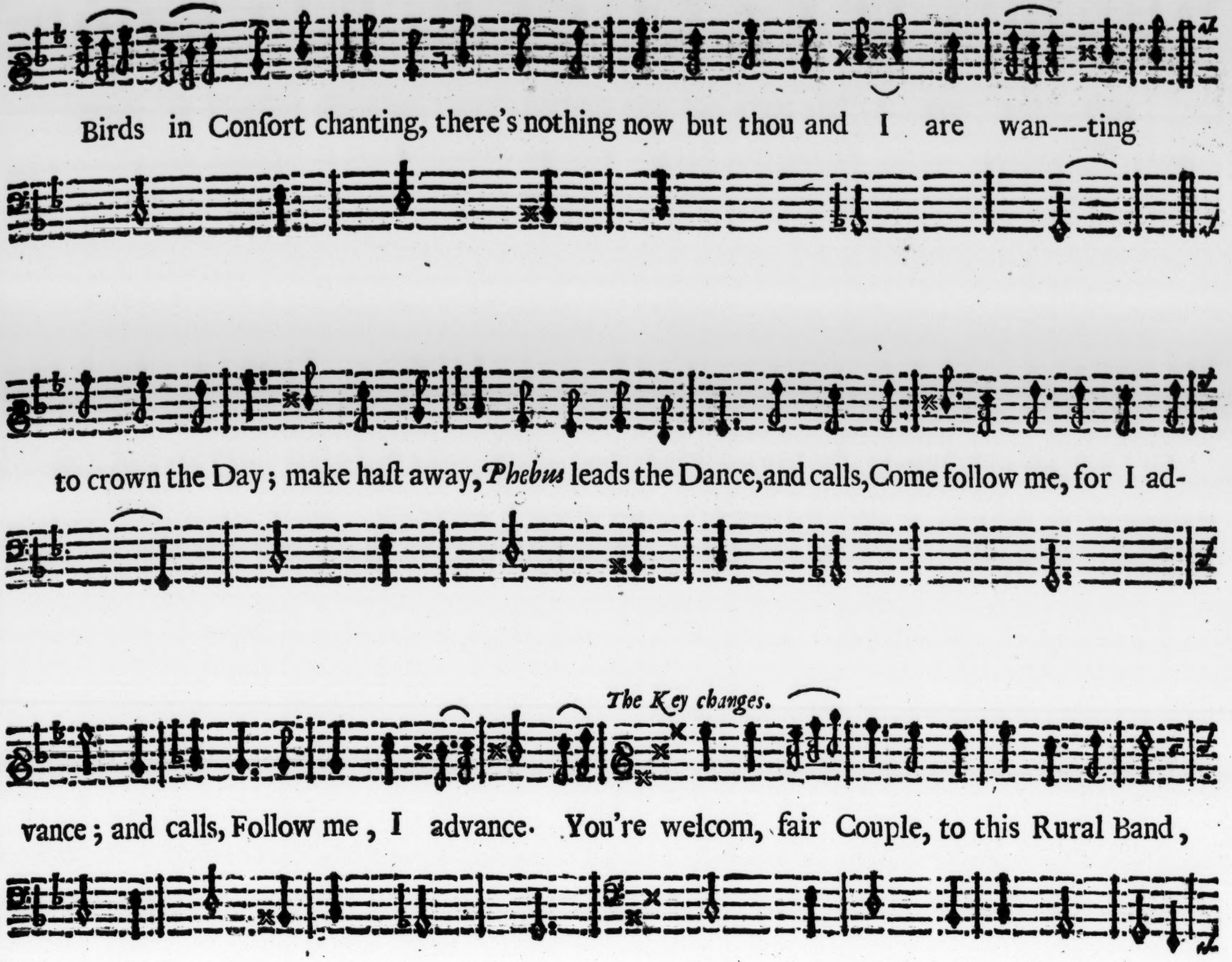
Laſ--ſes there may dan----cing be; *Tom* pro--mis'd to meet me there with pretty

Molly, *Ralph* with *Beſs*, *John* with *Joan*, to be ve---ry, ve---ry jol--ly; and ma--ny

more ſuch pretty harmleſs Swains, that take delight, take delight to trace the Plains: Then a-

way, then a--way let's go to the place nam'd, for Shame ſtill attends Sloth, and ought to be

blam'd; make haſt to ſee how they trip it to the Tabor, and how they labour, the little


Birds in Conſort chanting, there's nothing now but thou and I are wan----ting
to crown the Day; make haſt away, *Phebus* leads the Dance, and calls, Come follow me, for I ad-
The Key changes.
vance; and calls, Follow me, I advance. You're welcom, fair Couple, to this Rural Band,
let's have a Song, but firſt joyn hand in hand: Bleſt be the day that affords us ſuch
weather, let us re--joyce now we are come to---ge--ther. Let the fame of our Mirth aſ-
cend to the Court, *Phebus*, tell the La--dies how we ſport: How in---no--cent and harm-

leſs are our Pleaſures, without ſuſ---pi--cion of our Vir--gin Treaſures. Stay, go not a-

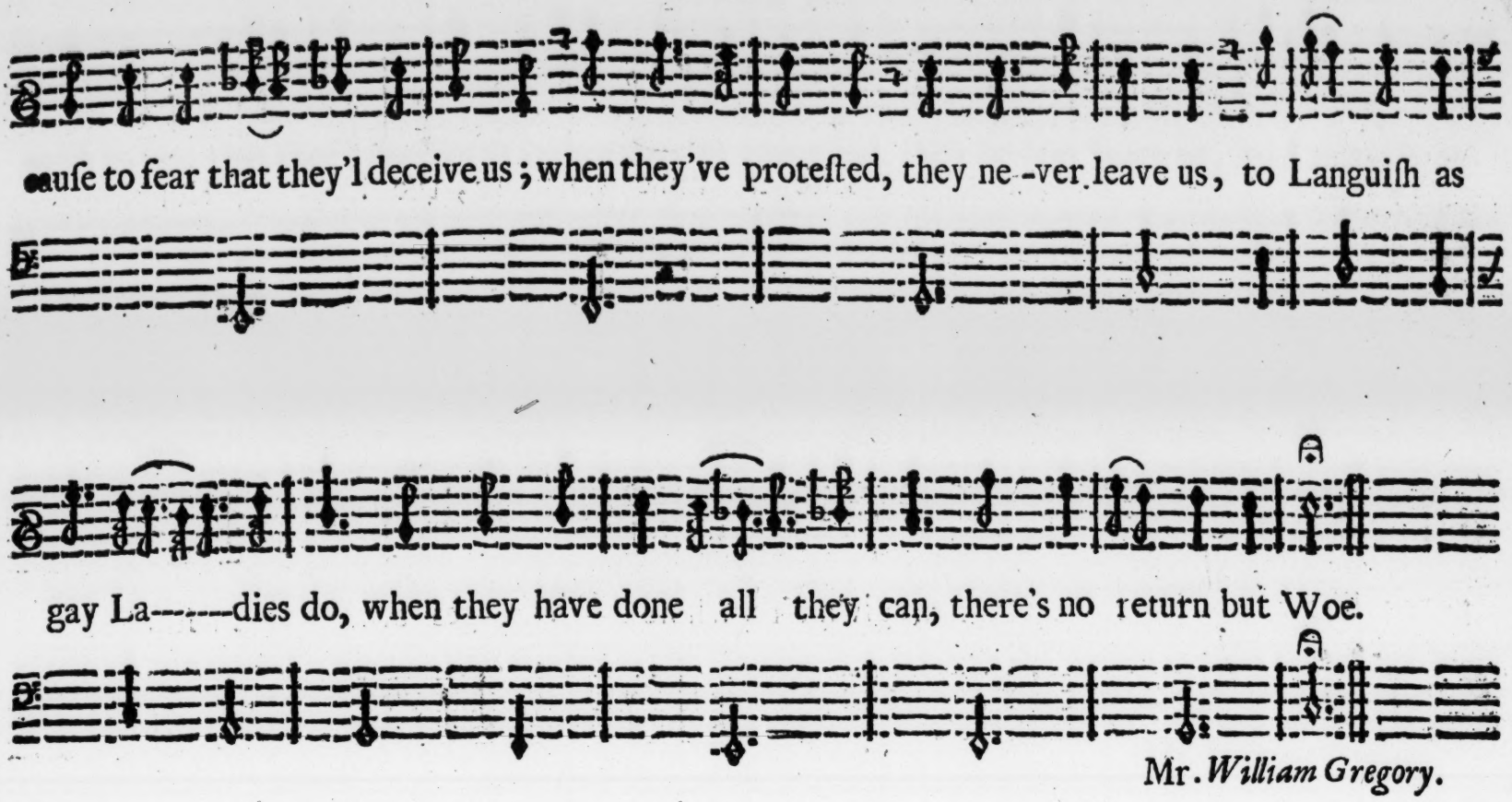
way, their Deeds are ſuch, they care not much to partake of a--ny Light, but what themſelves do

make; our Waſtcoat green, our Ruddy Face, ſhelter'd beneath a Straw Bongrace, is as good as the

Hood they wear, we're as ho---neſt, we're as fair: They have their Coaches, while we do

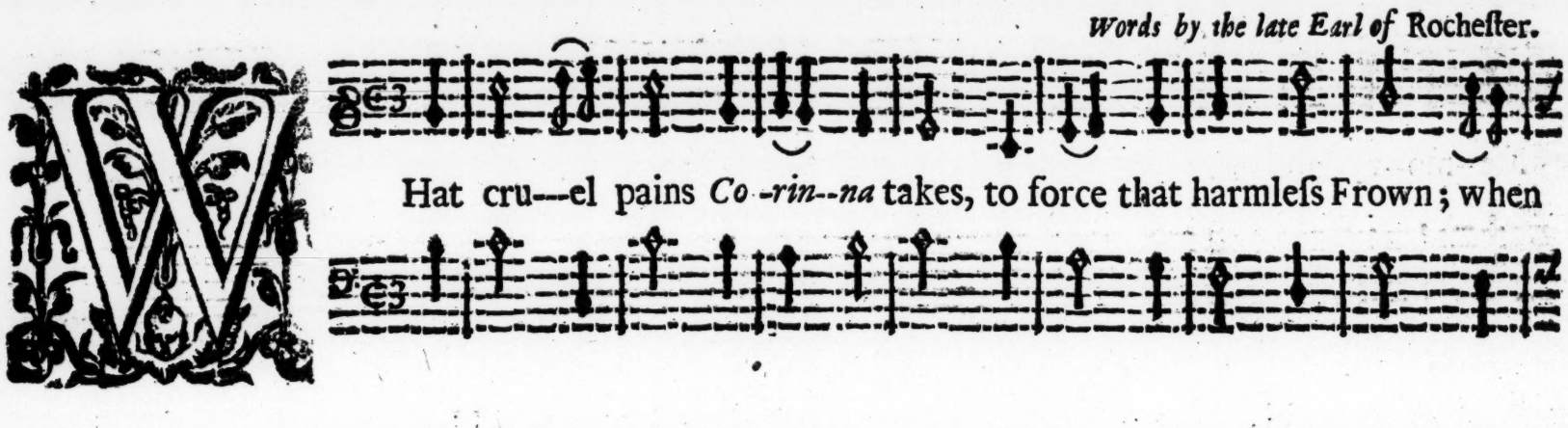
foot it here without Reproaches. Freſh Air's our Bleſſing, ne mock Careſſing, our Swains are

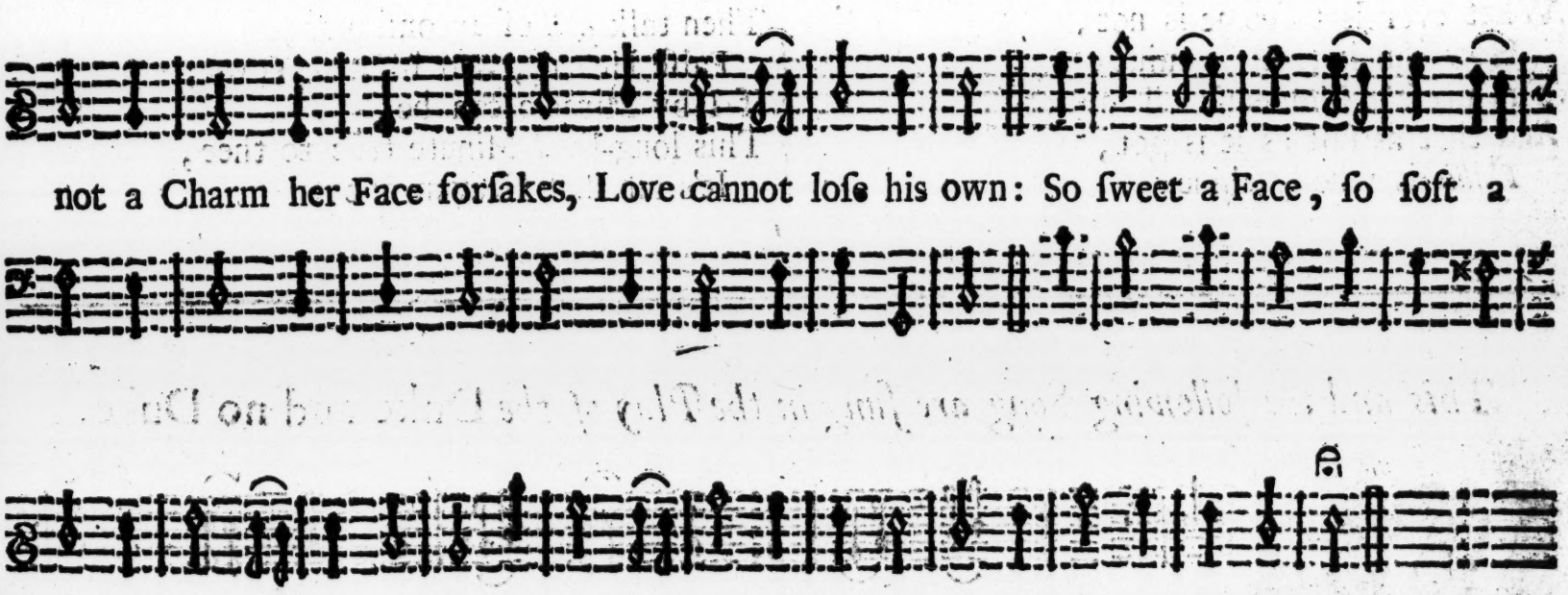
wholſom, but theirs are fulſom. And why if we ſay I, when courted, they'l believe us, we have no



Mr. *William Gregory.*

Words by the late Earl of Rocheſter.





Mr. *Snow.*

II.

Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
  Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature to maintain
  The affected Rules of Honour:
The Scorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
  When Paſſion pleaded to her;
That much ſhe fears (and more ſhe loves)
  Her Vaſſal ſhould undo her.

ALL my paſt Life is mine no more, the fly---ing Hours are gone; like tran---ſi---to---ry Dreams giv'n o're, whoſe I-----ma---ges are kept in ſtore, by Me--mo--ry a--lone.

Dr. *John Blow.*

II.

What ever is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The preſent Moment's all my lot,
And that as faſt as it is got,
Phillis is wholly thine.

III.

Then talk not of Inconſtancy,
Falſe Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I by Miracle can be,
This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
It's all that Heaven allows.

This and the following Song are ſung in the Play of the Duke and no Duke.

WHO can re----ſiſt my *Ce---lia*'s Charms? her Beau---ty wounds, and Wit diſarms; when theſe their migh--ty For---ces joyn, what Heart's ſo

ſtrong but muſt re--ſign? Love ſeems to pro--miſe in her Eyes, a kind and

la----ſting Age of Joys; but have a care, their Trea--ſon ſhun, I look'd, be-

liev'd, and was un--done, --done. In vain a thouſand ways I ſtrive, to keep my

fain---ting Hopes a----live; my Love can ne---ver find re---ward, ſince Pride and

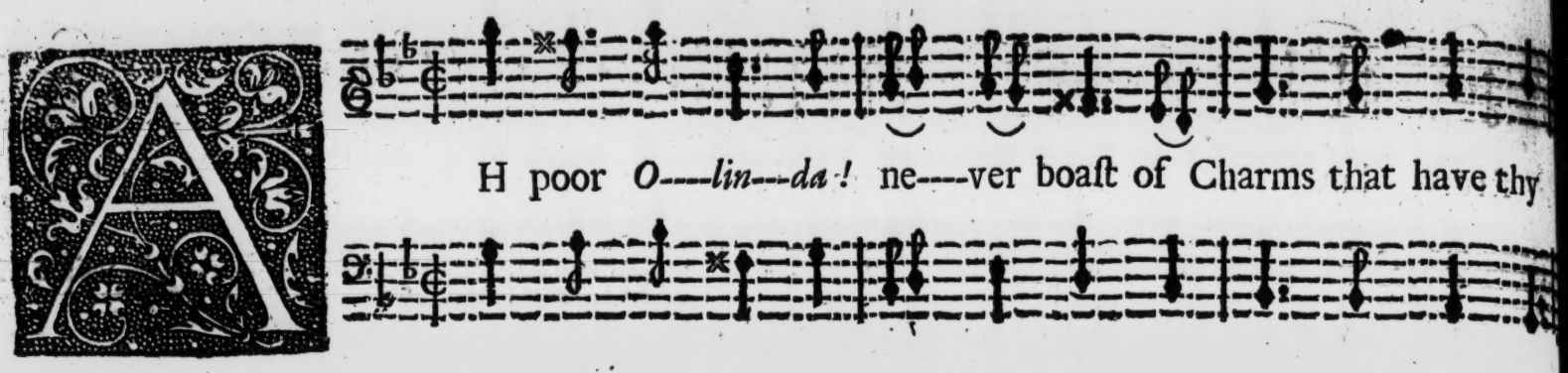
:S:

Ho---nour is her Guard; my Love can ne---ver find re--ward, ſince Pride and

:S:

Ho---nour is her Guard.

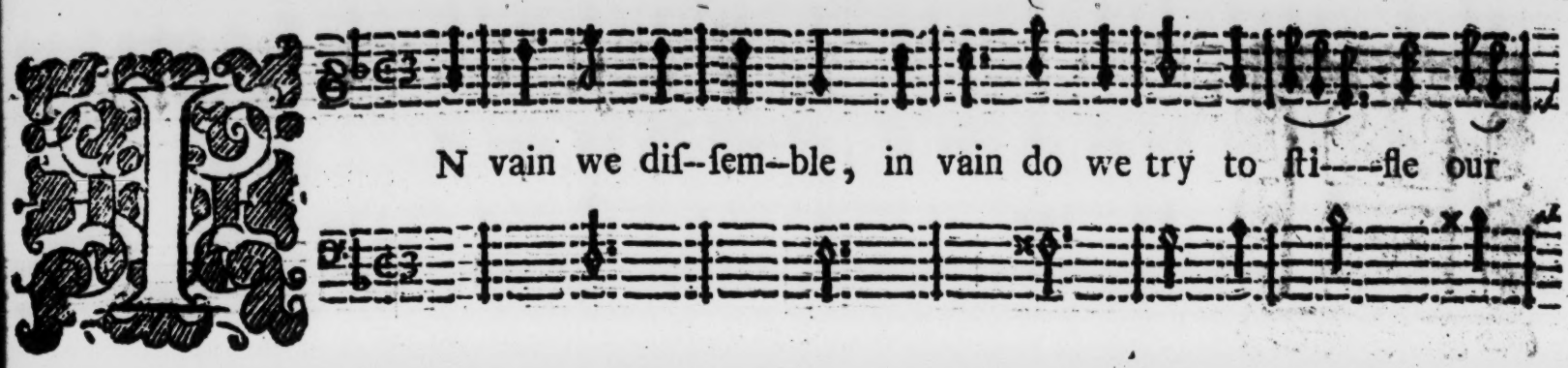
Sen. *Baptiſt.*



Mr. *Robert King.*

II.

In vain do I his Perſon ſhun,
I cannot from his Glory run,
That's Univerſal as the Sun.
In Crowds his Praiſes fill my Ear,
Alone his Genius does appear,
He, like a God, is every where.



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

Tho' cuſtom we ſuffer our Fancies to awe,
And Faſhion and Mode o're Nature preſide;
Tho' to our Actions dull Honour gives Law,
Our Thoughts their vain Sway do deride:
Tho' we bid 'em be gone, ſtill we fear leſt we loſe 'em,
Why have we Charms unleſs we uſe 'em?
Believe not our No's, they are all a deceit,
Faint's our denial,
When put to the Tryal,
For Beauty and Life without Love are a cheat.

Ap---py as Man in his firſt In---no--cence, for A--------ges

paſt as happy I have been; and thought of nothing but my Flock's defence, 'till bright *Myr*

til---la, bright *Myr-til--la*, came up--on the Green: It was one Evening when the Sun was

ſet, and all the Nymphs and Shepherds met to play; a---las! I do not know what ayles me

yet, but my poo----r harmleſs Sheep are gone a--ſtray. All Night I kept *Myr--til-*

la ſtill in view, and a---sk'd my fellow Shepherds, a----------sk'd my fel--low

Shepherds the next day, if a------ny Ty---dings of my Sheep they knew; but they,

Soft.

they an---ſwer'd me, they anſwer'd me *Myr--til--la*, they, they an-----ſwer'd me, they

Loud. *Soft.*

anſwer'd me, *Myr--til--la.* *Myr--til--la* is the on--ly ſound I hear, *Myr-til--la* is the

Loud. *Loud.* *Soft.*

only thing I ſee; *Myrtilla* is the cauſe of my Deſpair, *Myrtilla*! O----------h *Myr-*

Soft. *Loud.* *Soft.* *Loud.*

til--la! pi--ty me, pi----------ty me, Oh! Oh!

Soft.

O----------h *Myr-til--la!* pi--ty me. Mr. *James Hart.*

A Dialogue between DAMON *and* PHILLIS.

Damon.

O Nce my Shepherdeſs was true, e're ſhe my new Ri---val knew; oh my

Chlo--e! then we were all we wiſh'd, a happy Pair; all we wiſh'd, a happy Pair: Peace of

Mind ſo refin'd, ſure on Earth was ne---ver known; ne're ad---mi---ring, nor de-

Phillis.

ſi--ring a----ny Hea--------ven but our own. When I on--ly had your

Heart, I lov'd tru----ly with---out Art; then my Charms you how--er--ly ſwore, taught falſe

Stre--phon to A--dore: I believ'd you, ne're deceiv'd you, ah! had you but been ſo

true; how you bleſs'd me when you kiſs'd me, kiſs'd me, then be--tray'd me too; how you

bleſs'd me when you kiſs'd me, kiſs'd me, then be--tray'd me too, then be--

Damon.

then betray'd me too. But if *Strephon*'s wand'ring Heart, he at length call

Soft.

home a--gain; he at length call home a---gain; from new Charms could you depart,

to your own, to your own re--pen--ting Swain? from new Charms could you de--part,

Phillis.

to your own, to your own re---pen--ting Swain? Were he brighter than the Day, or

fairer than the Milky way; in---to thy Arms, in----to thy Arms would I run, and quit him,

quit him all for thee; into thy Arms, in-to thy Arms would I run and quit him, quit him,

all for thee, for thee, for thee, and quit him, quit him all for thee, for thee, for thee.

Chorus together.

THen let us haſt, then let us haſt, Love's Sweets to taſt; whilſt all the

THen let us haſt, then let us haſt, Love's Sweets to taſt; whilſt all the

Pow'rs a---bove do wiſh, do wiſh to know, to know, envying our Love, th' Almighty Joys tru

Pow'rs a--bove, do wiſh, do wiſh to know, envying our Love, th' Almighty

Lo--vers take, true Lovers take below; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers take be-

Joys true Lovers, true Lo-vers take below; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers

low; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers take be-low; th' Almighty Joys true

th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, true Lovers, th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, th' Almighty

Lovers, true Lo----------vers take below; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, true Lo----
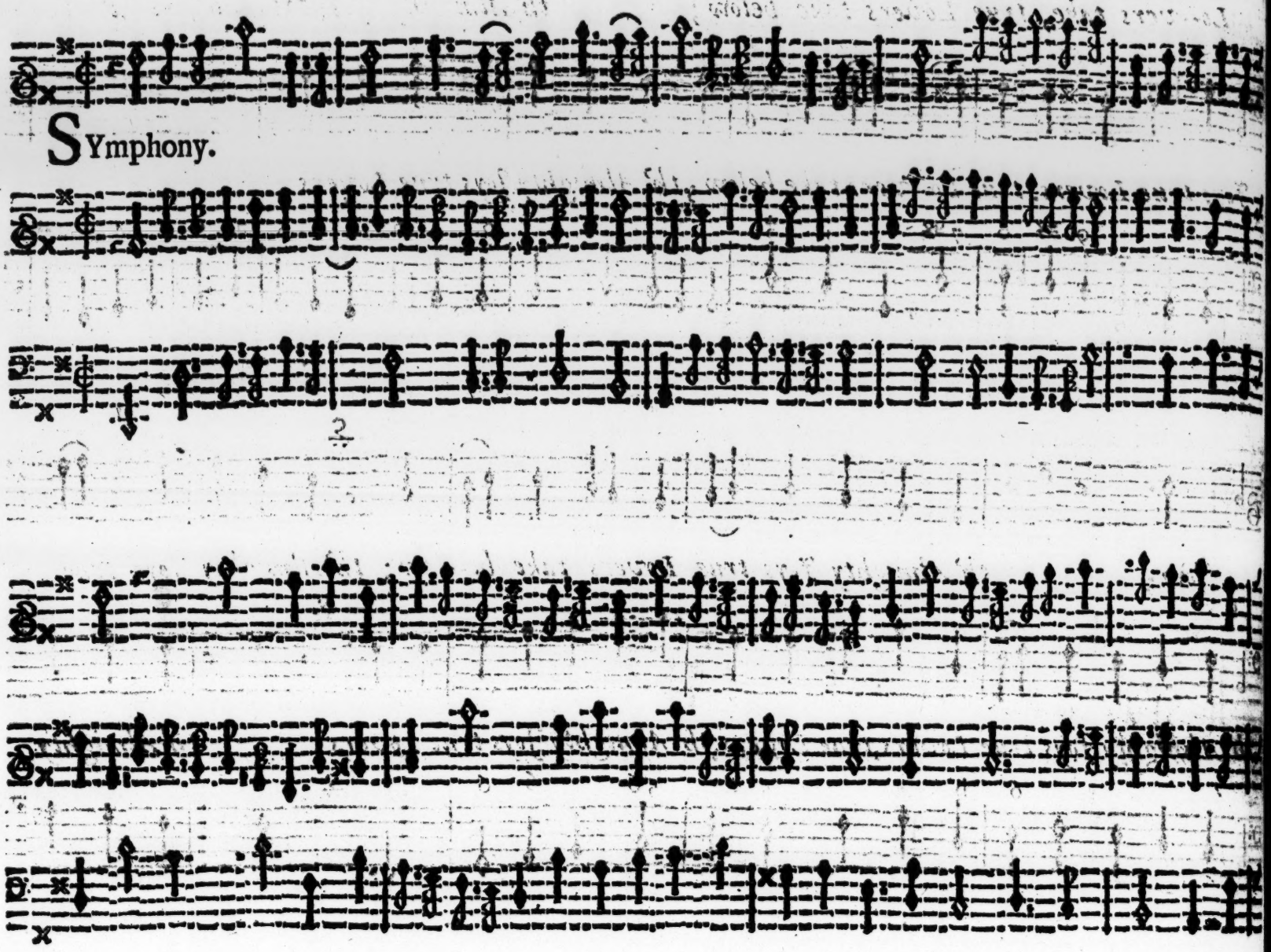
Joys true Lovers, true Lovers take be-low; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, true

----vers take below.
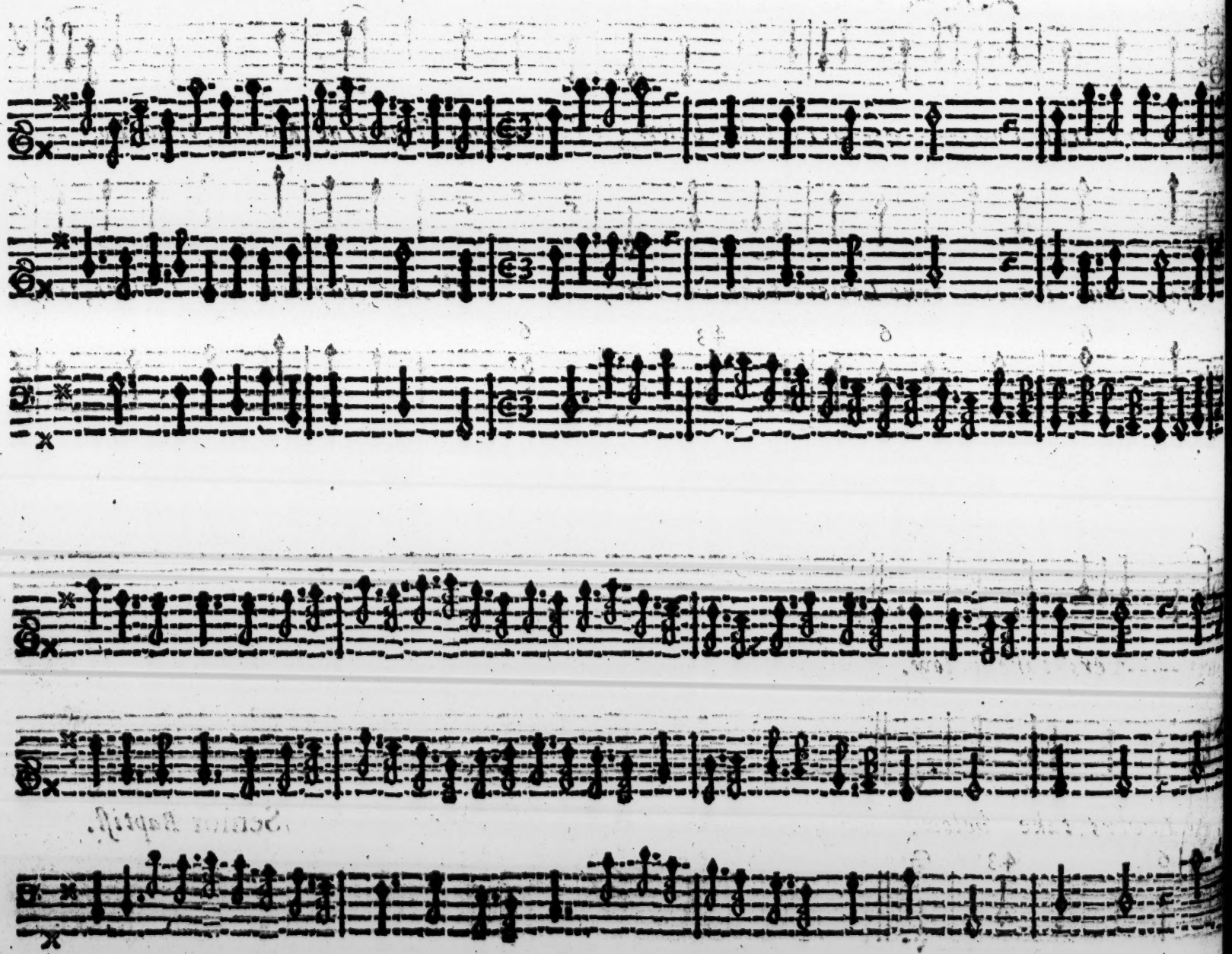
Lovers take below.
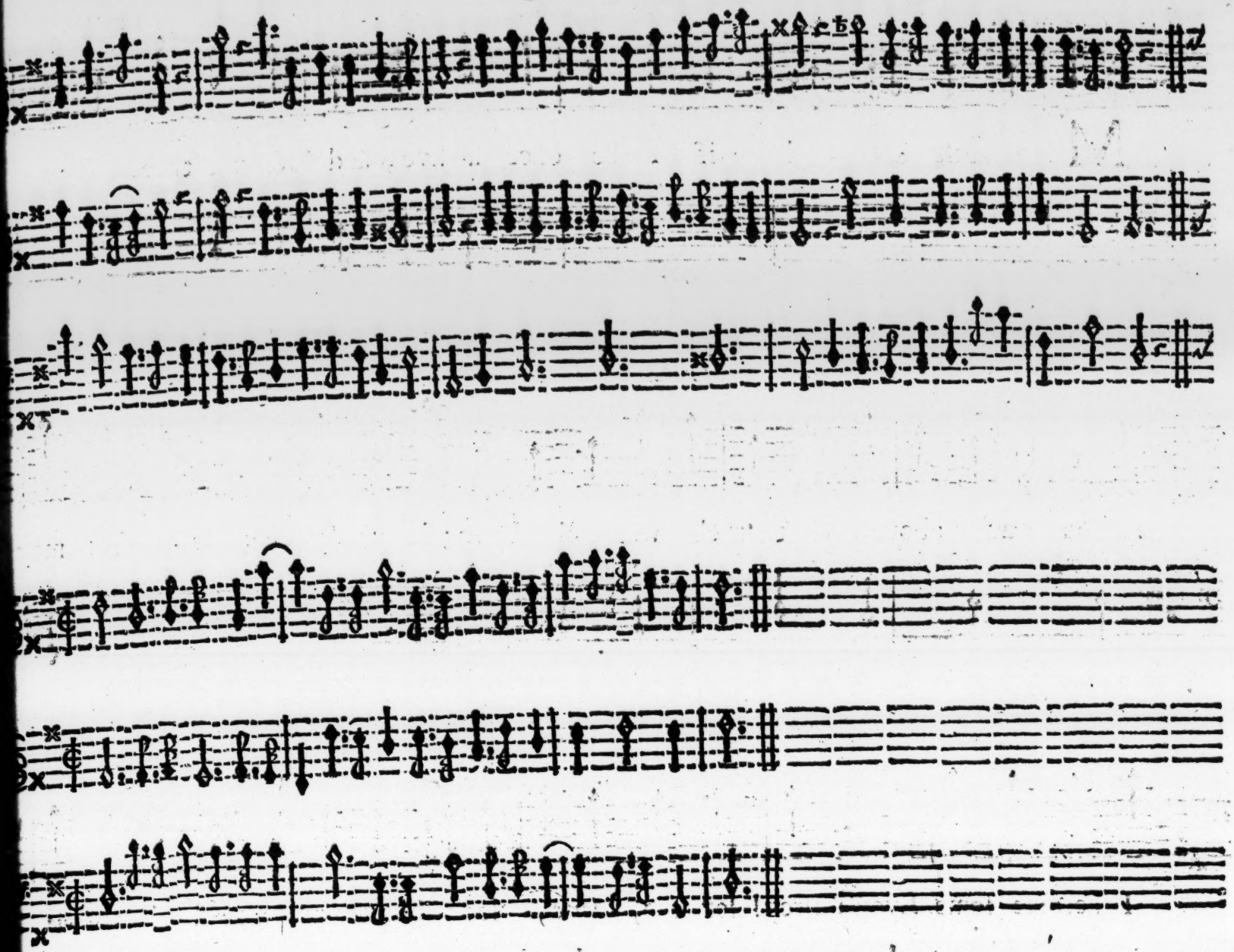
Senior *Baptiſt.*

SEPTIMNUS *and* ACME: *A Dialogue Set by Dr.* John Blow.



SYmphony.





A. 2 Voc.



Hilſt on *Sep--tim--ni--us*'s panting Breaſt, meaning nothing leſs than Reſt;

Hilſt on *Sep--tim--ni--us*'s panting Breaſt, meaning nothing leſs than Reſt;

Acme lean'd her lo---ving Head, the pleas'd *Septimnius* thus ſaid, the pleas'd *Septimnius* thus ſaid:

Acme lean'd her lo--ving Head, the pleas'd *Septimnius* thus ſaid, the pleas'd *Septimnius* thus ſaid:

Septimius alone.

MY deareſt *Ac---me*! if I be once a--live, and love not thee, with a

Paſſion far above all that e're was called Love; in a *Ly--bian* De------ſert may

I become ſome Lyon's Prey! let him, *Acme*, let him tear my Breaſt, when *Acme*

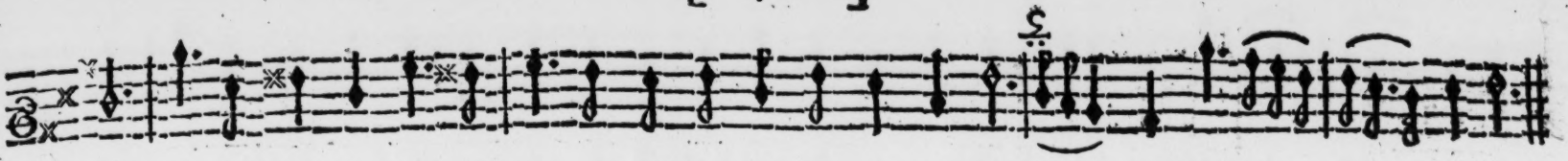
is not there; let him, *Acme*, let him tear my Breaſt, when *Acme* is not there.

CHORUS. *A. 3 Voc.*
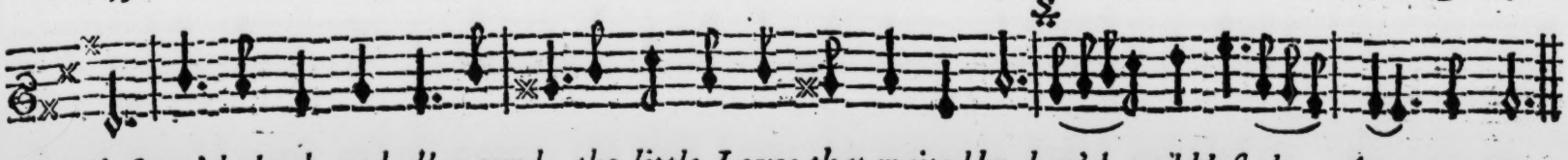
THE God of Love ſtood by to hear him, the God of Love was always near him: Pleas'd and tickl'd with the

THE God of Love ſtood by to hear him, the God of Love was always near him: Ple as'd and tickl'd with the

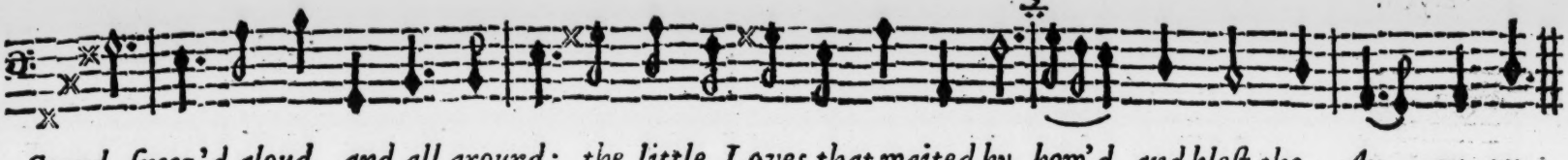
THE God of Love ſtood by to hear him, the God of Love was always near him: Pleas'd and tickl'd with the



Sound, ſneez'd aloud, and all around; the little Loves that waited by, bow'd, and bleſt the Au----gu--ry.
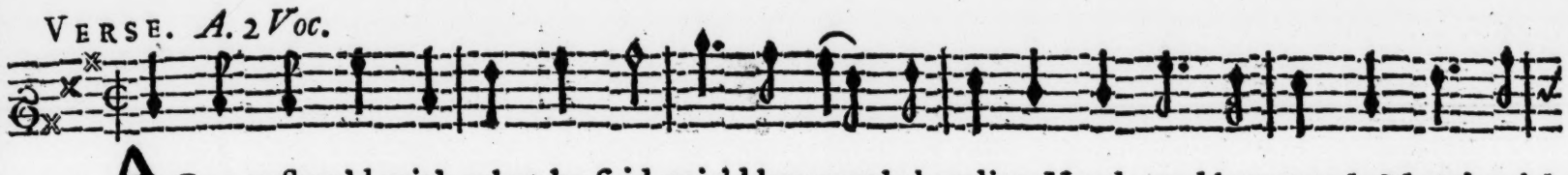


Sound, ſneez'd aloud, and all around; the little Loves that waited by, bow'd, and bleſt the Au----gu--gy.



Sound, ſneez'd aloud, and all around; the little Loves that waited by, bow'd, and bleſt the Au----gu--ry.

VERSE. *A. 2 Voc.*
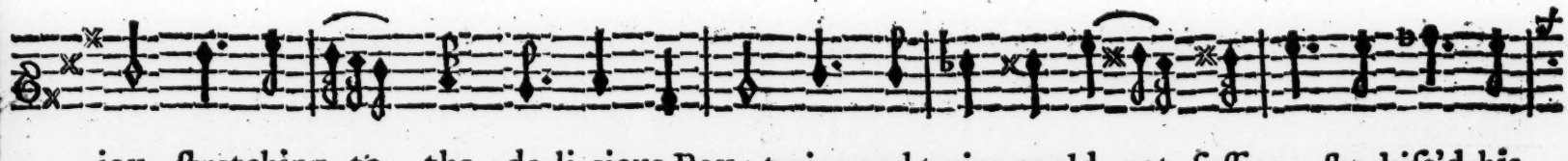


ACme enflam'd with what he ſaid, rais'd her gentle bending Head; and her purple Mouth with

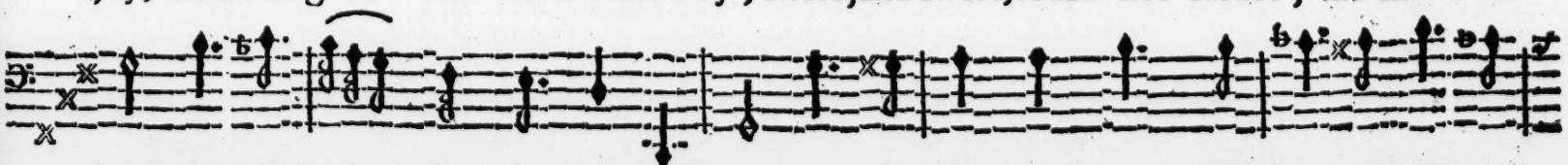


ACme enflam'd with what he ſaid, rais'd her gentle bending Head; and her purple Mouth with

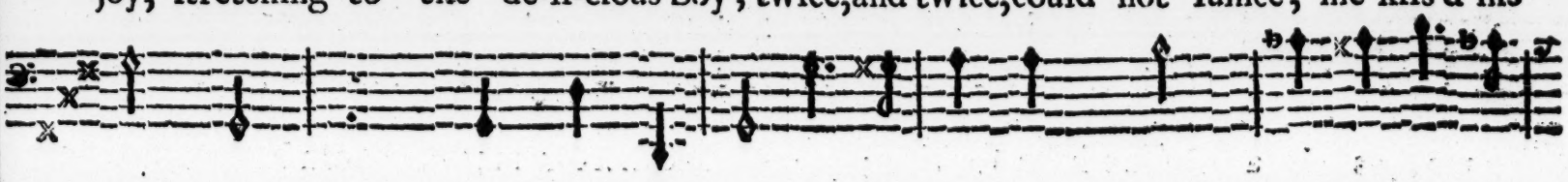




joy, ſtretching to the de-li-cious Boy; twice, and twice, could not ſuffice, ſhe kiſs'd his
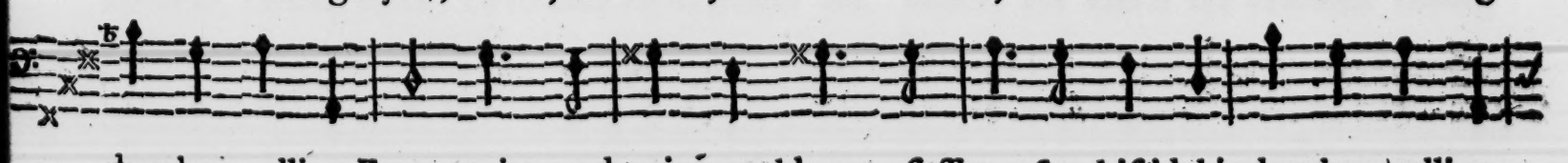


joy, ſtretching to the de-li-cious Boy; twice, and twice, could not ſuffice, ſhe kiſs'd his

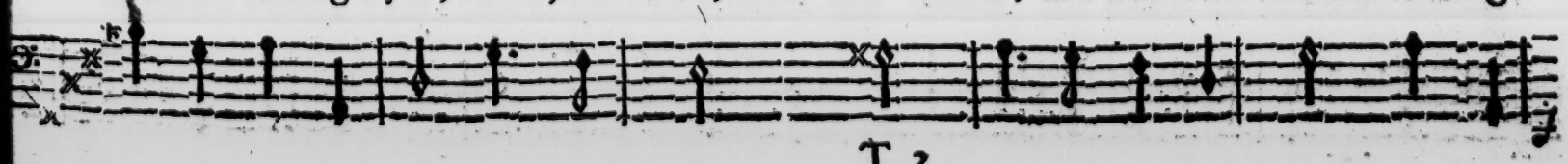




drunken rolling Eyes; twice, and twice, could not ſuffice, ſhe kiſs'd his drunken rolling



drunken rolling Eyes; twice, and twice, could not ſuffice, ſhe kiſs'd his drunken rolling



Retornels.

Eyes.

Eyes.

Acme alone.

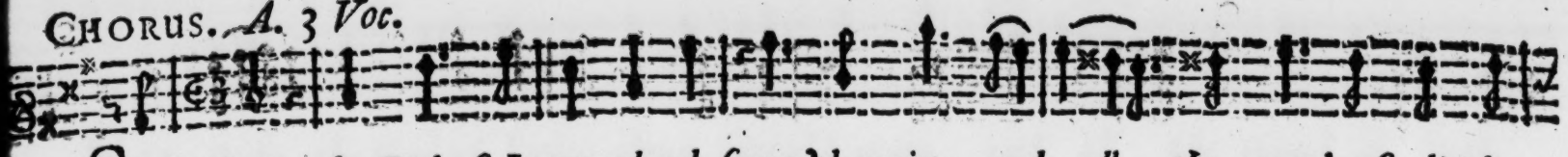
MY lit---tle Life, my All, ſaid ſhe, ſo may we e--ver Servants be to this beſt

God, and ne're re--tain our ha---ted Li-----ber----ty again: So may thy Paſſion laſt for

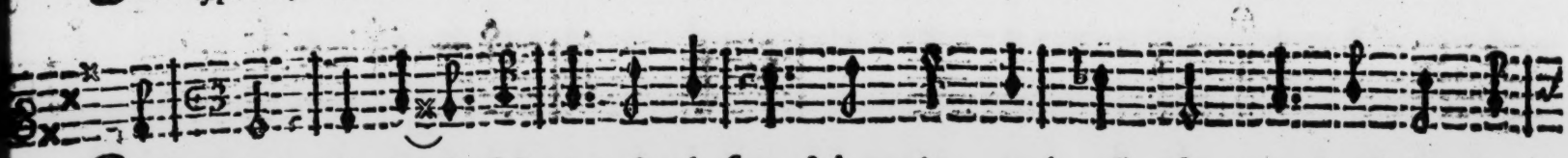
me, as I a Paſſion have for thee; greater and fiercer much then can be conceiv'd by

thee a Man: It reigns not on---ly in my Heart, but runs like Life through ev'ry Part.
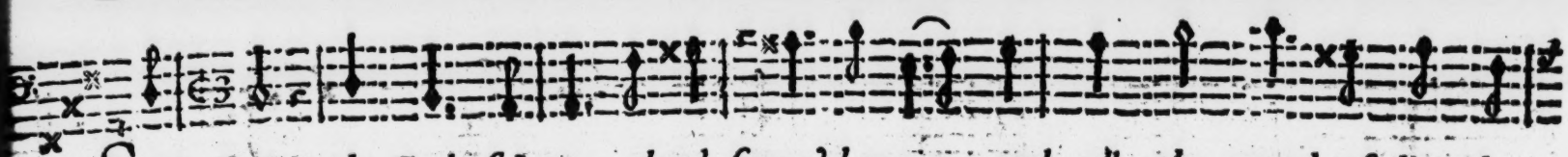
CHORUS. *A. 3 Voc.*



SHe ſpake, the God of Love, aloud, ſneez'd again, and all the crowd of little



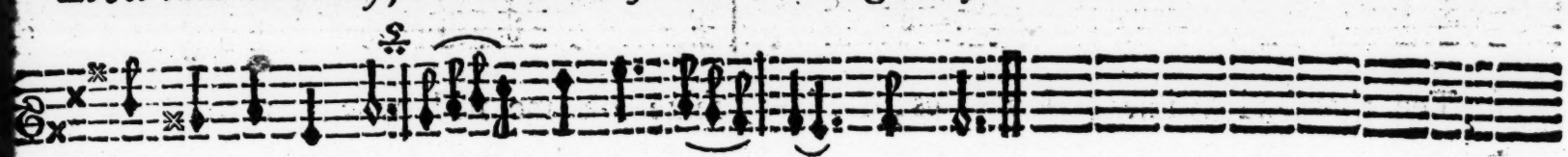
SHe ſpake, the God of Love, aloud, ſneez'd again, and all the crowd of little



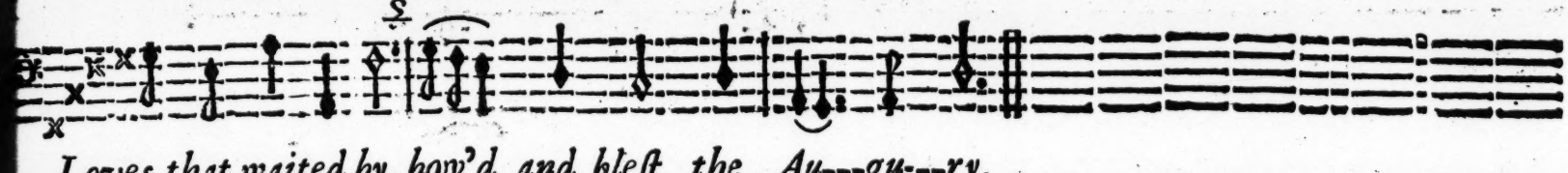
SHe ſpake, the God of Love, aloud, ſneez'd again, and all the crowd of lit--tle



Loves that waited by, bow'd and bleſt the Au---gu---ry.



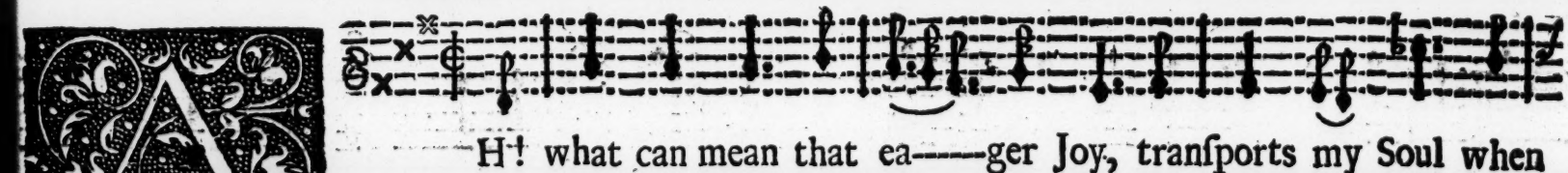
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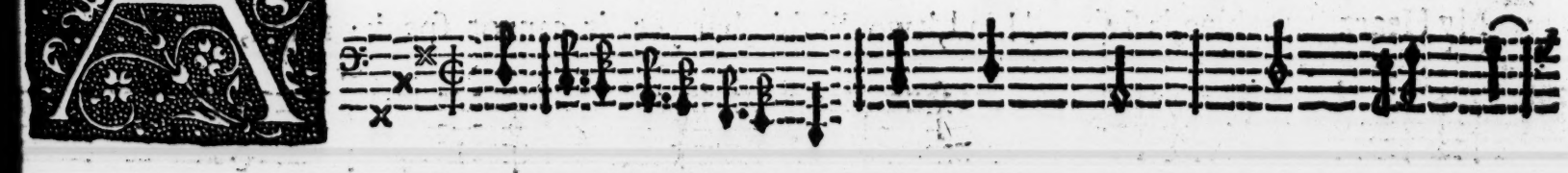


Loves that waited by, bow'd and bleſt the Au---gu---ry.

A Dialogue *betwixt* PHILLIS *and* STREPHON.

Phillis.



AH! what can mean that ea-----ger Joy, tranſports my Soul when



you appear? Ah *Stre----phon!* you my Thoughts employ, with all that's charming,



all that's dear: When you your pleaſing Sto--ry tell, a Tenderneſs in--vades each part; and

I with Bluſhes own I feel ſomething too mel--ting at my Heart.

Strephon.

Ten thouſand Wiſhes, Joy-----es, Deſires, ſeize on me ſtill, when thee I

view; Ah! may but thine be re-al Fires, as mine ſhall be fo----------r e---ver true.

My Heart, like thine, is ſoft and kind, 'twould fain, but yet it cannot ſpeak; I ſigh, and leave my

Phillis.

Words behind, for Love that ca-----n be told is weak. Each Sigh my Reaſon does ſur-

prize, and I at once both wiſh and fear, my wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes, as

it would prat-----tle Sto--ries there. Take that Heart that needs will go, but Shepherd ſee it

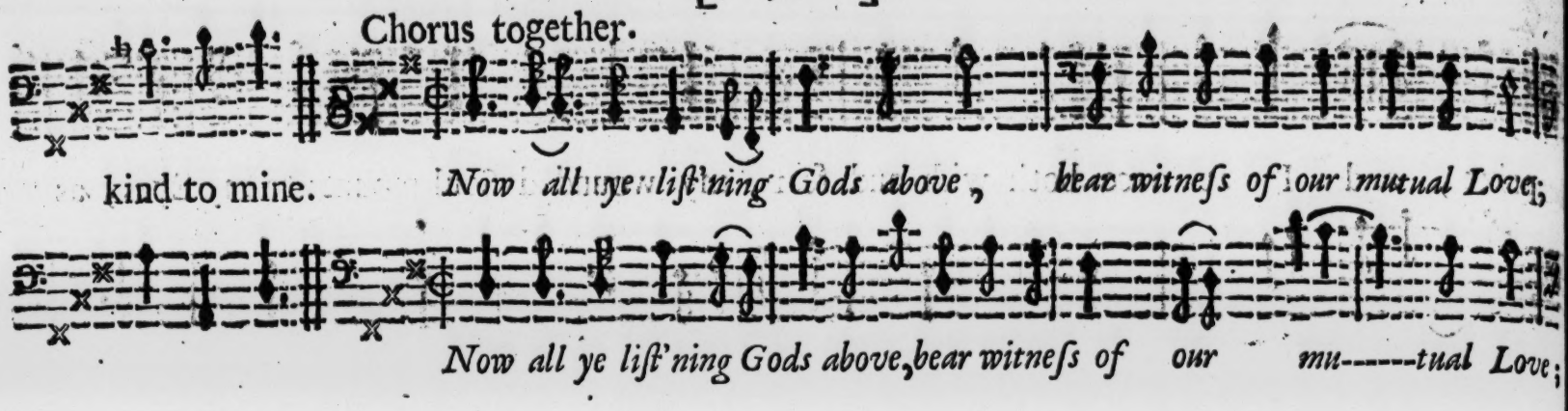
kindly us'd; for who ſuch Pre---ſents would be---ſtow, if this a---las! ſhould be abus'd?

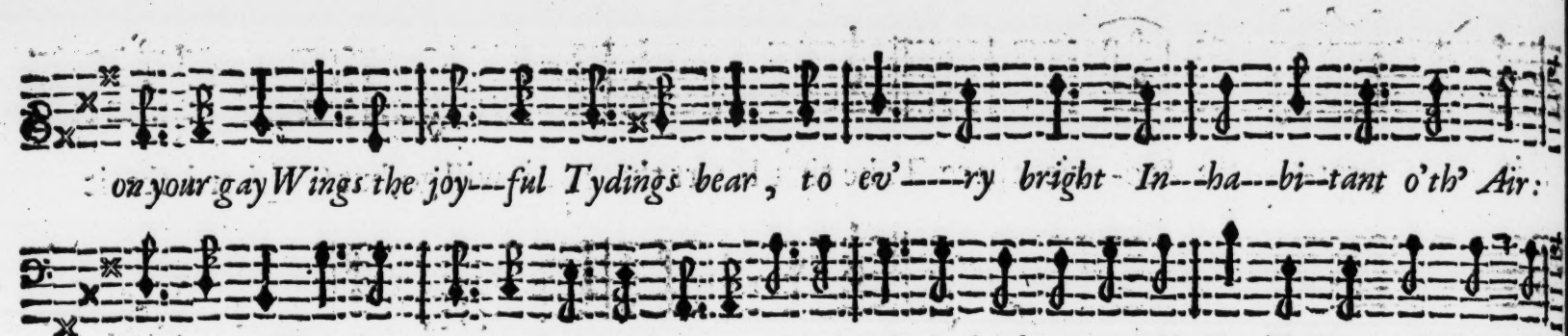
Strephon.

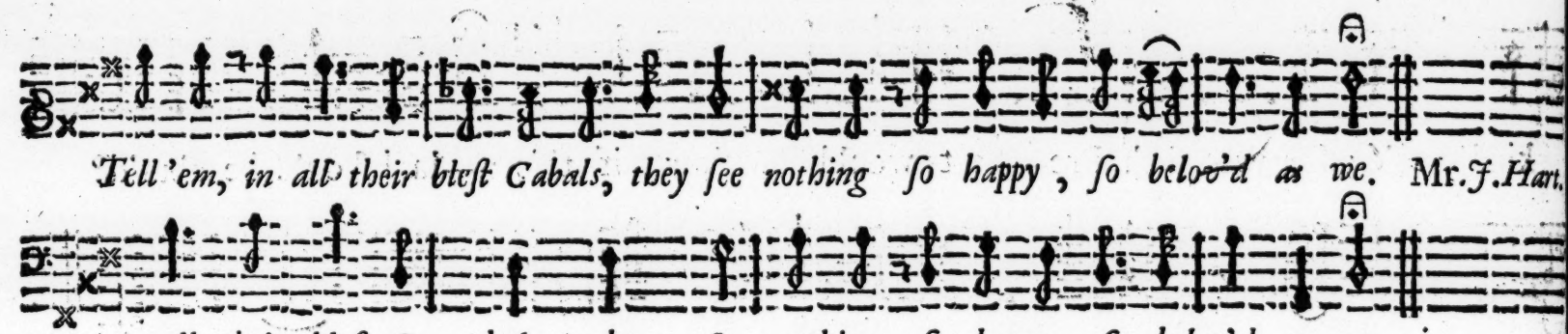
If Sighs or Tears thy Pi---ty move, or if thine Eyes thy Love confeſs; thy Sighs do make me

dye for Love, and ſure mine Eyes betray no leſs. Thy charming Heart with joy I'le take, a

Gift I love, becauſe 'tis thine; I'le uſe it gently for thy ſake, A————h! Ah! be but thou as







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Ye Pow'rs that rule the World	34

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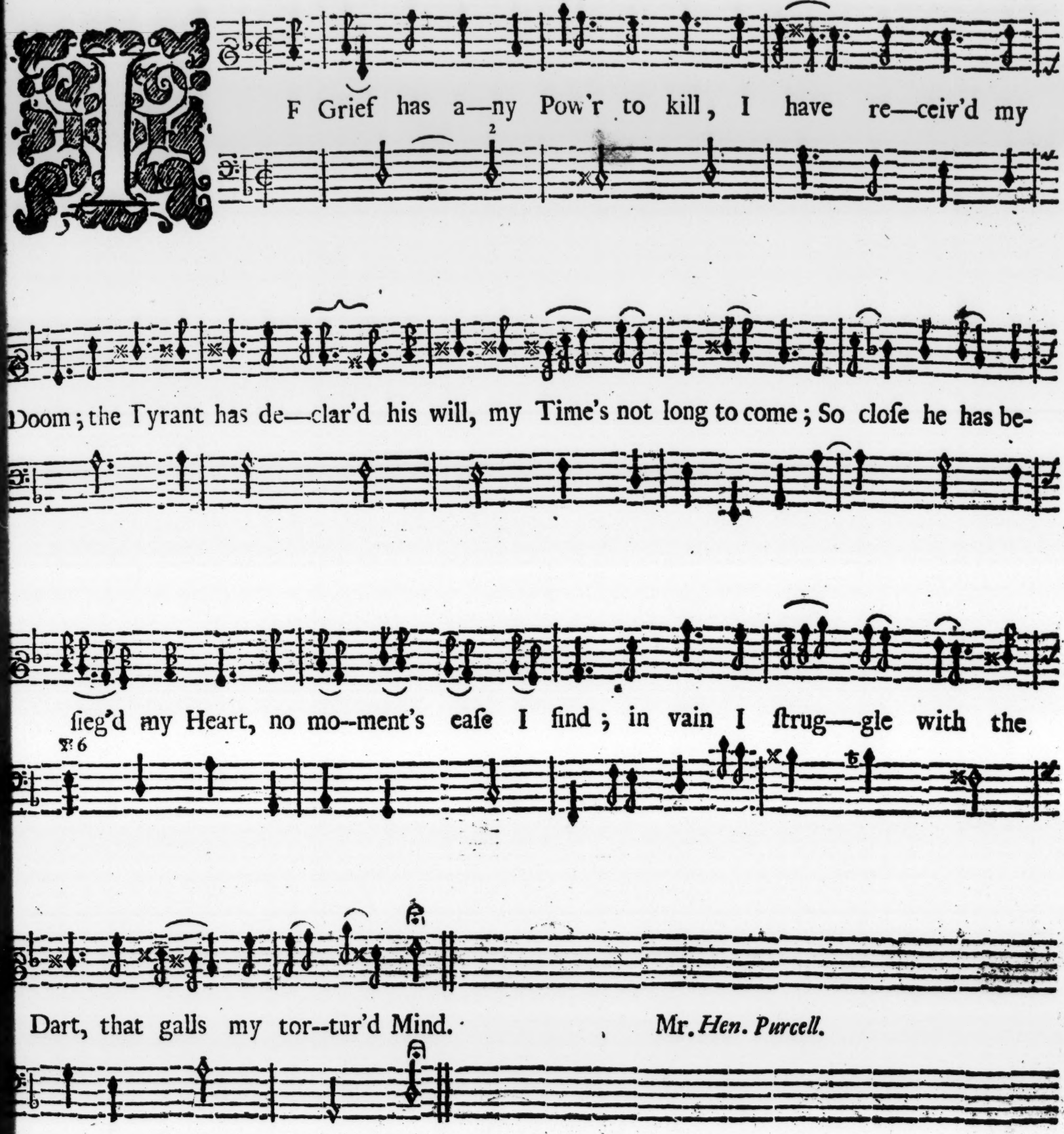
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II.

Nor do I beg for a Reprieve,
I'm not ſo fond to live;
Nor will I any longer grieve,
Will you one Smile but give.
Your Mercy then ſhould to my Heart
An eaſie Death convey;
I'd then defy the pow'r of Smart,
And melt in Joys away.

Cupid, the ſlyeſt Rogue alive, one day was plund'ring of a Hive! but

as with too too ea--ger haſt, he ſtrove the Li----quid Sweets to taſt: A Bee ſurpriz'd the

heed--leſs Boy, prick'd him, and daſh'd the ex--pe-cted Joy. The Urchin when he felt the ſmart of

the in—ve——nom'd an——gry Dart, he kick'd, he flung, he ſpurn'd the Ground, he

blow'd, and then he chaf'd the wound; he blow'd, and chaf'd the wound in vain, the

rub--bing ſtill encreas'd the Pain. Strait to his Mother's Lap he hies, with ſwel--ling

Cheeks, and blub—ber'd Eyes, cries ſhe, What does my *Cupid* ayl, when thus, thus, he told his

mourn————ful Tale: A lit--tle Bird they call a Bee, with yellow Wings, ſee,

ſee Mother, ſee, how it has go———r'd and wounded me! And are not you, reply'd his

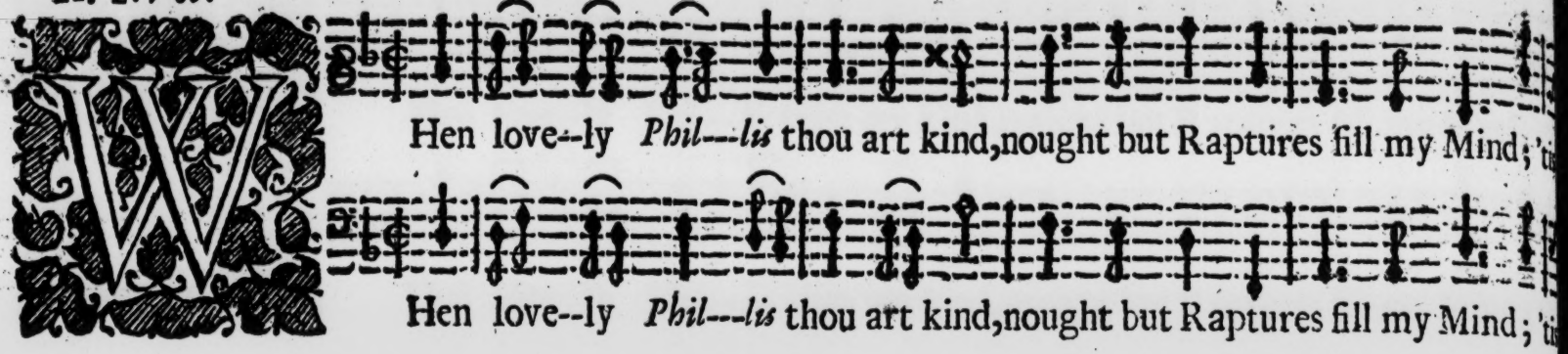
Mother, for all the world juſt ſuch a--no--ther, juſt ſuch a-no--ther peeviſh thing, like in

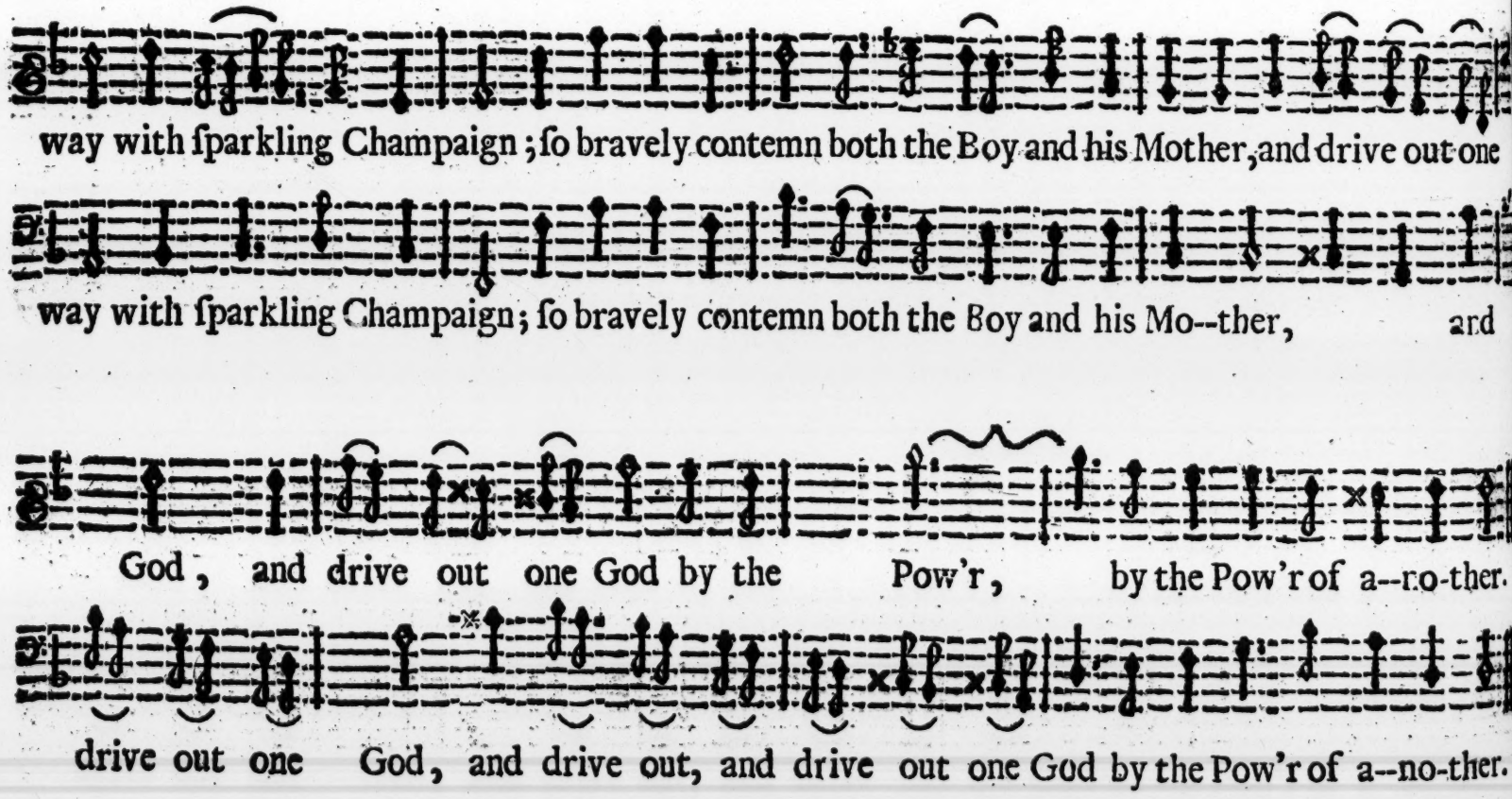
bulk, and like in Sting? For when you aim a poys'nous Dart againſt ſome poor un-wea--ry

Heart, how lit--tle is the Ar--cher found, and yet how wide, how deep the wound.

Mr. *Henry Purcell:*

A. 2. Voc.





II.

Mr. *Hen. Purcell.*

When Pity in thy Looks I ſee,
I frailly quit my Friends for thee;
Perſwaſive Love ſo charms me then,
My Freedom I'd not wiſh again.
But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,
Streight with a Bumper I baniſh Deſpair;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.



Come all ye ten--der Nymphs, and learn of me, to ſhun a wretched

Fate; take heed how you diſ--ſem--ble Scorn, or too well coun--ter--feit your Hate: The

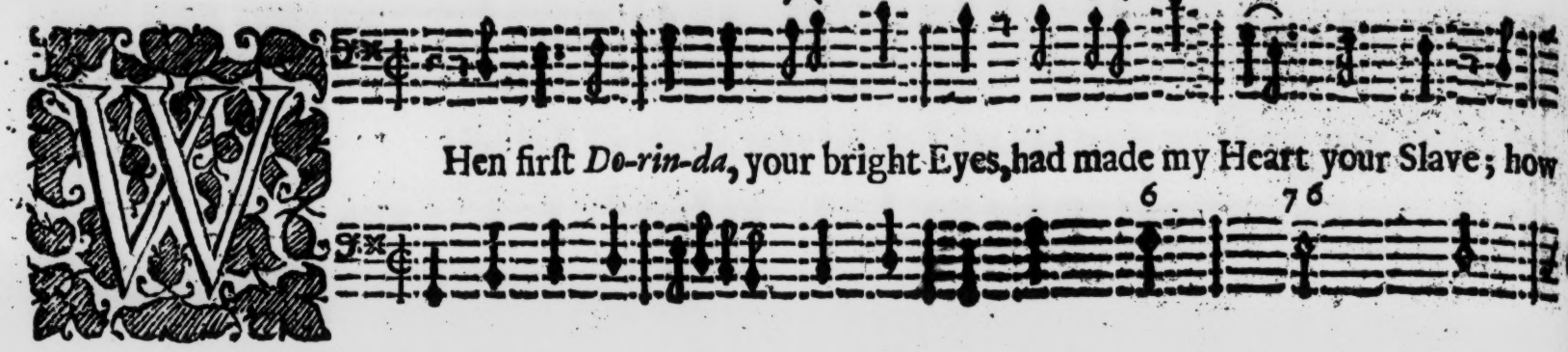
charming Swain his Pow--er knew, and to my wounded Heart he did a generous Pi---ty
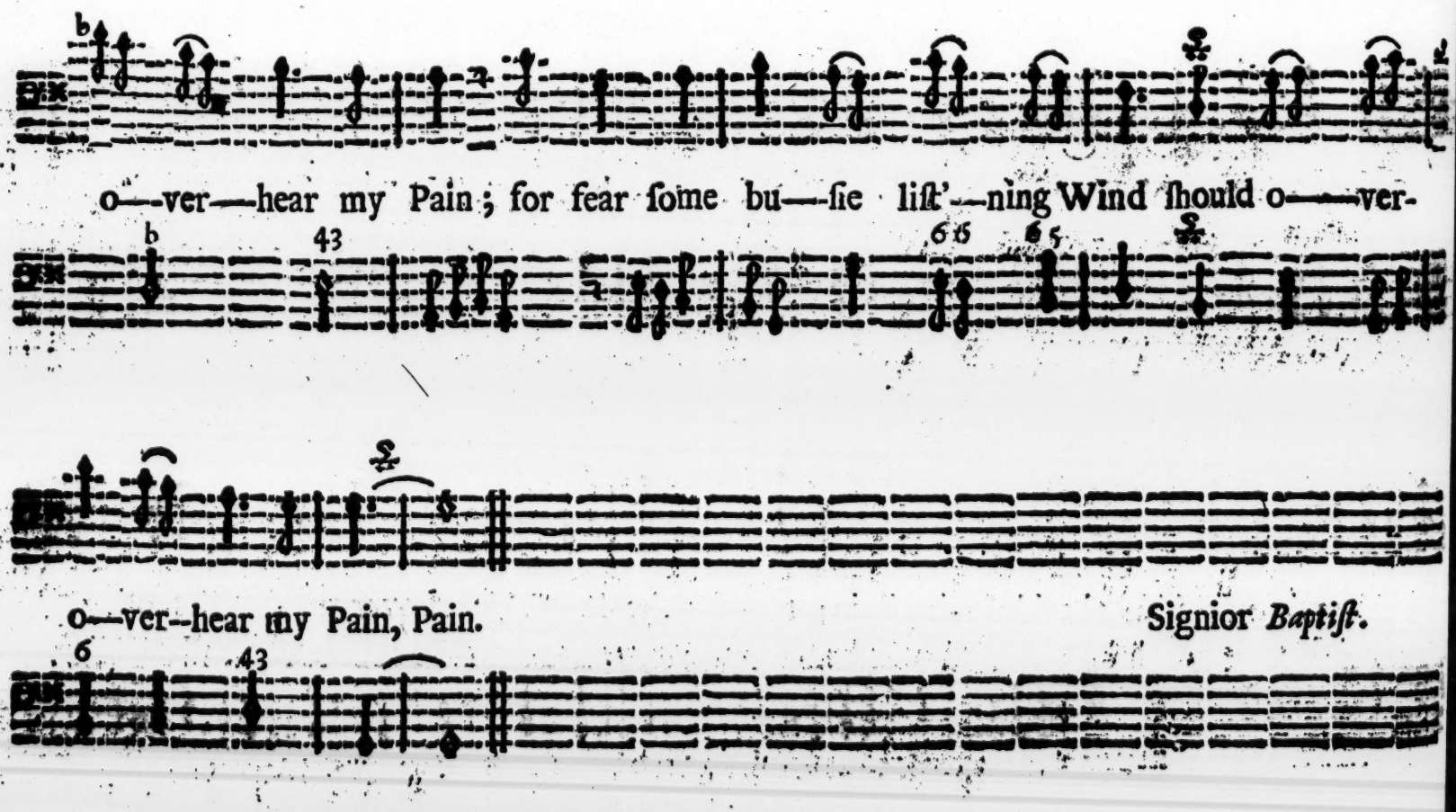
ſhew, a mu--tual Flame impart. But I, un--hap--py I, with Scorn and Pride,

think--ing to hide the bluſh--ing Pain; too far the fic----kle Lover try'd, with fooling

boaſt what I'd have dy'd to gain.

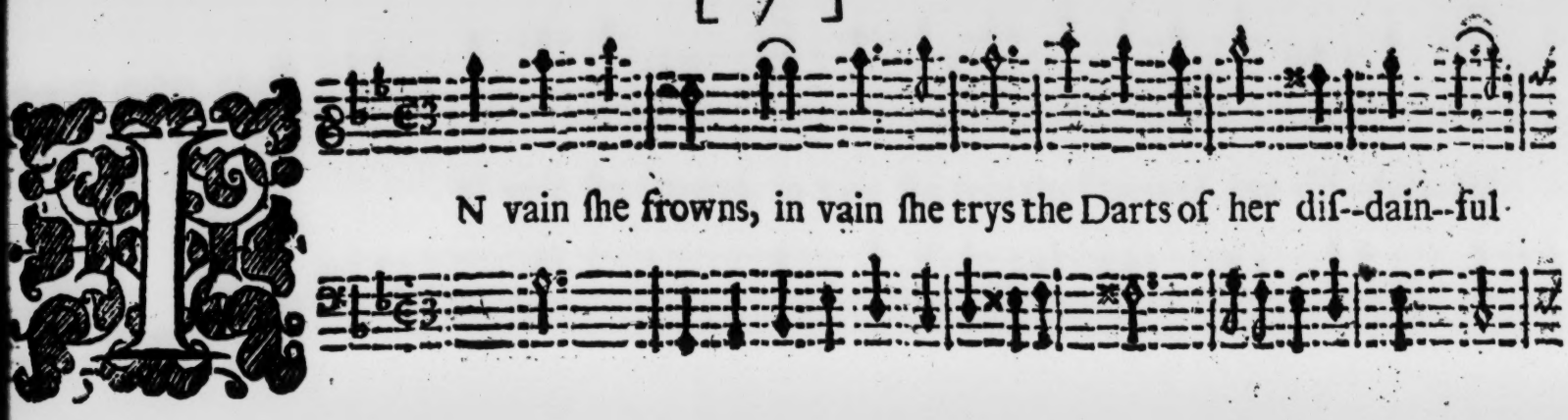
Mr. *Tedway.*





II.

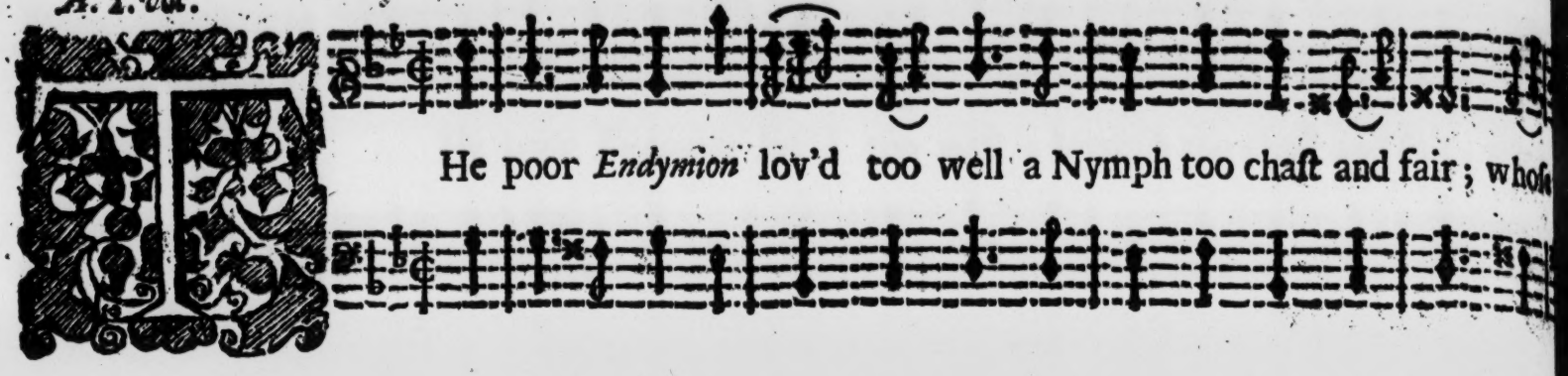
Your Beauty did my Paſſion awe,
So great your Merits were;
That all around I nothing ſaw,
But proſpects of Deſpair.
Fond Heart! I cry'd, hide, hide thy love,
Thy too bold Thoughts reclaim;
But all in vain (alas!) I ſtrove,
To hide a raging Flame.

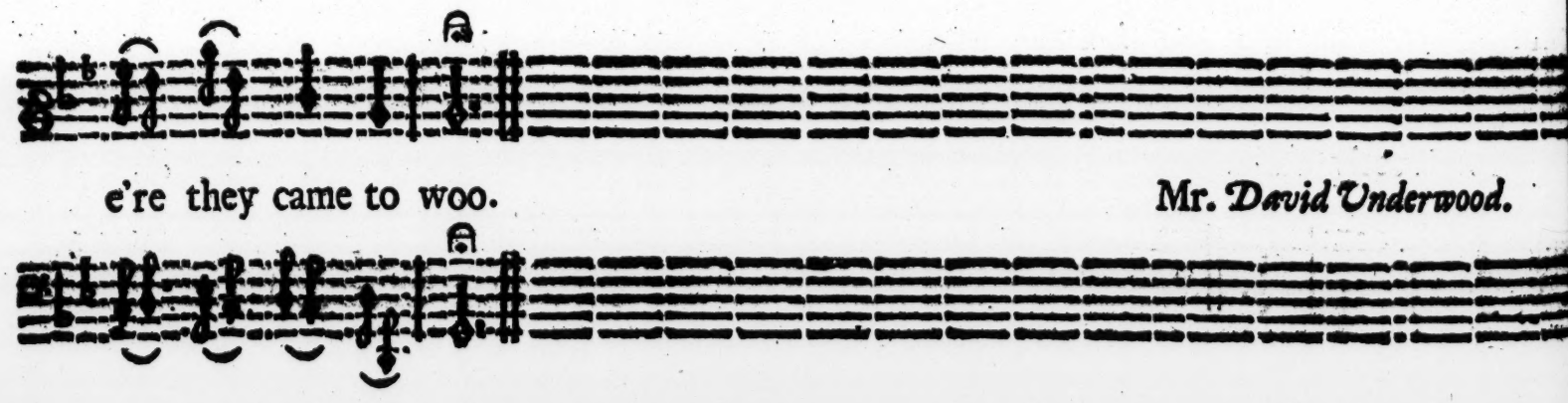


II.

Like thoſe who Magic Spells employ,
At diſtance wounds, and does deſtroy;
She kills with her ſevere Diſdain,
And abſent I endure the pain.
But ſpare, oh ſpare your cruel Art!
The fatal Dart
Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

A. 2. voc.





II.

Ha! ſee the Love-ſick Youth would cry,
What Griefs my Boſom wears?
My Sorrows in my Sighs deſcry,
And Paſſion in my Tears:
Yet ſhe regardleſs ſaw him weep,
Not minding his deſerts;
Which ſtruck his wounded Breaſt ſo deep,
At laſt it broke his Heart.

III.

And now upon her guilty Head
The Sin of Murder lies;
And ſhrinks, and ſtarts to ſee him dead,
And Pity fills her Eyes:
Ah! ſee what Creatures Women are!
She love now more and more;
Does ſigh and languiſh, and deſpair,
For him ſhe ſcorn'd before.

A Marriage SONG.

A. 2. Voc.



Behold the Morn' dawns, the Lark has ſung, E-ter-nal be your Bliſs; con-

Soft.

tinue always young, and ev'ry day you wake your Love like this, and ev'ry day you wake your

Love like this: And con-ſum-ma-tion, with the Ri--ſing Sun, be lo-ving--ly perform'd, as

now be---gun. But huſh! the Bride's aſleep! forbid the Morning Cock to crow ſo loud, di-

But huſh! but huſh! the, *&c.*

ſperſe the bu-ſie Crowd, for fear too ear--ly waking make her weep, but what's now loſt they

could no longer keep.

Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B.M.

II.

Advance once again, and ſoftly ſing, and with a murmuring Tone
Such Pleaſure to 'em bring, that to our Voyces they may dream alone;
And gently waking, let Love's Charms renew,
As Trees that Bloſſoms and ripe Fruit do ſhew.
But hark! the Crowd return!
Let us conclude our Harmony with this delightful hearty Wiſh;
That ſtill encreaſing Joys may always burn,
And in Love's part, may Anchor every Morn'.

TUne your Lute, and raiſe your Voice, touch each Note that's ſoft and moving;

warm her Heart that's cold as Ice, make her feel the Joys of Loving. Tell her, how ſhe

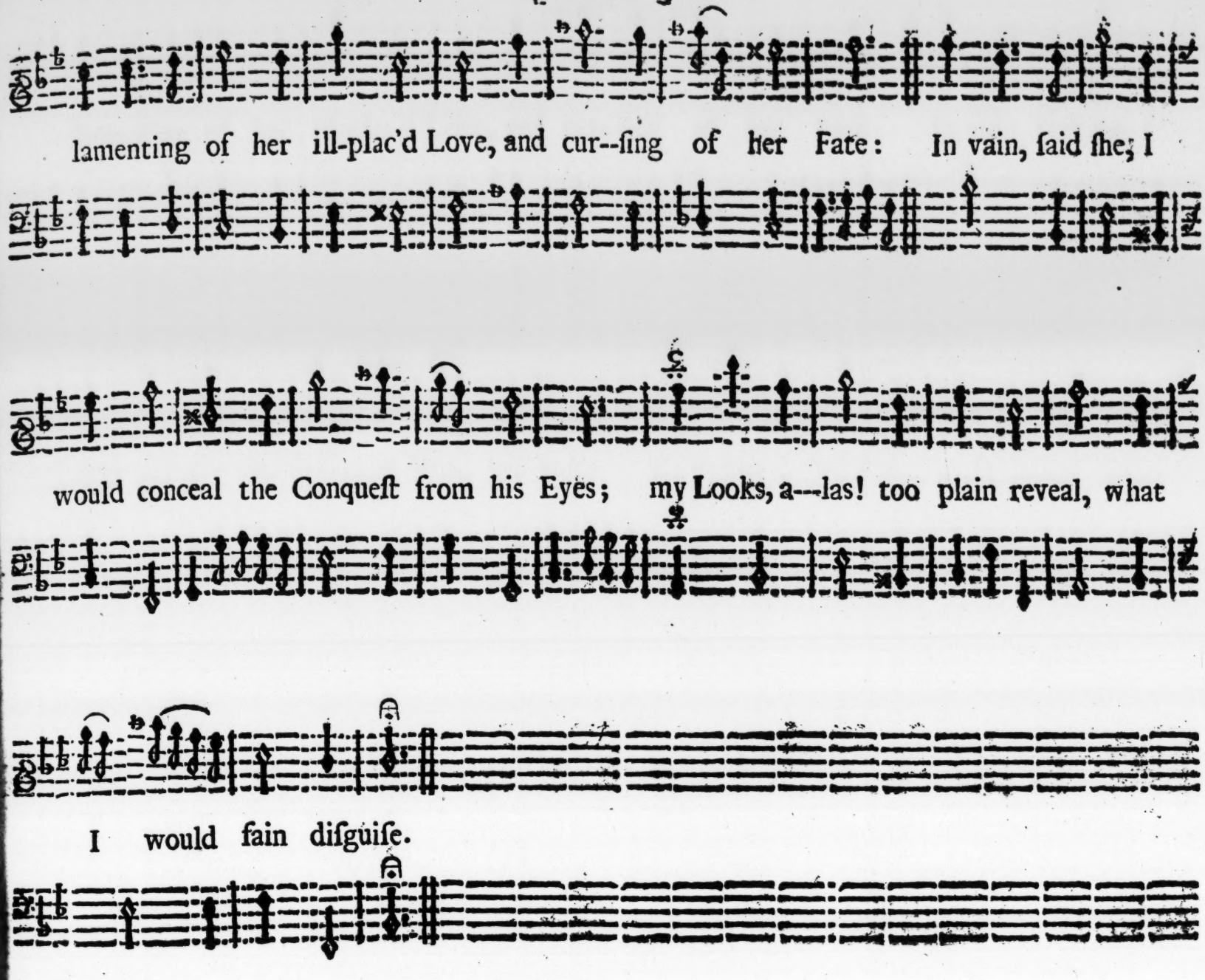
has miſ---ſpent all the Hours that Nature gave her; tell her, Beau--ty is but lent,

and this moment it may leave her: Shew her how the Streams of Love gent--ly flow with

end---leſs Pleaſure; tell her, how the Gods a----bove va--lu'd Love their on--ly Treaſure.

Mr. *Robert King.*

WIth--in a ſo---li---ta---ry Grove de--ſpai---ring *Sap--pho* ſate;



II.

Away my Eyes! would you betray,
  The weakneſs of my Heart!
To one that will not Love repay,
  Or e're regard my Smart:
But yet how often hath he ſworn,
  That he would conſtant prove!
How oft with Tears did he implore
  My Pity, and my Love.

III.

But he, like a proud Conquerour,
  Who in his way ſubdues
Some Towns, with his reſiſtleſs Pow'r
  Freſh Conqueſts now purſues:
Then *Sappho*, give thy Sorrows o're,
  And be thy ſelf again;
And think on that vain Man no more,
  That could thy Love contemn.



Hen I ſee my *Strephon* languiſh, with *Lucinda*'s Charms oppreſt;

when I ſee his Pain and Anguiſh, Pi—-ty moves my ten--der Breaſt: Sighs ſo oft, and
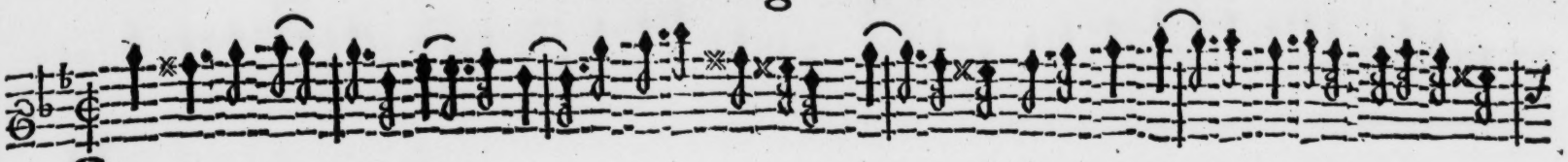
Tears ſo moving, who can ſee, and hold from Loving? Sighs ſo oft, and Tears ſo moving,

who can ſee, and hold from Loving. Mr. *Robert King*.
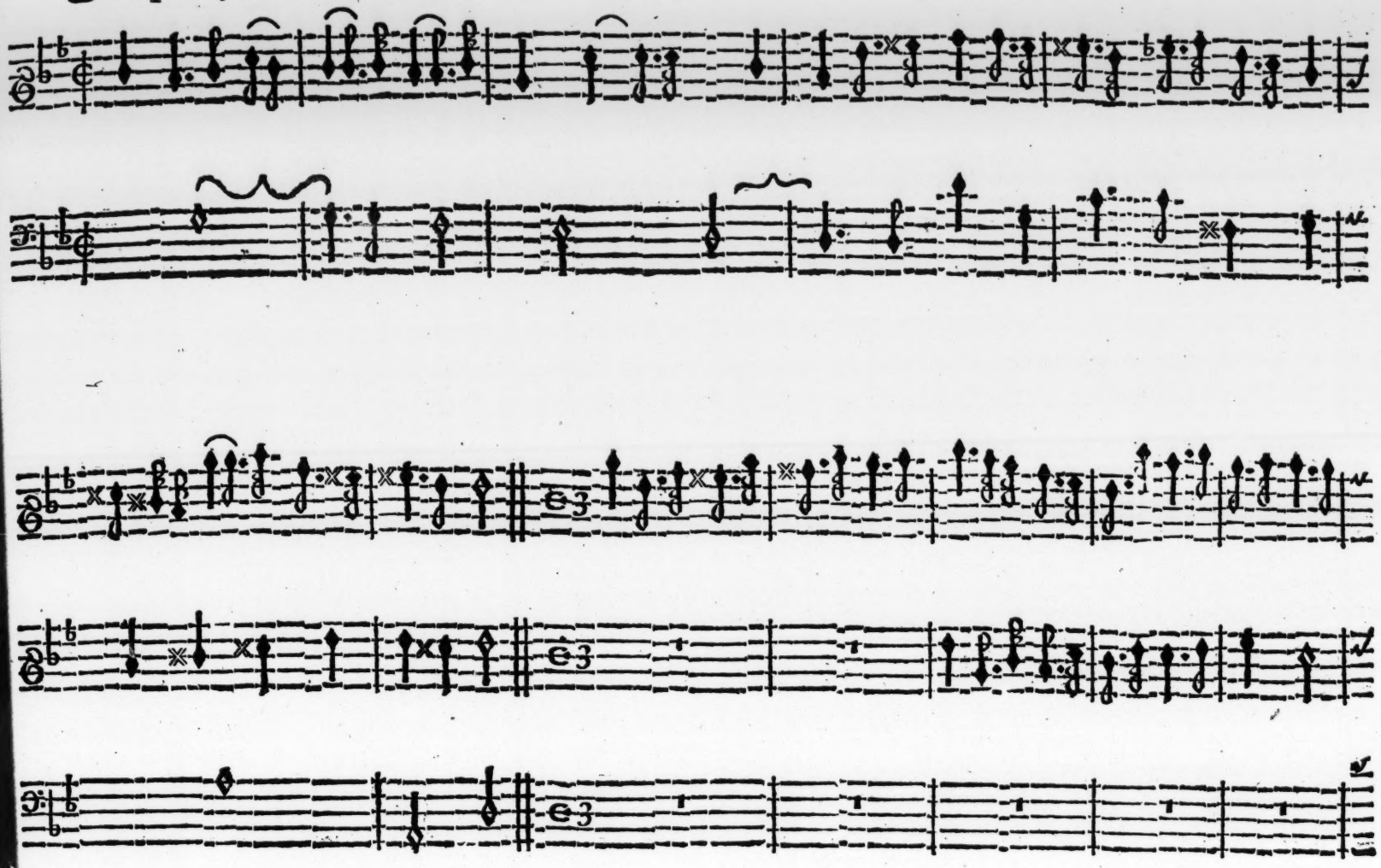
II.

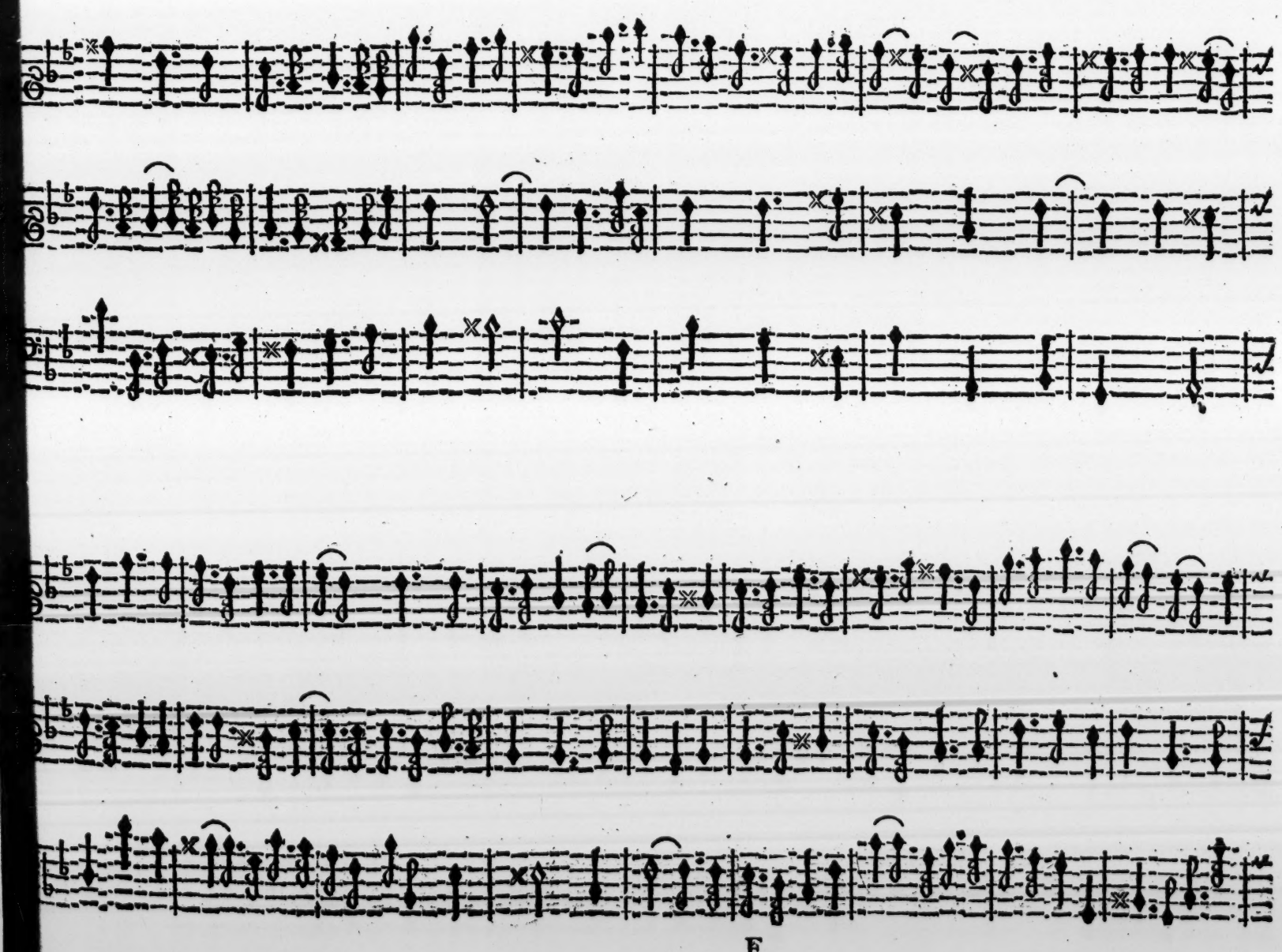
Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
Mov'd me firſt to hear his Tale;
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
There's not a Nymph that would not chuſe him,
Why ſhould I alone refuſe him?
There's not, *&c.*
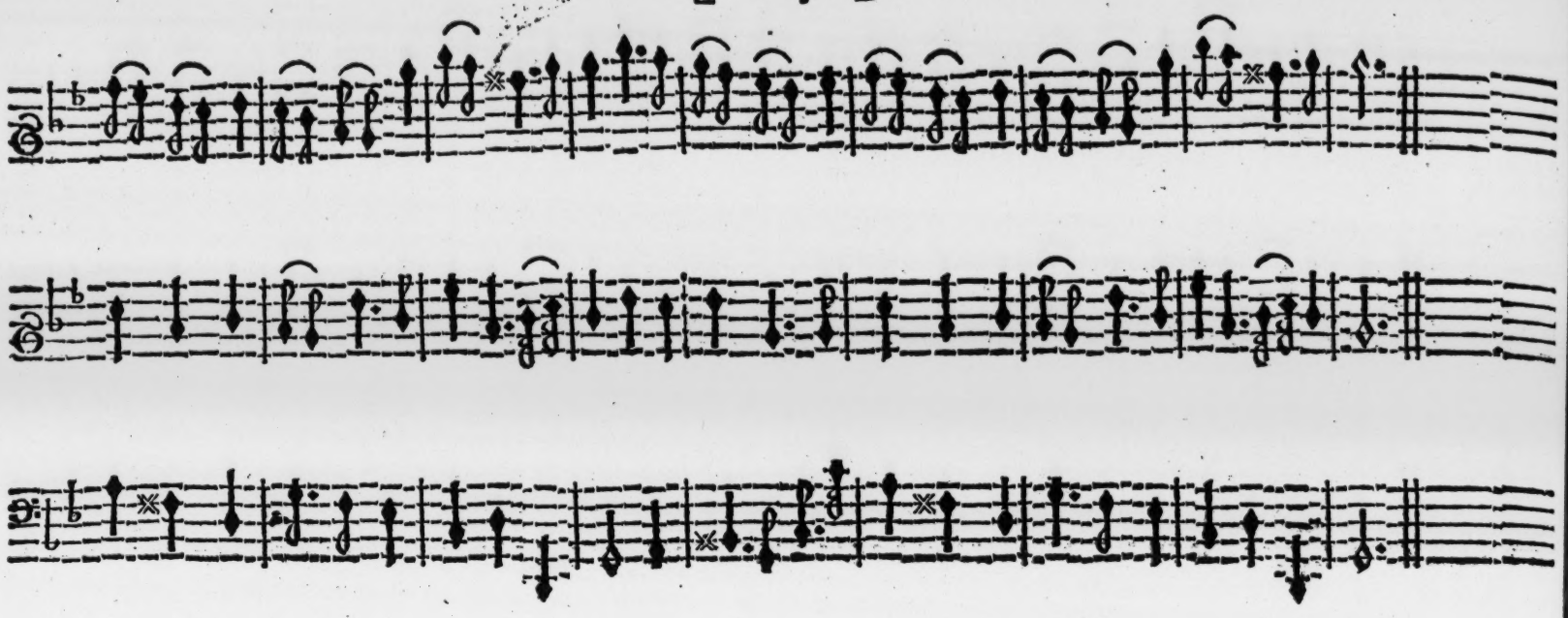
A Seranading SONG.

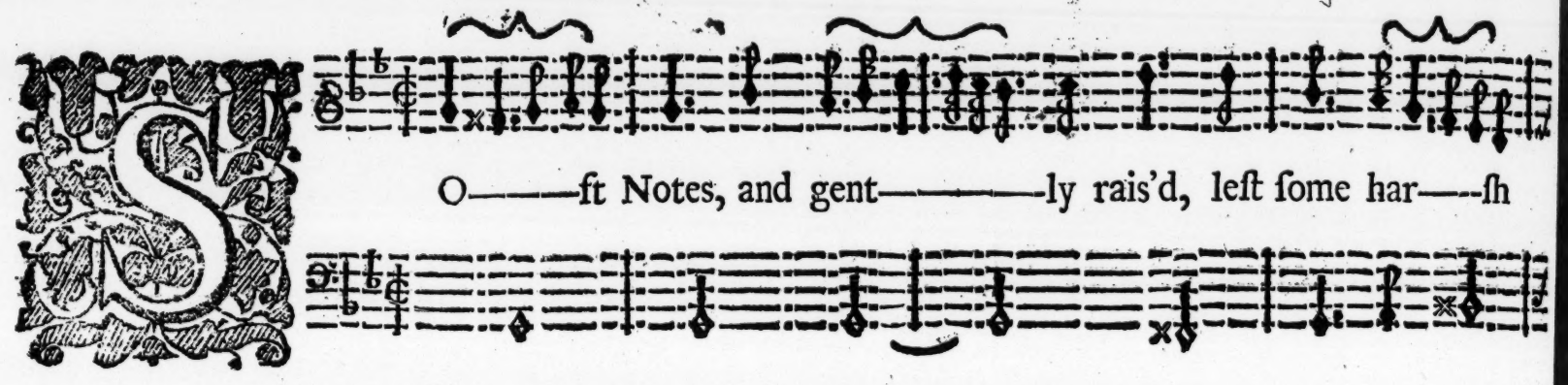


SYmphony for two Flutes.





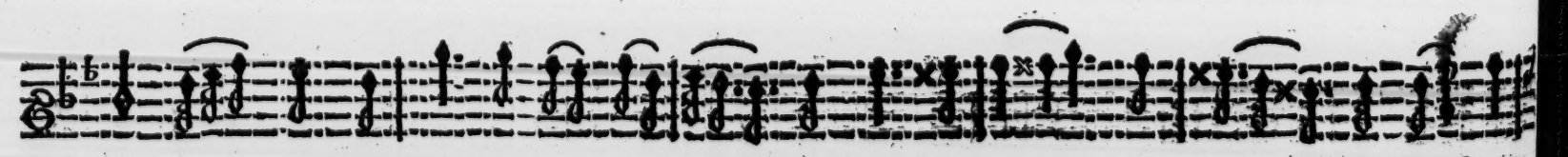



O——ft Notes, and gent————ly rais'd, leſt ſome har——ſh

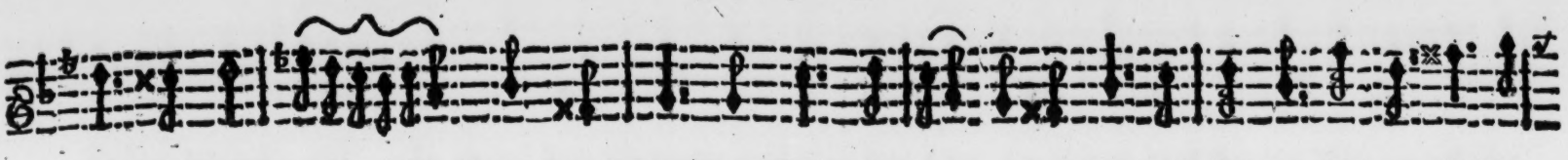



ſound the fair *Co—rin--na's* Reſt do rude————ly wound; dif---fuſe a peace--ful

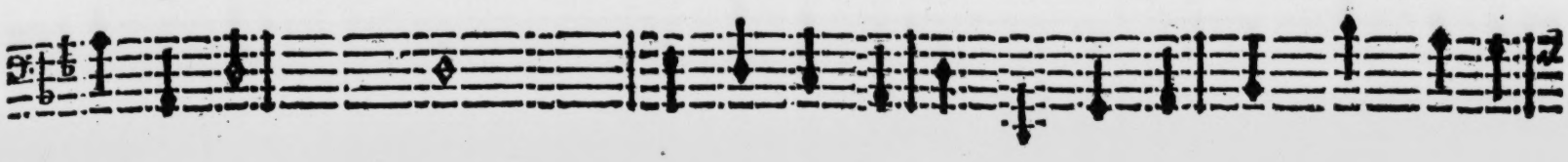

Calmneſs through each Part, touch all the Springs of a ſo————ft Vir--gin's


Heart: Tune ev'-ry Pulſe, and kin--dle all her Blood, and ſwell the Tor——rent of the



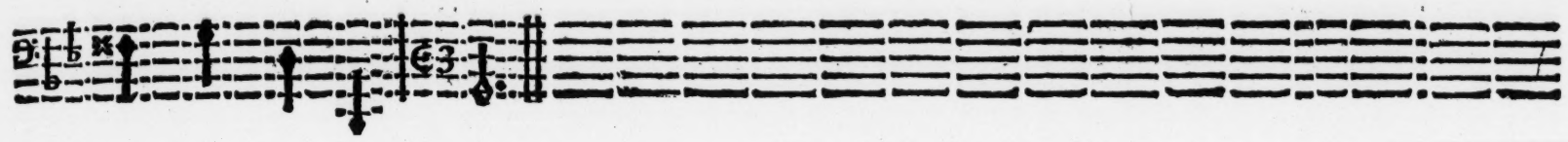


living Flood; gli—de thro' her Dreams, and o're her Fan--cy move, and ſtir up, ſtir up all the



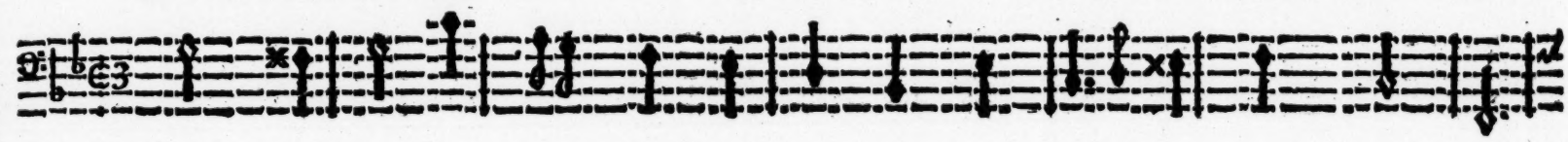
At this Cloſe play the Triple of the Symphony, and then go on.

I—ma—ges of Love.





Thus fee--ble Man does his ad--van--tage take, to gain in Sleep what he muſt loſe a--wake;





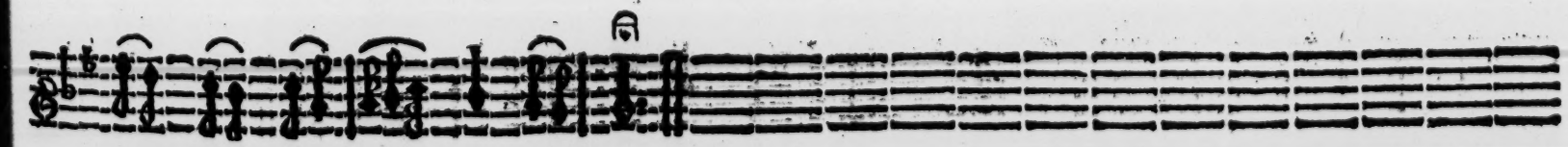
when Night and Shades ſhut up *Co—rin—na*'s Charms, then, then is the prop'reſt time





to take up Arms: But Night and Shades her Beau--ties can't con--ceal, Night has pe-





cu—liar Gra—ces to re--veal.



[*Flute.*]

Chorus.

T*En thouſand thouſand Raptures do attend, ten thouſand thouſand, ten thouſand thouſand Raptures*

Chorus.

T*En thouſand thouſand Raptures do at--tend, ten thouſand thouſand Raptures do attend, do*
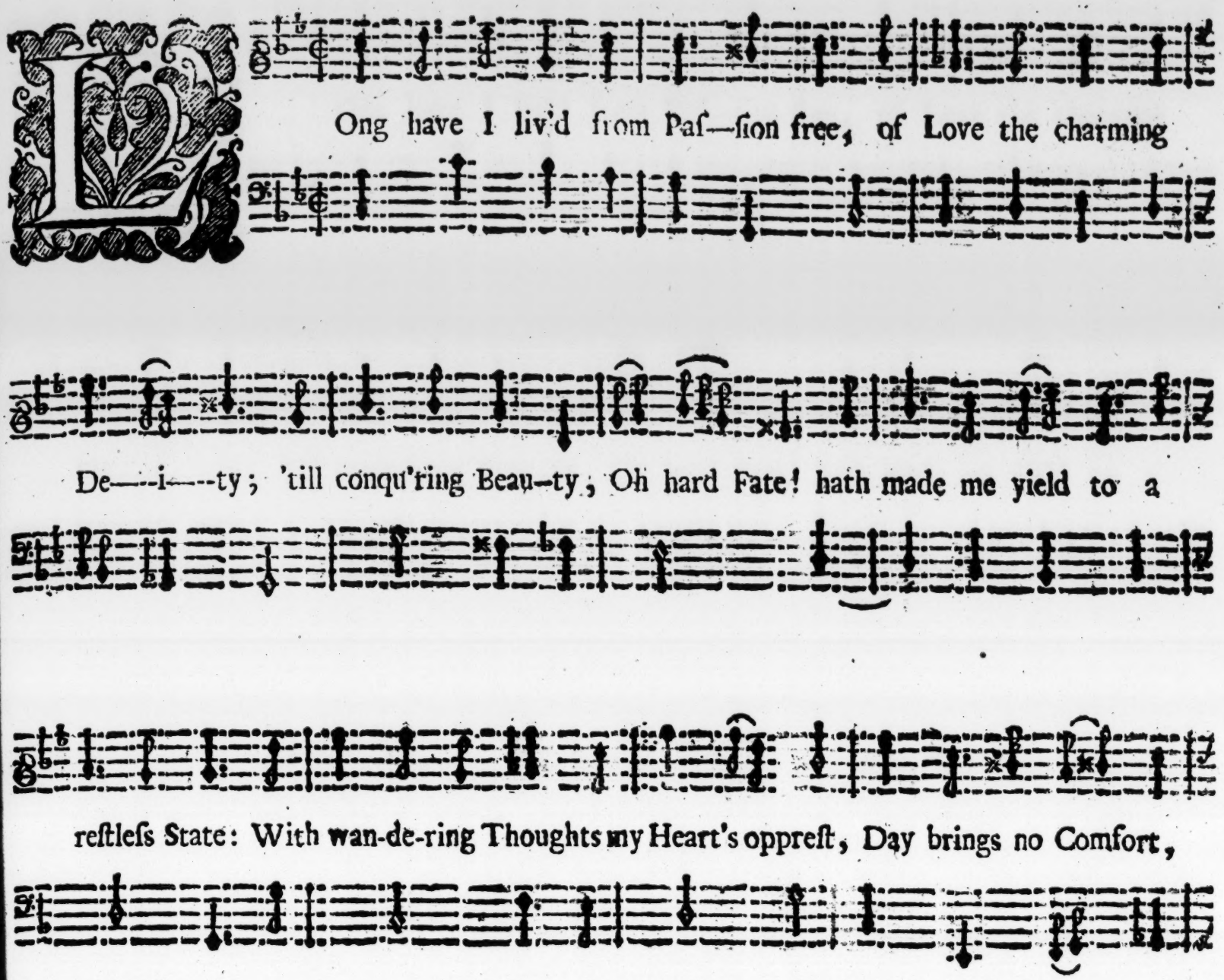
do attend this time, too ſtrong for Fancy, too ſtrong for Fancy, and too full, and too

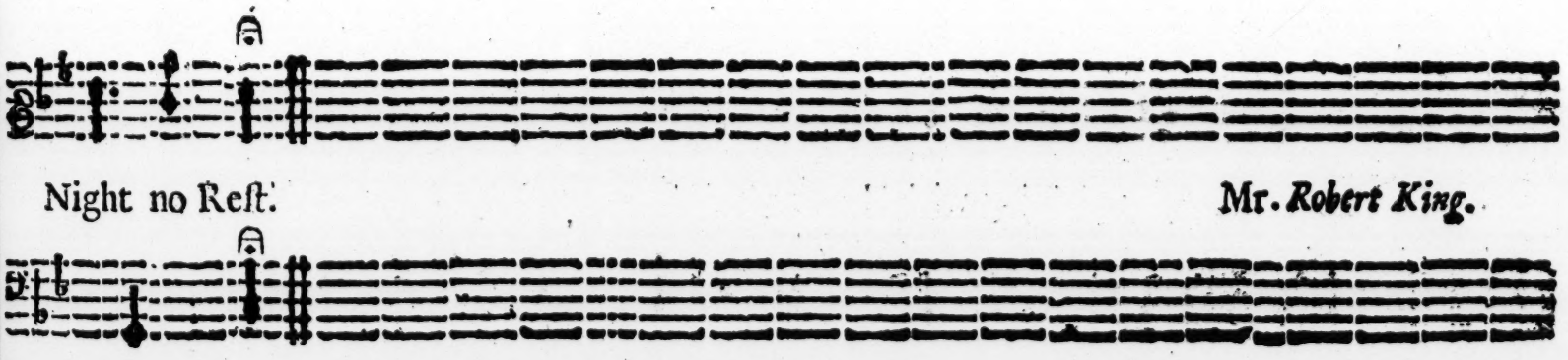
at——tend this time, too ſtrong for Fancy, too ſtrong for Fancy, and too full, and

full, too full for Rhime; too ſtrong for Fan——cy, and too full for Rhime.

too full, too full for Rhime; too ſtrong for Fan--cy, and too full for Rhime.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*





II.

The ſilent Swans on murm'ring Streams
Live free and eaſie without pains;
When by each ſide they gently move,
Live Hearts united with true Love:
But I a wretched Soul muſt be,
Depriv'd of her I fain would ſee.

III.

Go, reſtleſs Thoughts! tell her, that I,
Being abſent from her, now muſt dye;
I ſtrove this Paſſion to remove,
But the more I endeavour'd, more I lov'd:
When ſhe appears, too true ſhe'l find,
Beauty hath charm'd my Reaſon, Love my Mind.

Should I once fall in Love, as I hope I ne're ſhall, grant, ye

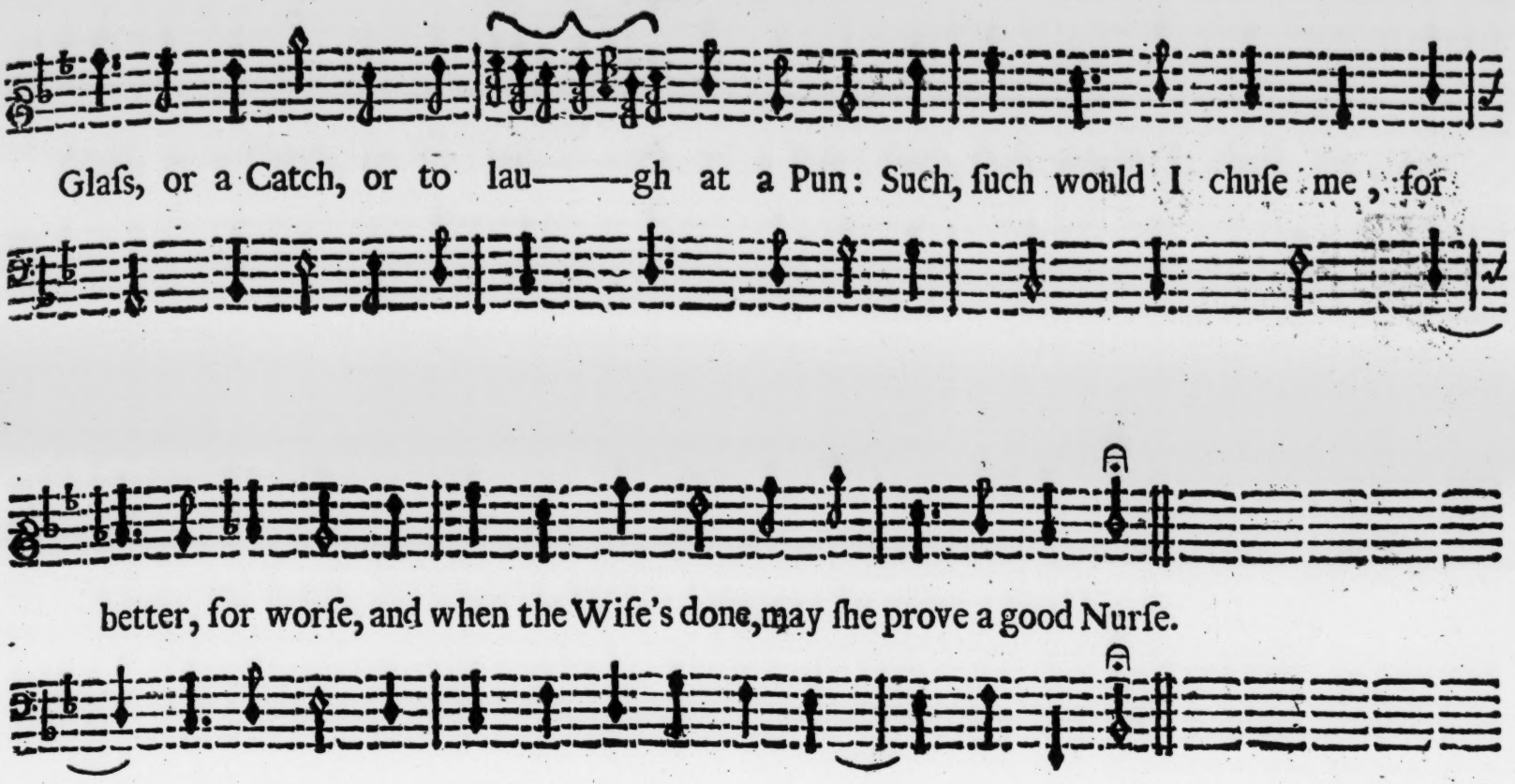
Gods, to my lot ſuch a Miſtreſs may fall; nei--ther Ug--ly, nor a Beauty, more

handſom than good, my E—qual in For--tune, in Ho-nour and Blood: Not too

eaſ--ie when courted, by yielding with Honour, ſuch, ſuch may ſhe prove, or elſe a plague on her.

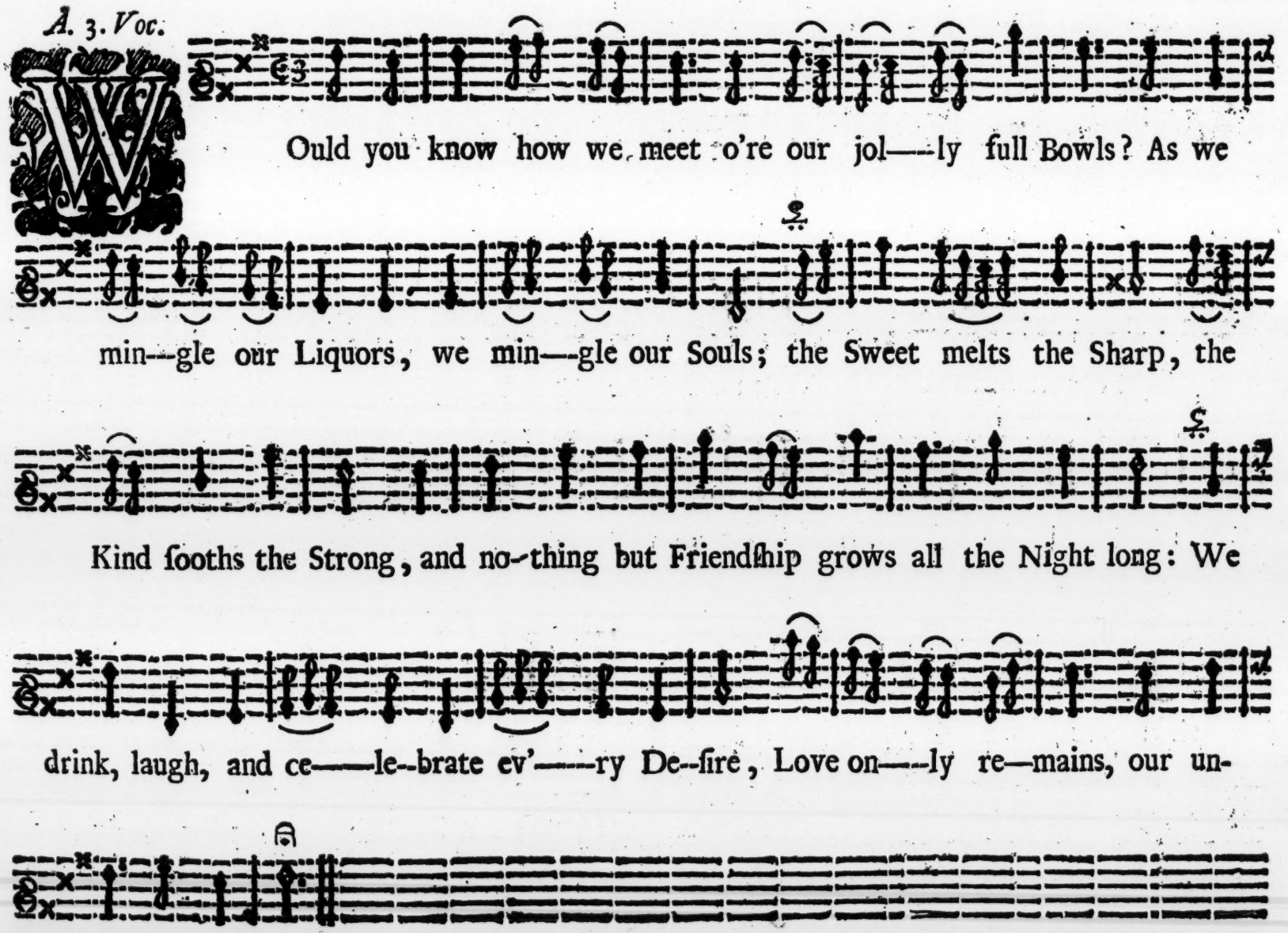
May ſhe have enough Wit to make ſport with pert Fools, may her Vertue ſit free, not a

Slave to ſtiff Rules; that when *Cob* comes to ſee me, ſhe will not ſtick to make one, at a



A new CATCH.

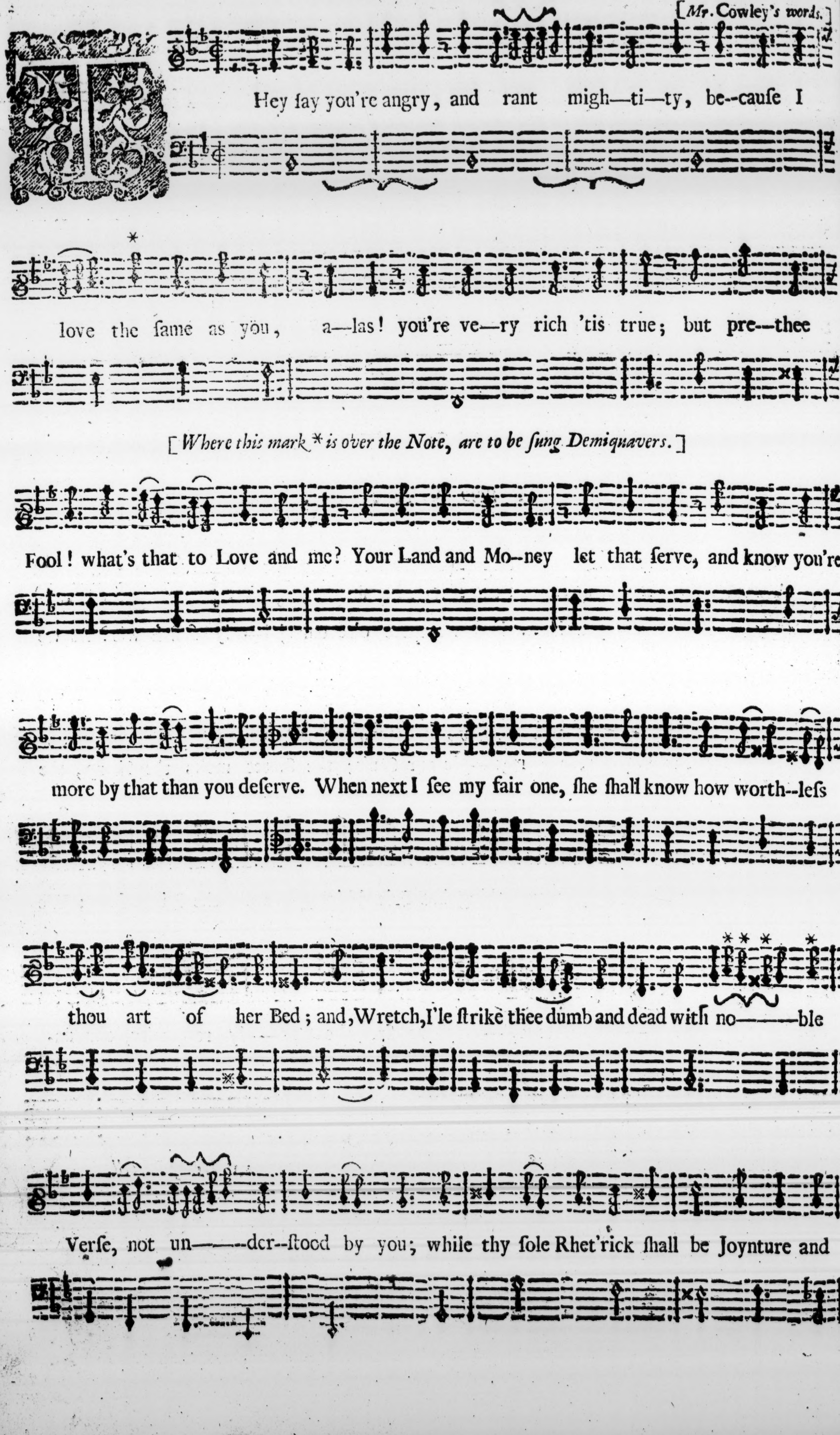
A. 3. Voc.



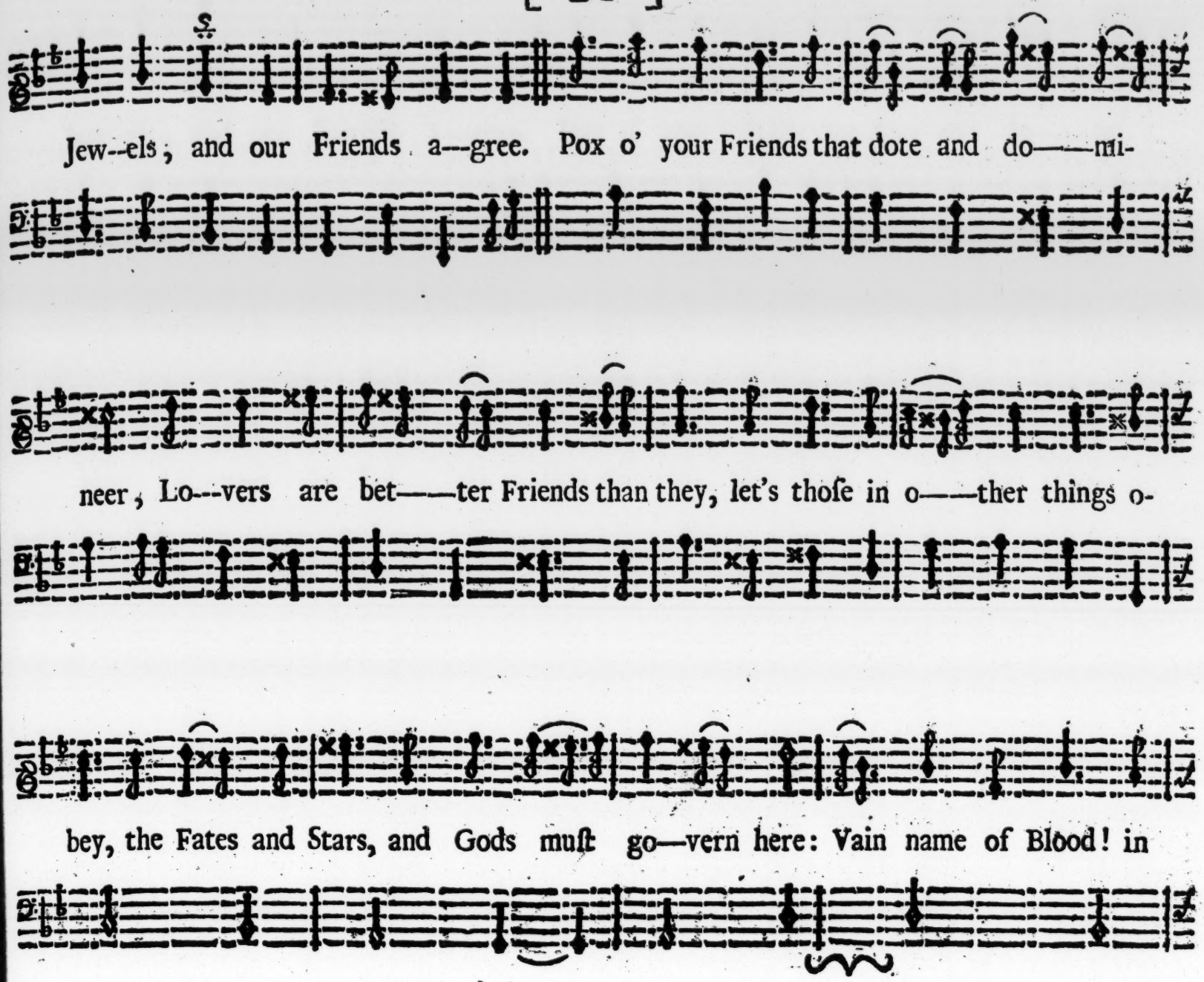
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

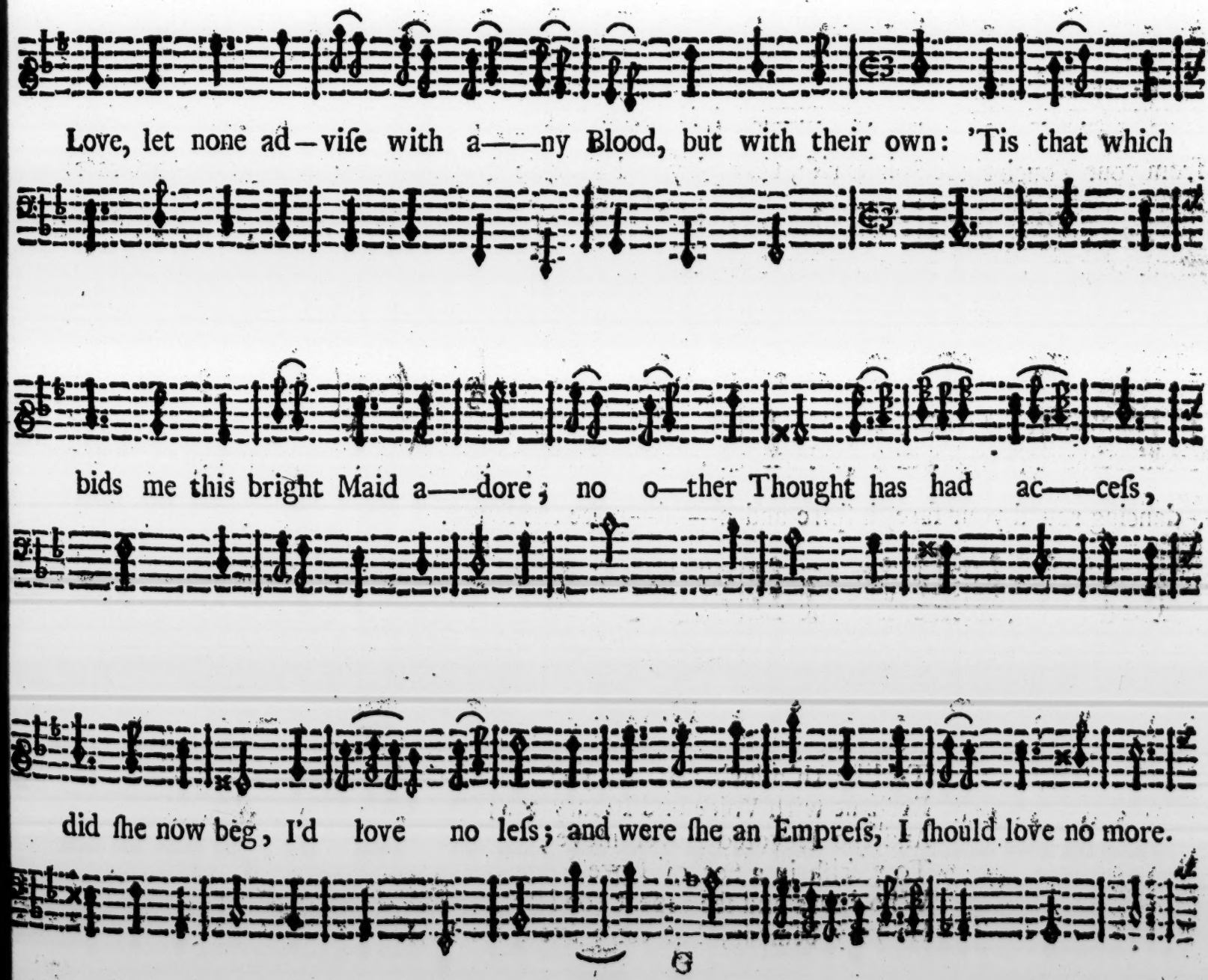
The Rich RIVAL.

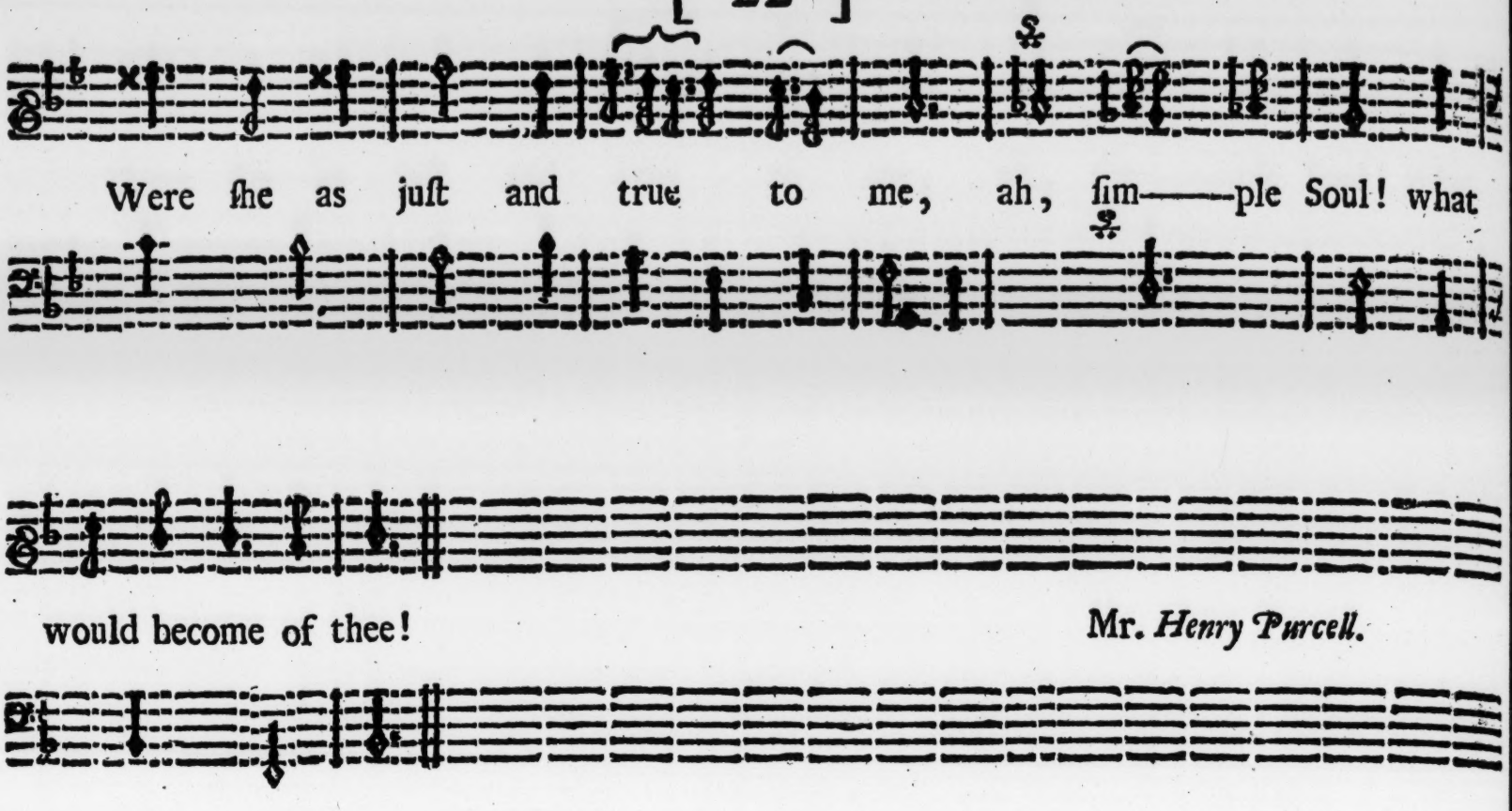
[*Mr.* Cowley's *words.*]
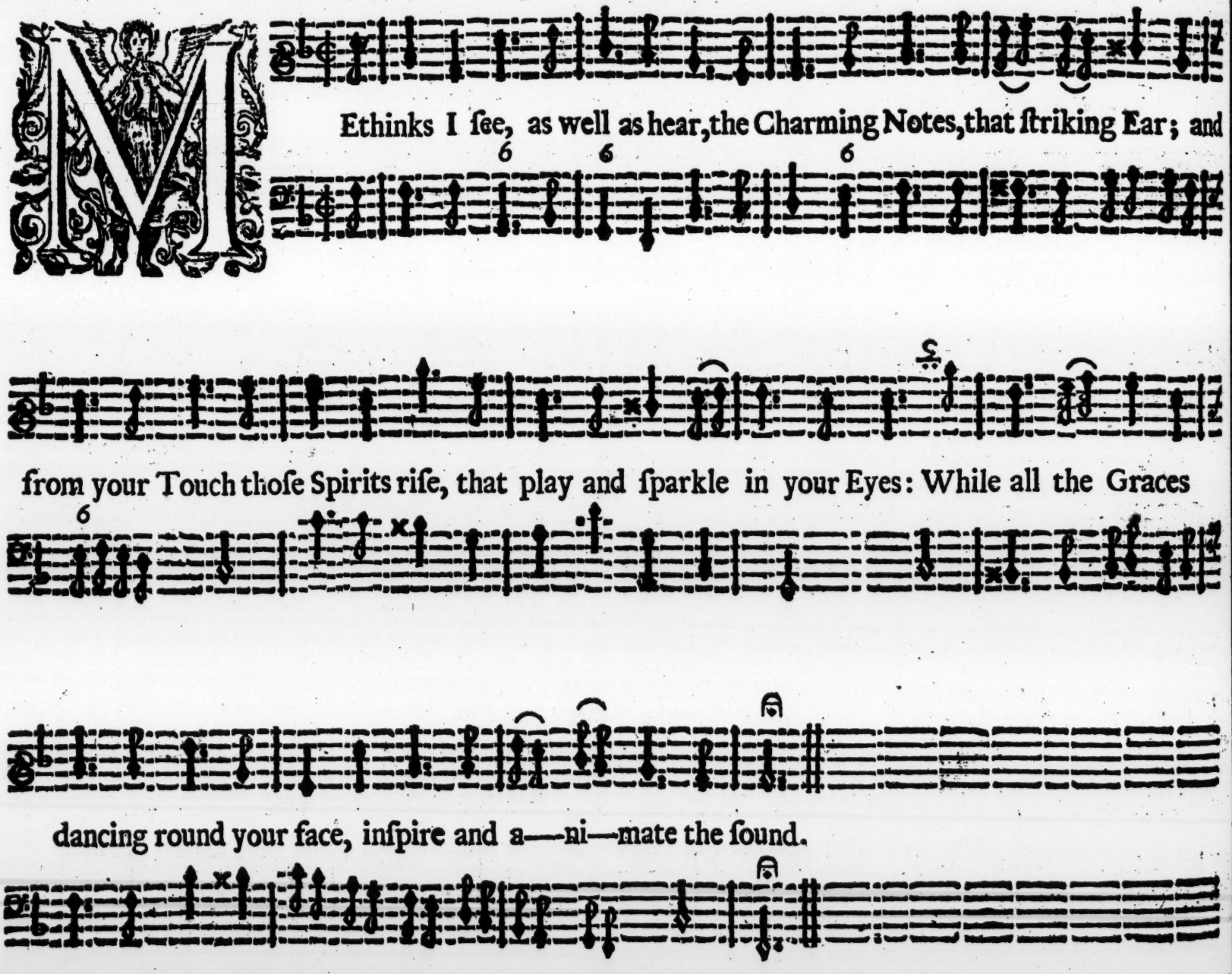


[*Where this mark* * *is over the Note, are to be ſung Demiquavers.*]


Jew--els, and our Friends a---gree. Pox o' your Friends that dote and do——mi-
neer, Lo---vers are bet——ter Friends than they, let's thoſe in o——ther things o-
bey, the Fates and Stars, and Gods muſt go—vern here: Vain name of Blood! in


Love, let none ad—viſe with a——ny Blood, but with their own: 'Tis that which
bids me this bright Maid a——dore; no o—ther Thought has had ac——ceſs,
did ſhe now beg, I'd love no leſs; and were ſhe an Empreſs, I ſhould love no more.





II.

To like th'alluring *Syren*, you
Enchant with Voice and Beauty too;
And the Devoted Lover move,
To periſh in a Sea of Love:
Who hears and ſee repent too late,
He may bemoan, but can't avoid his Fate.



N—juſt *Cli—me—na* does complain; that I a—no—ther

prize; ſhe on—ly in my Breaſt would raign, that is, would Ty—ra—nize: Let
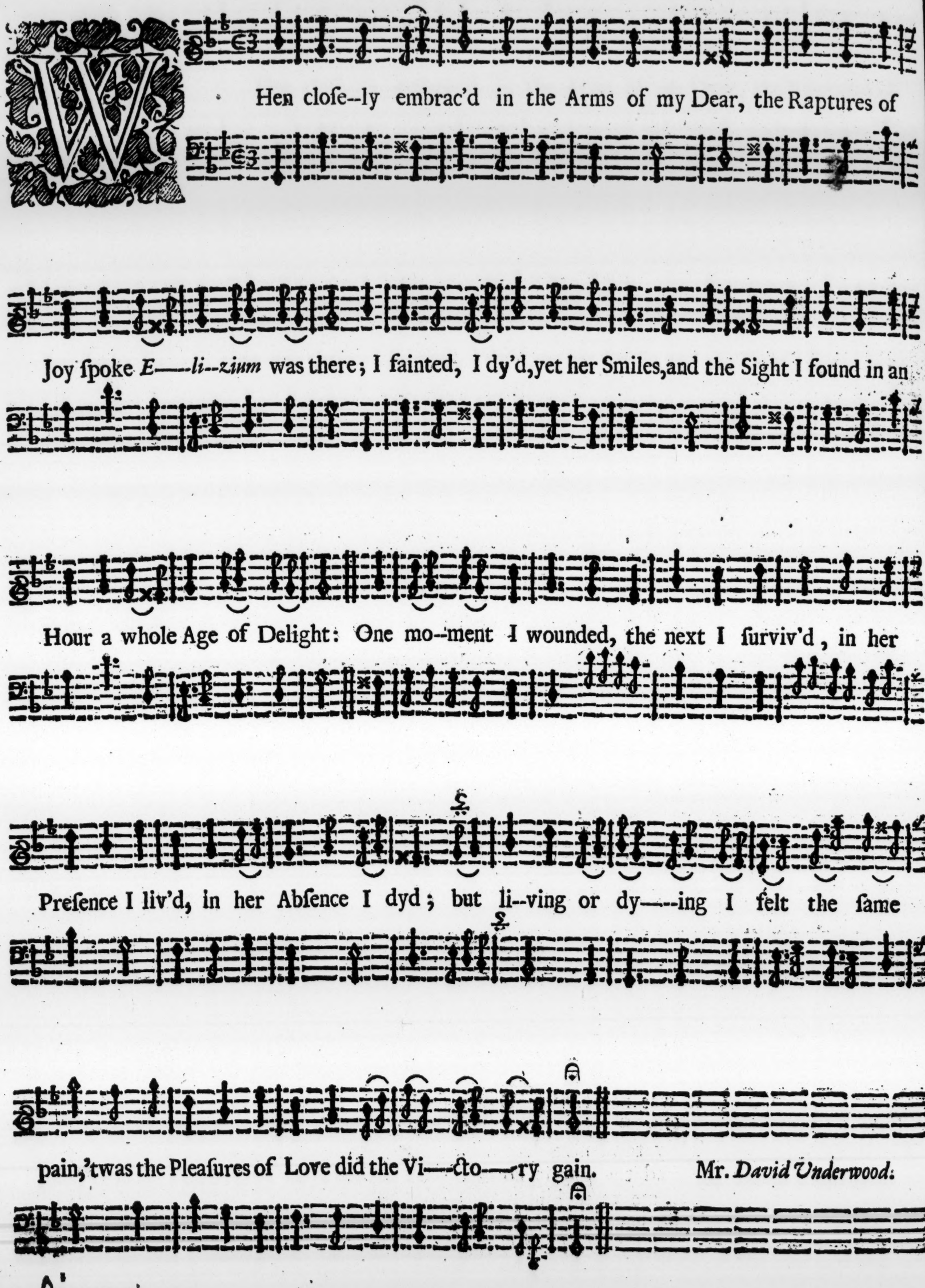
who will be con—fin'd to one, and pay his Vows to her a—lone, I'le be mo—no—po-

liz'd by none.

Mr. *John Roffey.*

II.

It was not thus in Days of old,
Our Fathers had more ſence;
They took unto 'em who they would,
And thought it no offence:
Tell me ye ſprightly Sons of *May*,
Who gave our Charter thus away,
And why are we leſs free than they?



fine

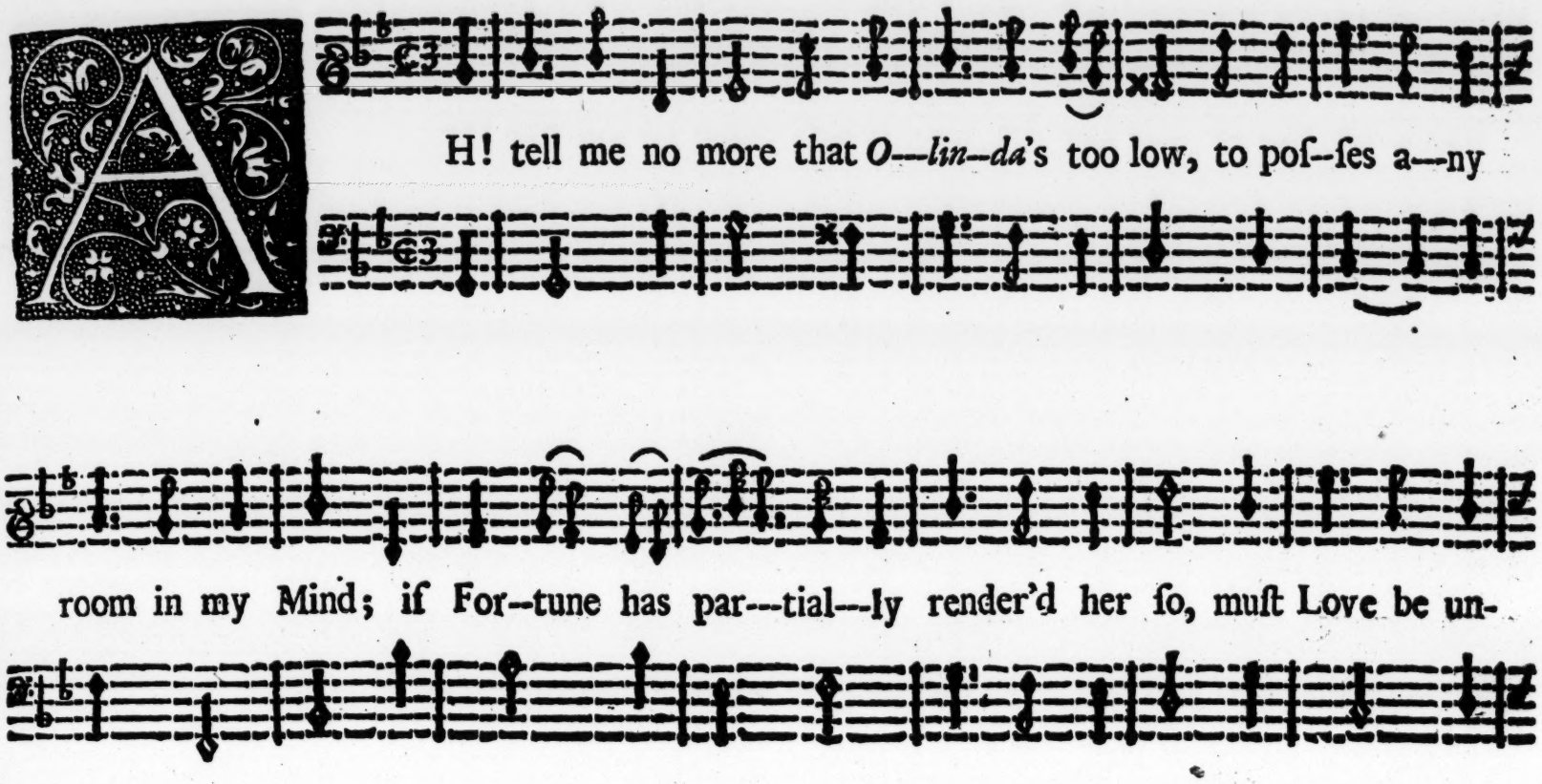
II.

What ſtreams of Compaſſion when dead in her Arms,
To cheriſh my Vitals did flow from her Charms!
The iſſues of Sweetneſs from Nature did flow,
And Innocence guarded her Vertues below:
Methink ſtill I ſee the bright Beams of her Eyes,
Which ſo conquer'd my Reaſon, and made me her Prize;
He Bluſhes ſo baſhful, her tim'rous Deſires,
Impoſing new Flames to my vigorous Fires.

III. But

III.

But now, fair *Amintas!* my Love is beguil'd,
And only for loving of me is exil'd,
Unto ſome wild Deſert of hopeleſs Deſpair,
Where ev'ry Enjoyment is eccho'd by her:
Yet ſtill on the height of *Amintas* I live,
And what Hopes will not grant me, my Wiſhes ſhall give;
Till Time when all Lovers once hid ſhall diſcloſe,
And reſtore me unto her to take my Repoſe.



II.

Love truly is blind when by Fortune 'tis ſway'd,
Which too often does Merit deſpiſe;
But if Love ſhews reſpect where it ought to be paid,
'Tis Fortune, not Love, that wants Eyes.

III.

But where can the mighty Diſparity be,
Since we both have Affection alike?
In Love, as in Death, undiſtinguiſh'd we lie,
For they level what-ever they ſtrike.

STrife, hurry, and noiſe (that fills the lewd Town) ſure at laſt 'tis time to give

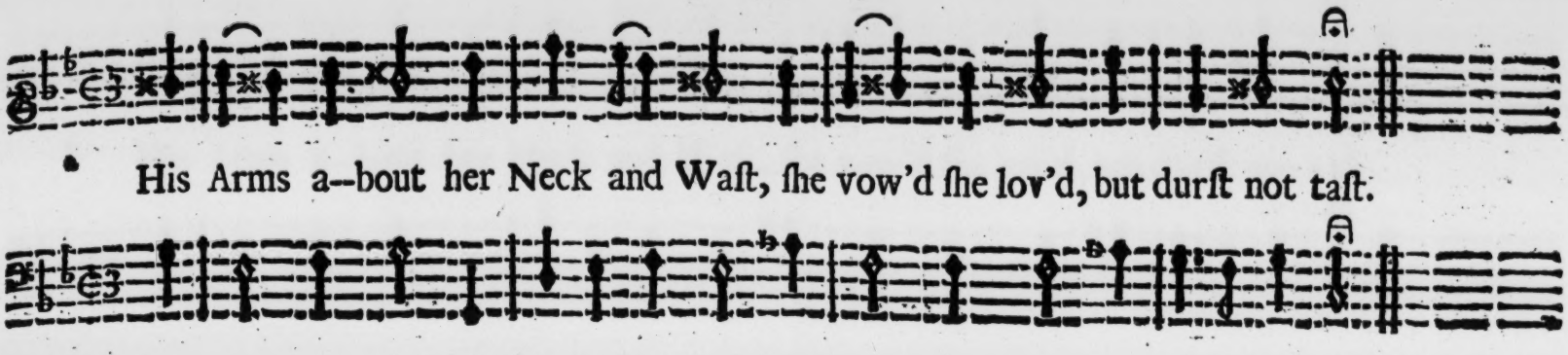
ov-er; and in the dear Shades of the Country alone, bleſt Quiet and Eaſe to re---co--ver.

Fooliſh Hopes, i--dle Fears, and reſtleſs Deſires, are the bu-ſie Man's reſtleſs Attendant; what he

vainly purſues, the Mind that retires, al---rea---dy is come to the end on't. Dr. *F. Blow.*

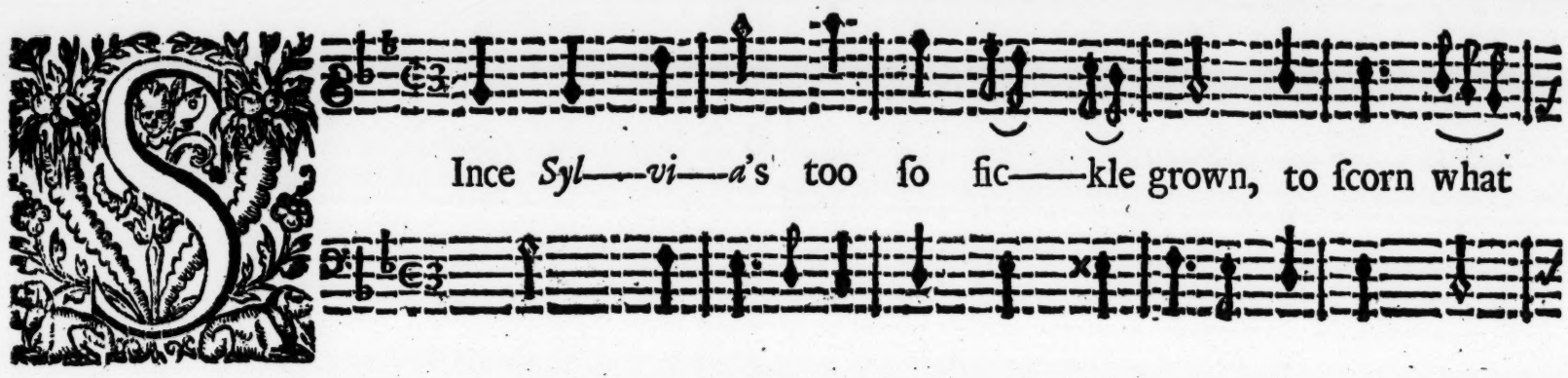
WIth---in a Grove, not far from whence, Sheep and their Lambs a

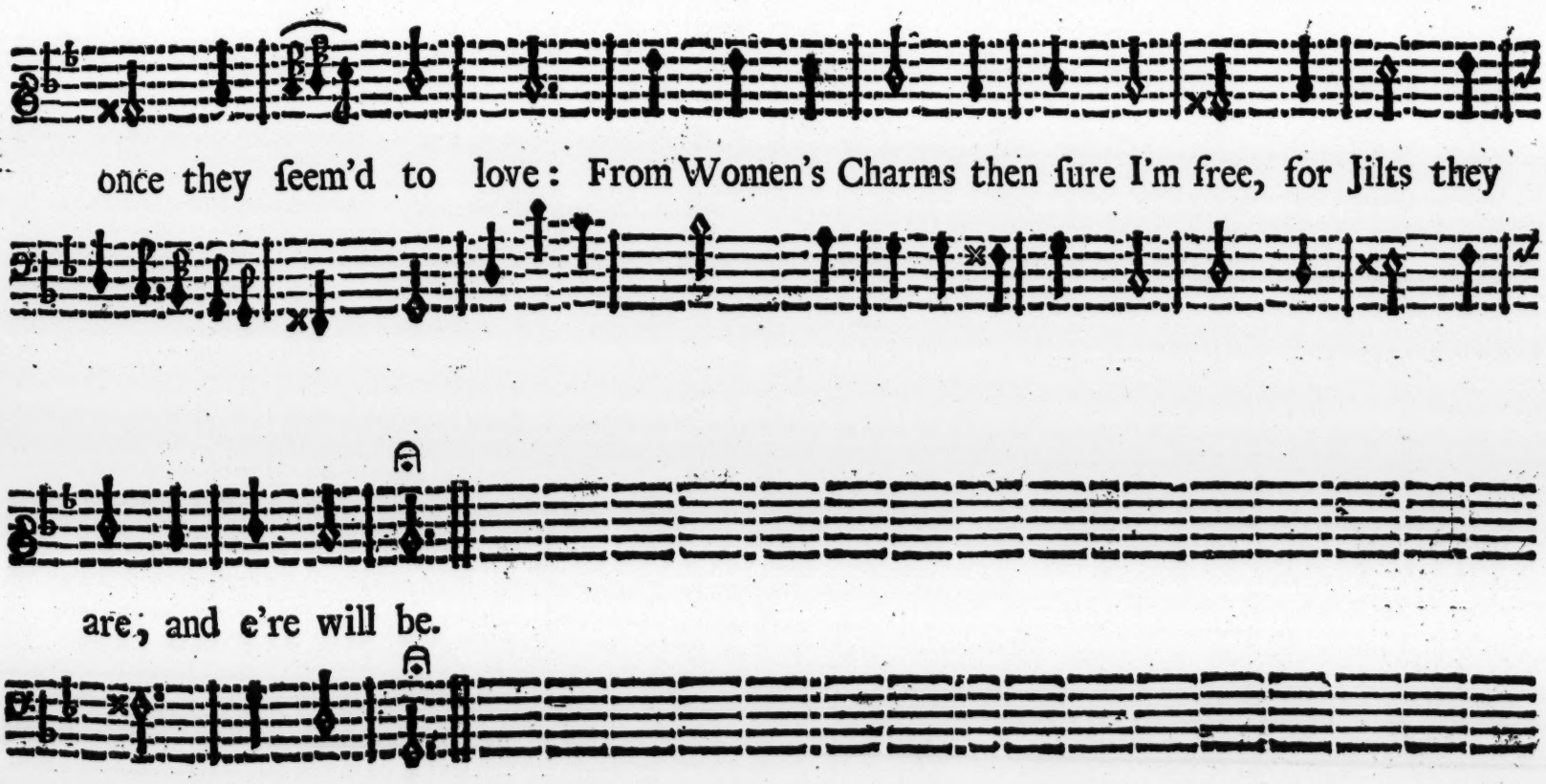
nib—ling pac'd, I ſaw the Shepherd and his dear *Cla--rin--da*, cloſe by him embrac'd.



II.

Faireſt *Clarinda*, why ſo coy!
For I do ſwear by all that's good,
You need not fear a harmleſs Boy,
I wou'd not hurt you if I cou'd:
She ſigh'd, and then turn'd up her Eyes,
Do what you will, I cannot riſe.





II.

They ſeem'd to love what moſt they hate,
And ſpeak the worſe of him they love;
Sure 'tis not Choice, but their curs'd Fate,
To do what ſtill they diſapprove.
May he that loves 'em jilted be,
And when too late, his Folly ſee.

PHil--lis, talk no more of Paſſion, words alone want Pow'r to move;

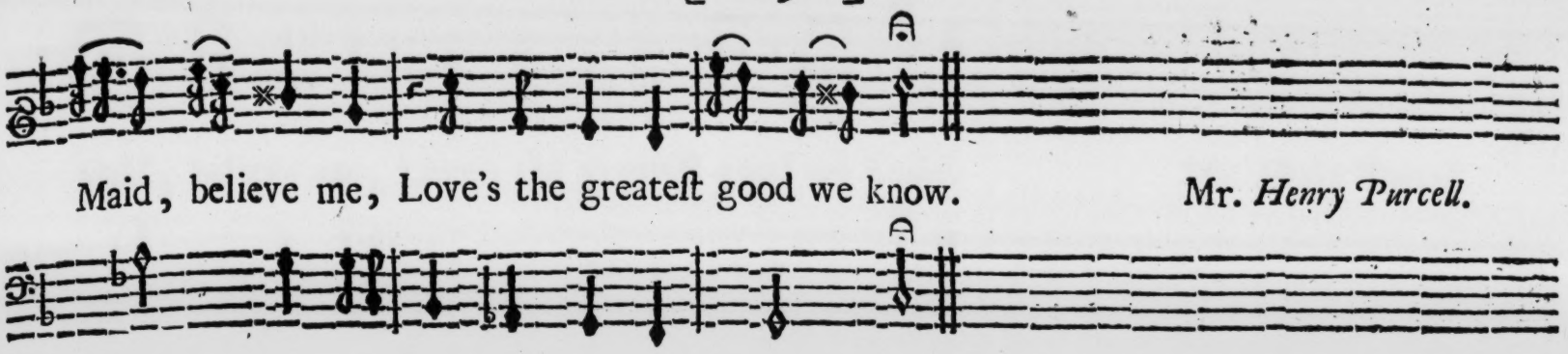
ſhe that ſhuns a fair oc---ca--ſion, never, never ſhould pretend to more. Honour that ſo

oft you mention, Love poſ--ſeſ---ſing once your Mind, a---las! is but a vain pretenſion,

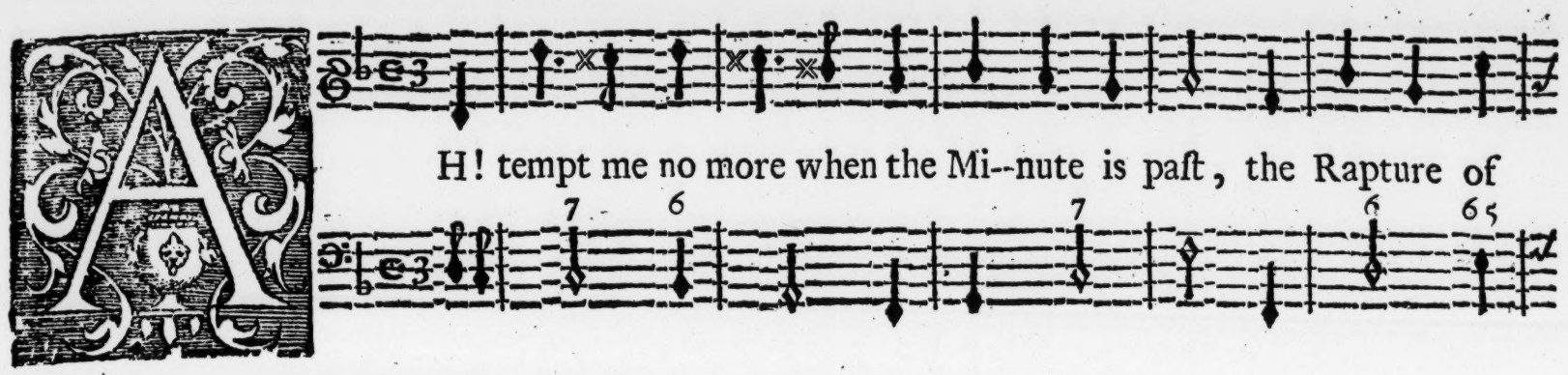
Women uſe that wo'nt be kind. Your dai--ly ſeeking out Ex--cu--ſes, ſhows too much De-

ceit and Art; in Love who Mar-tyr--dom re—fu---ſes, lives an A---theiſt in her Heart:

Fame and Honour will deceive ye, none did e're un---cen--ſur'd go; therefore, gentle

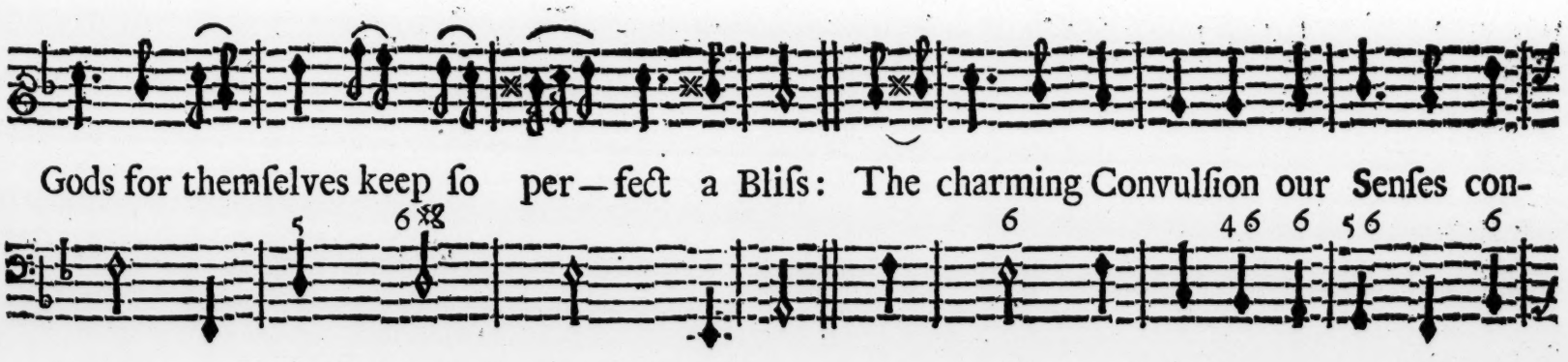


Maid, believe me, Love's the greateſt good we know. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

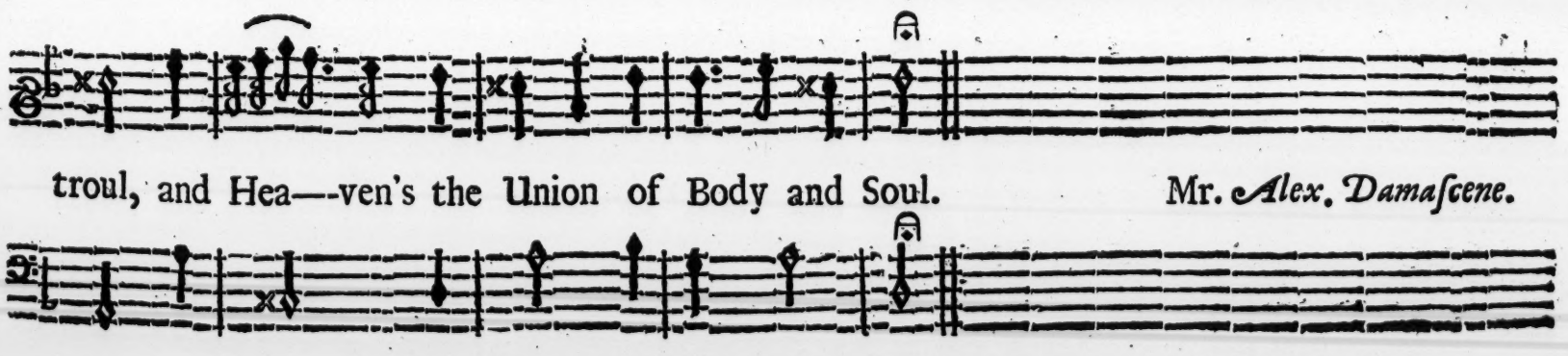


AH! tempt me no more when the Mi--nute is paſt, the Rapture of

Love is too Sa——cred to laſt; de—fects in our Na--ture ſhews plainly by theſe, the
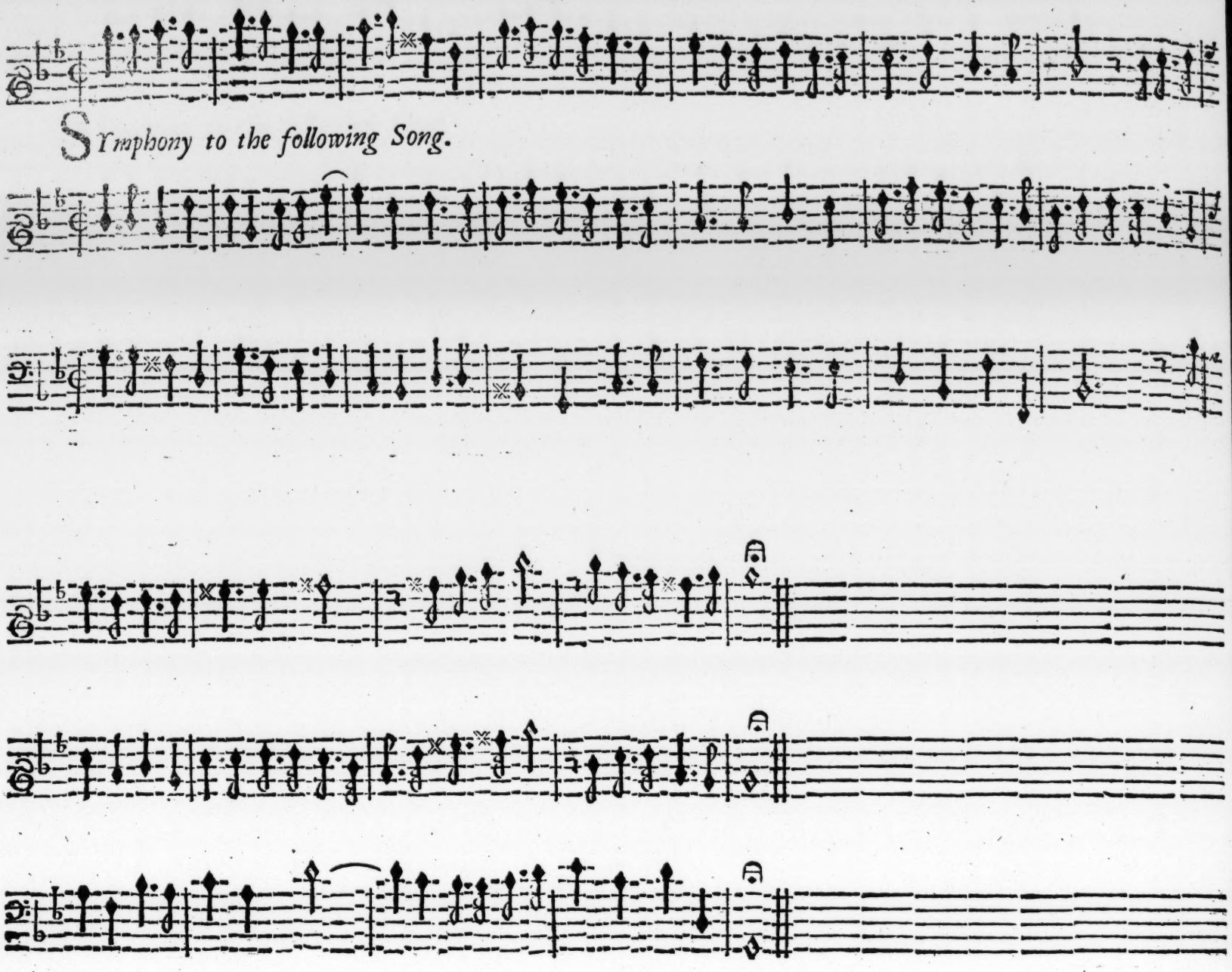


Gods for themſelves keep ſo per—fect a Bliſs: The charming Convulſion our Senſes con-



troul, and Hea—ven's the Union of Body and Soul. Mr. *Alex. Damaſcene.*

II.

Then Lovers love on, and get Heaven betimes,
He that loves well attones for the worſt of his Crimes;
Jove locks up his Gates on the Sordid and Baſe,
But the generous Lover is ſure of a Place:
Let the Nymph to her Paradiſe ne're doubt the way,
When her Lover can open the Door with his Key.



Symphony to the following Song.

SONG.

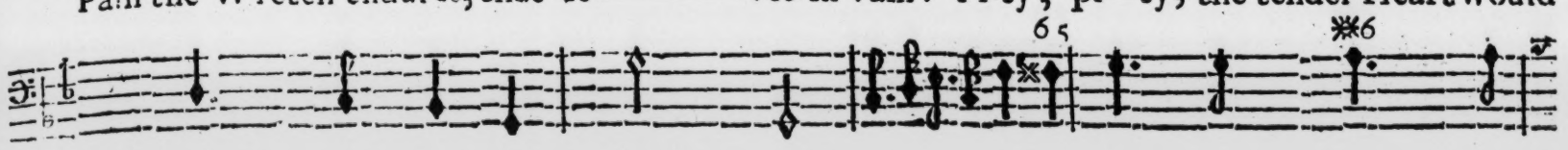
BEneath an un—fre—quen-ted Shade, for Wret--ches a Re-

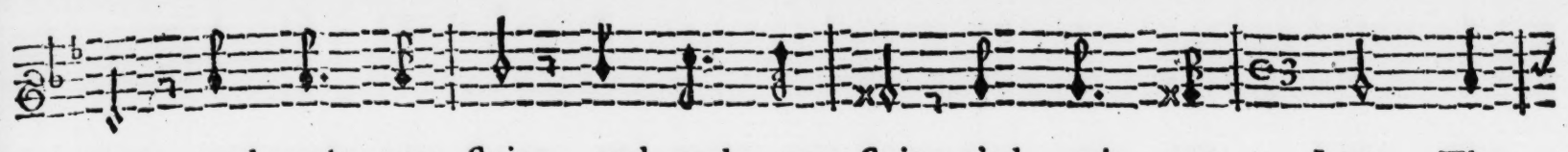
tire--ment made; poor *Da--mon* lay, and e're he dy'd, complaining, com-

plai--ning, thus to *Phil*——————*lis* cry'd: Ah! could you feel but once what

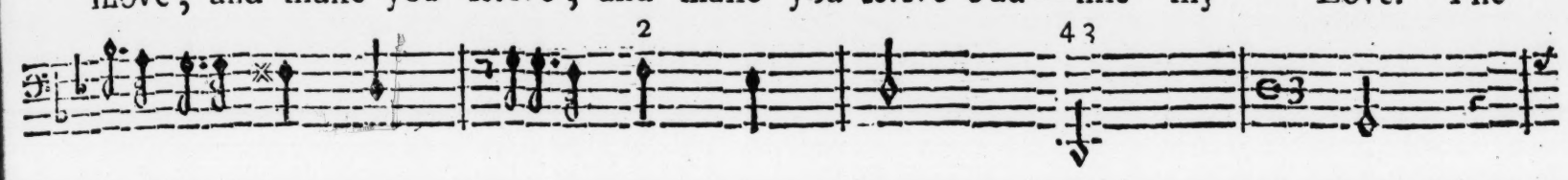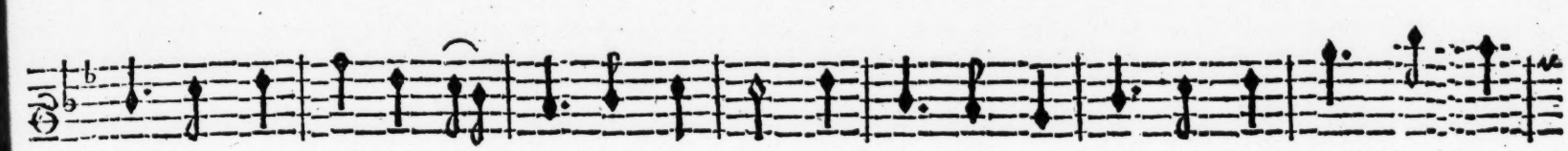


Pain the Wretch endures, that lo———ves in vain! Pi-ty, pi—ty, the tender Heart would





move, and make you ſtrive, and make you ſtrive t'ad—mit my Love. The
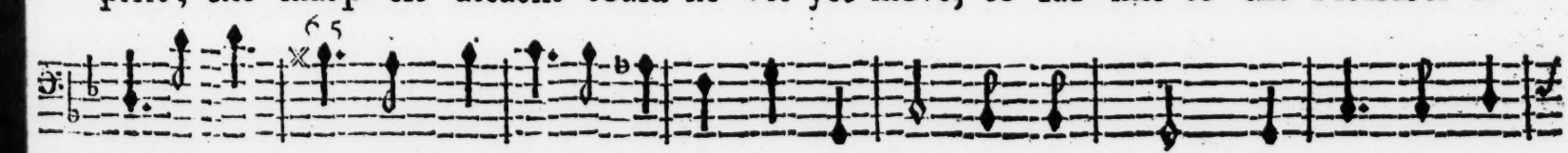




Sweets of good Humour, with thoſe of your Eyes, have ta--ken a for—ti—fi'd Heart by ſur-
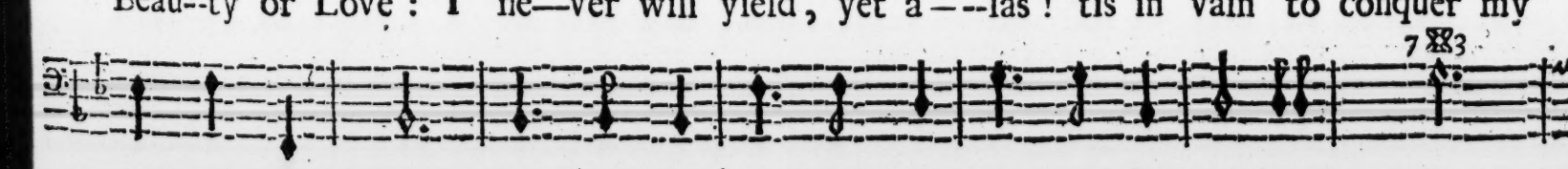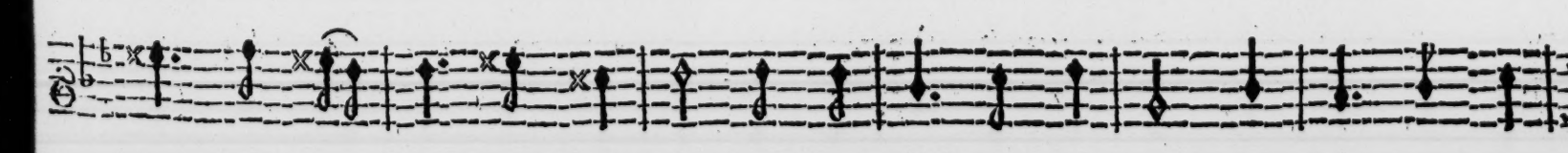




priſe; the ſharp--eſt attacks could ne--ver yet move, to ſub--mit to the Pleaſures of



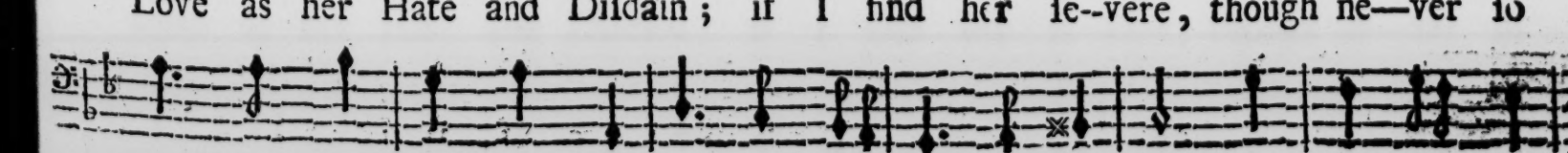


Beau--ty or Love: I ne—ver will yield, yet a---las! 'tis in vain to conquer my





Love as her Hate and Diſdain; if I find her ſe--vere, though ne—ver ſo



fair, I'le quit all the Thoughts of thoſe Pleaſures in ſtore, and turn to that Freedom I

liv'd in be--fore.

Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd.*

For a Baſs alone.

Ove thee 'till there ſhall be an end of mat--ter, ſo long 'till

Courtiers leave in Court to flatter; while empty Courtlings ſhall laugh, jeer, and jibe, or 'till an old lean

Judge re——fuſe a Bribe: 'Till young Men Women hate, I will love thee, 'till greedy

Lawyers ſhall renounce a Fee; and 'till de---cre--pid Miſers Mo-ney hate, or Stateſmen

leave to juggle in a State. While Prieſts Ambition troubles Commonwealth, 'till Whores grow Chaſt, and

Thieves forſake their Stealth; 'till Tradeſmen leave to Co—zen, or to Lye, 'till

there's a worthy Flat--te--rer, or brave Spy. 'Till ho--neſt valiant Men can be afraid,

'till Kings by Favourites are not betray'd; 'till all Impoſſibles do meet in one, I love thee *Phillis*,

I love thee *Phillis*, I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee a--lone; I love thee *Phillis*,

I love thee *Phillis*, I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee alone; I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee alone.

YE Pow'rs that rule the World, muſt I ſtill be purſu'd by ſuch

cru--el ſtrokes of De--ſti--ny? What hopes in ſtore for that poor Wretch, that lo—ving

more than a——ny e're be—fore, becomes a fa——tal Prey to the ru—ral Pow'r,

and by their Charms, feels a freſh Death each Hour? But if in time that frozen Heart could

melt, where on—ly Thoughts more cold than Ice have dwelt; could Pi—ty then take

place, and Smiles poſ---ſeſs, that plea——ſing Face that Frowns do now diſgrace:

Change then but by de---grees, leſt the ſur—pri—ſing Joy prove e---qual to De-
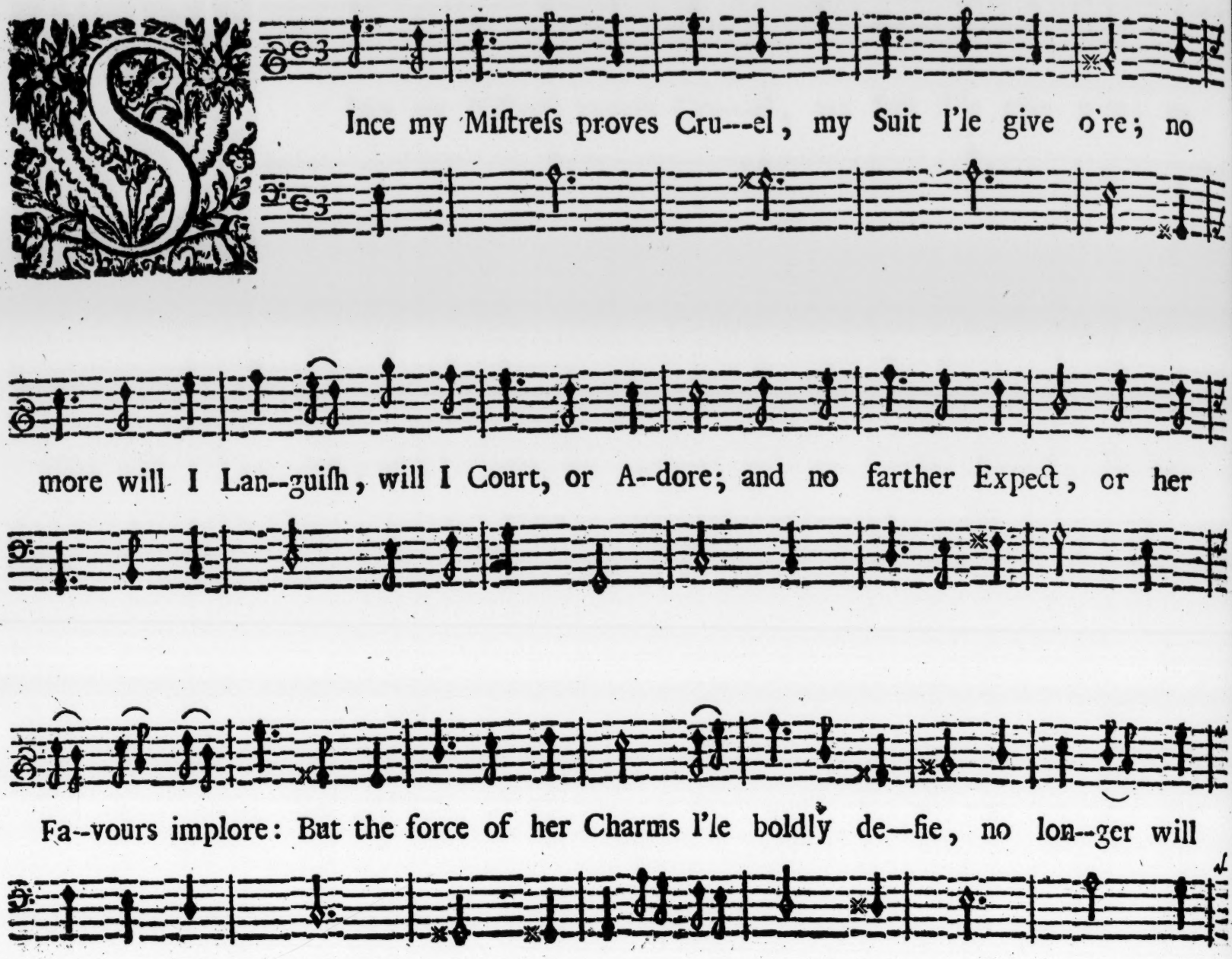
ſpair, and as ſoon de---ſtroy. A--las! the Ma--lice of my Stars is too plain,

they would con--trive her Love worſe than her Diſ------dain; a flatt'ring Ray

of Hope my Death but to de--lay, and as ſoon to be---tray; for ſuch pro--di--geous

Bliſs, tranſporting Joys! who can, of this ſide Heaven, be--lieve reſerv'd for Man?

Mr. *Thomas Farmer*, B. M.



Mr. *John Goodwin.*

II.

He's a Fool that desires what he cannot obtain,
Or continue to love, when he knows 'tis in vain;
There are no such Endearments I find in Disdain:
For the force of her Charms I'le boldly defie,
No longer will wait, if she will not Comply;
For I'le love none but those, who're as willing as I.

III.

Were she kind and consenting, I'd love her as well,
None in Faith, or in Honour, my self should excell;
A kind Beauty is Heaven, but a froward one Hell.
And the force of her Charms I'le boldly defie,
No longer will wait, if she will not Comply;
For I'le love none but those, who're as willing as I.

A DIALOGUE *ſung in the* PLAY *of* *Sir* Courtly Nice.

Symphony.

Man.

OH! be kind! my Dear, be kind! whilſt our Loves and we are young; Oh! be kind! my Dear, be

kind! whilſt our Loves and we are young:

We ſhall find, we ſhall find, Time will change the Face or Mind.

Both will not con--ti--nue long. Oh! be kind! my Dear, be

kind! both will not con-ti--nue long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind! both will not con-ti--nue

long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind!

Woman.

Oh! I love, and fear to loſe you, therefore 'tis I muſt re--fuſe you: When I've yielded

you my Crown, you'l no more Obedience own, you'l no more O-be-dience own; no, I love, and

Man.

fear to loſe you, therefore 'tis I muſt re---fuſe you. The Fair by Kindneſs raign, by Cru--el-

ty de—ſtroy; the Fair by Kindneſs raign, by Cru—el—ty deſtroy. If you can

Charm with the Pain of Love, then what can you do, can you do with the

Joy? The Fair by Kind--neſs raign, by Cru—el——ty de—ſtroy.

Woman. *Man.* *Woman.* *Both.*

I fear to yield, but cannot de---ny. So ſhall I: So ſhall I.

If you do not, I ſhall dye. So ſhall I.

CHORUS.

THen come to Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy, better love than we ſhould

THen come to Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we ſhould

dye; better love, better love, than we ſhould dye. Come to

dye; better love than we ſhould dye. Come to Joy, come to Joy, come to

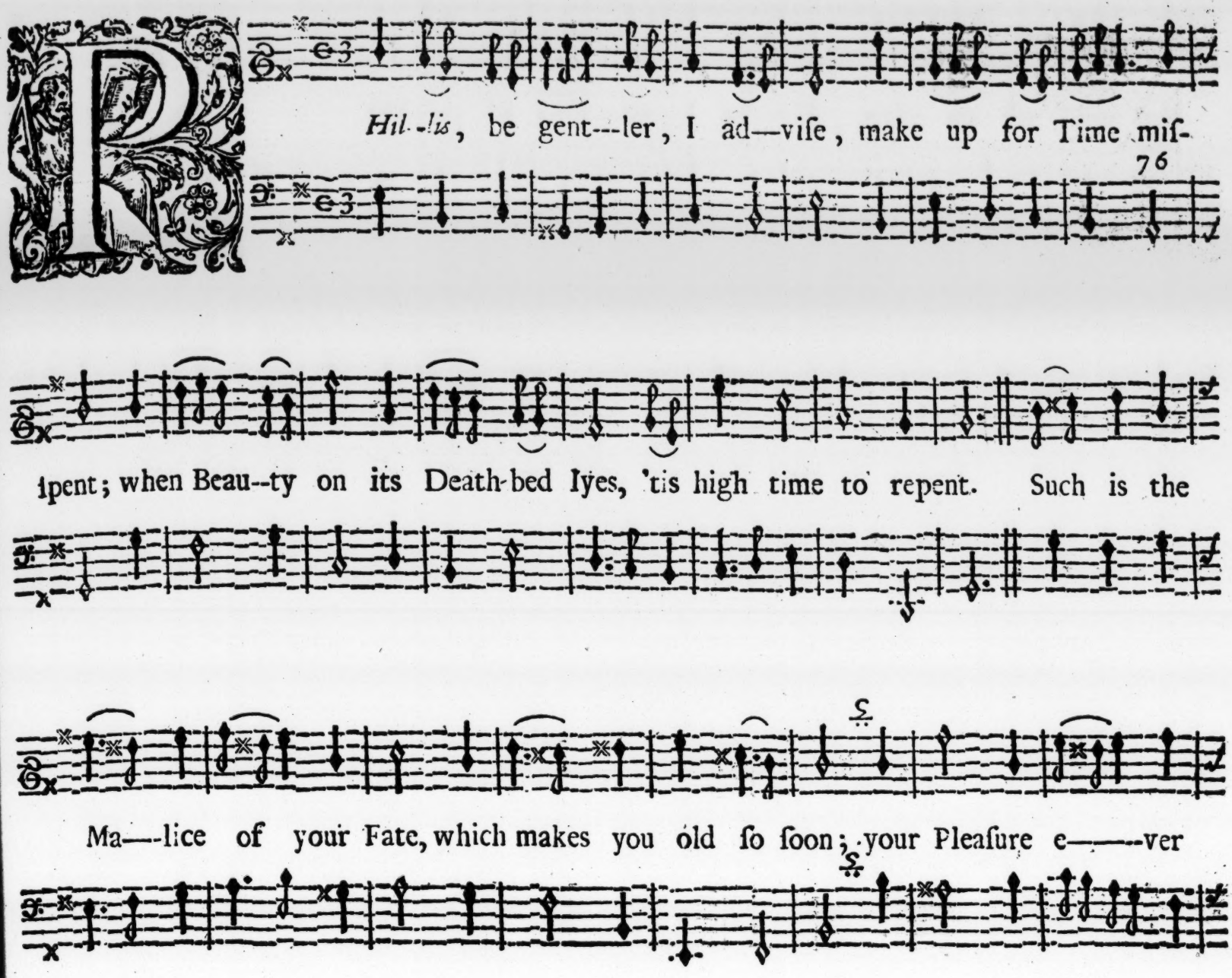
Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we ſhould dye. Come to Joy, come to

Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we ſhould dye. Come to Joy, come to

Joy, come to Joy. come to Joy.

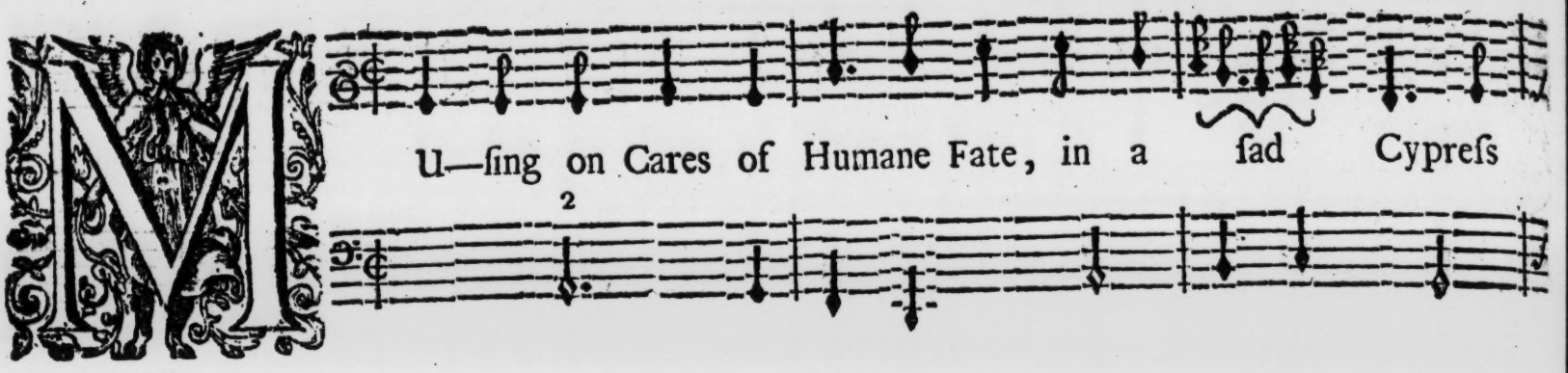
Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy.

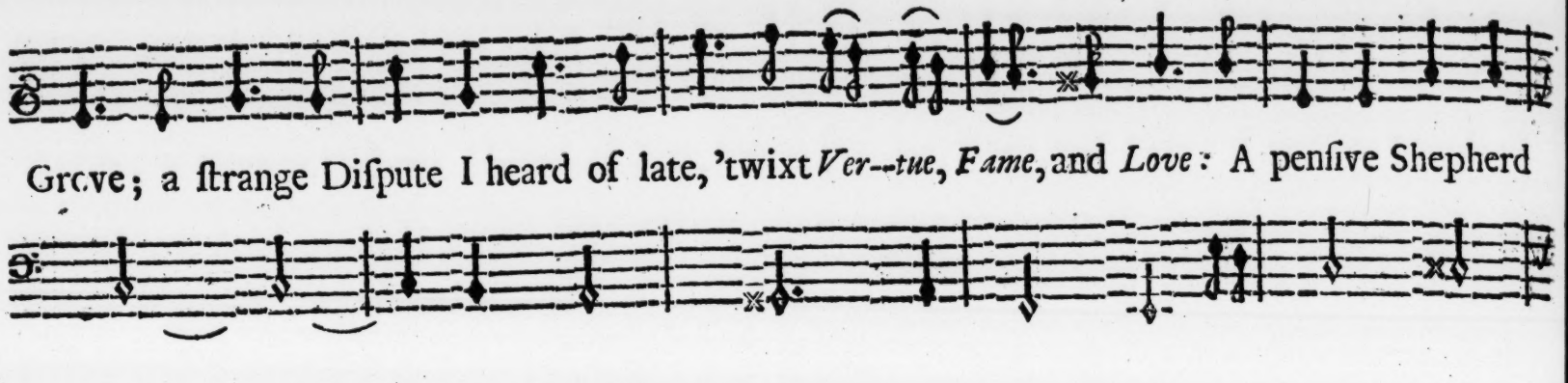
Mr. *Robert King.*

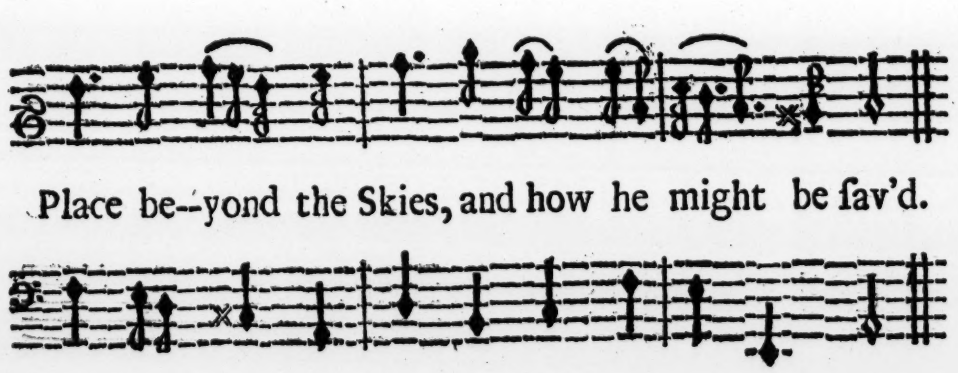


II.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
  Whoſe Stars contrive in ſpight;
The Morning of her Love ſhould be
  Her fading Beauty's Night:
Then if to make your Ruine more,
  You'l peeviſhly be coy;
Dye with the Scandal of a Wh——
  And never know the Joy.

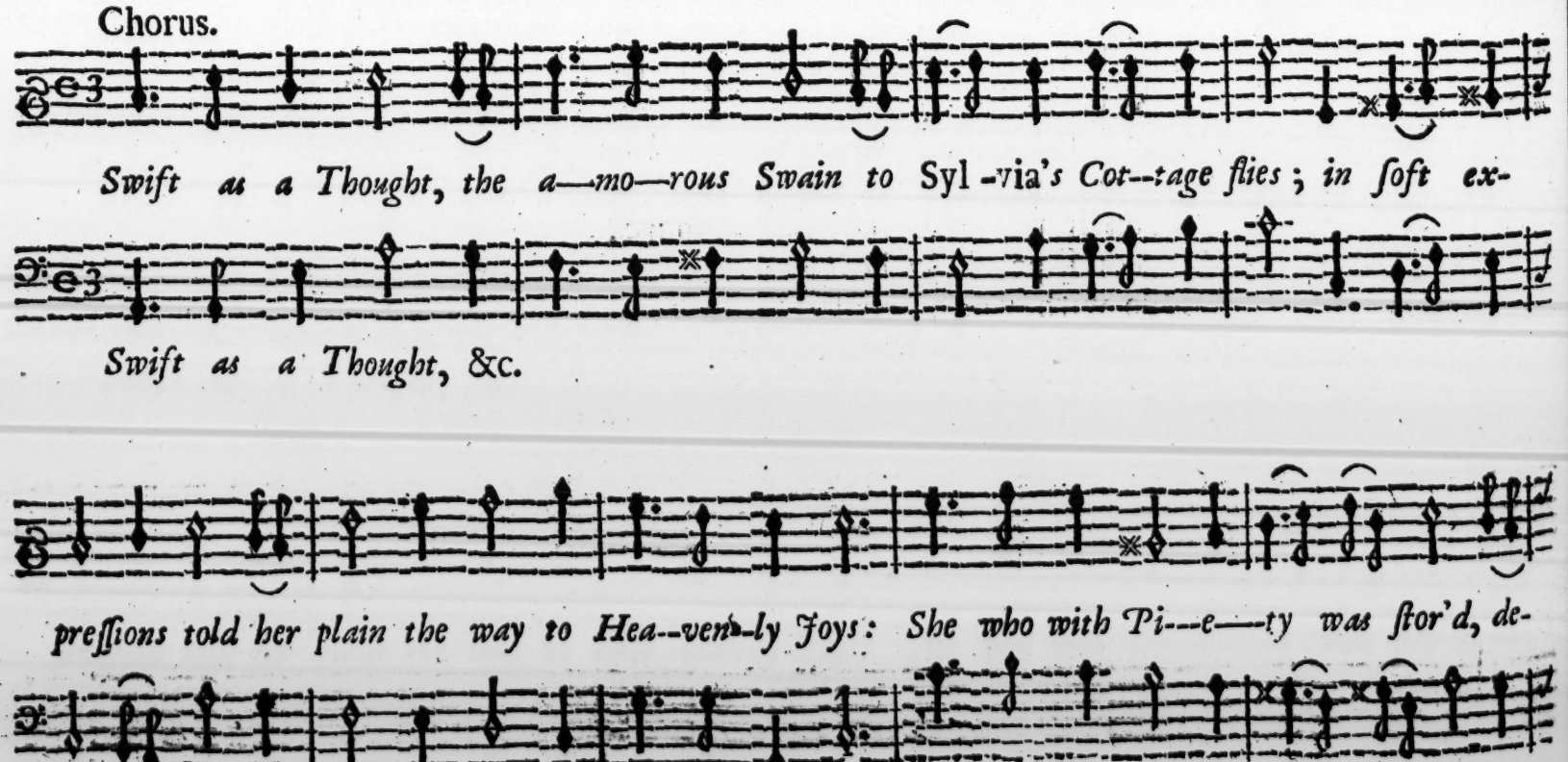






Nice *Vertue* preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to Eternal Reſt;
To fight his King's and Country's Cauſe,
Fame councell'd him was beſt:
But *Love* oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
Get, get a Miſtreſs, Fair and Young,
Love fiercely, conſtantly, and long,
And then thou ſhalt be ſav'd.

Chorus.



lays no lon--ger crav'd; charm'd by the God whom they ador'd, ſhe ſmil'd and took him at his

word, and thus they both were ſav'd.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

A SONG *in the Play of Sir* Courtly Nice.

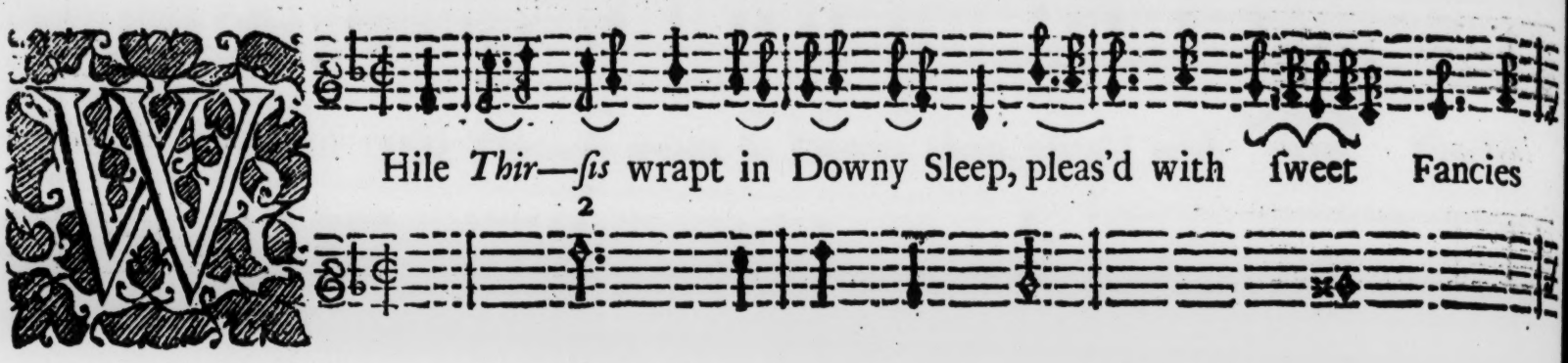
A S I gaz'd un--a--ware on a Face ſo fair, your cruel Eye lay

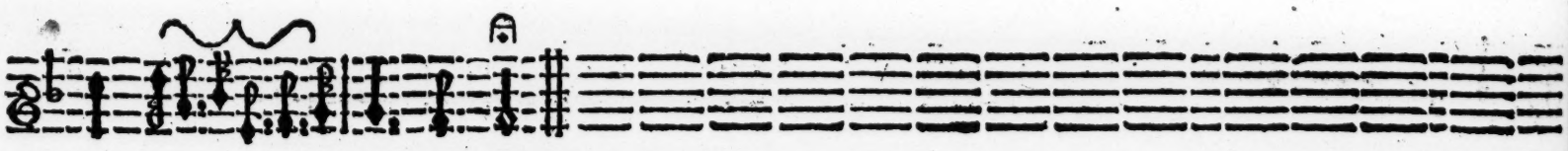
watching by, to ſnatch my Heart, which you did with ſuch Ar——— ———— t, that a-

way with't you run, whilſt I look'd on; to my Ru--in and Grief, ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief; to my

Ruin and Grief, ſto———————p Thief, ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief.

Mr. *Robert King.*





Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

Ariſe, thou lovely charming Swain!
Uncloud thoſe glorious Eyes;
And ſhine upon the longing Plain,
Ah! charming Youth, ariſe:
See where thy joyful Subjects ſtand,
Each Nymph a Wreath has made;
Each Swain has Laurels in his hand,
To crown thy lofty head.

III.

In haſt the wond'rous Shepherd roſe,
No dawning Morn' ſo fair;
No blooming Flow'r did e're diſcloſe
A ſhew or ſcent ſo rare:
Th'adoring Throng with eager pace
Their welcom Sov'reign meet;
And on his Head their Garlands place,
Themſelves beneath his Feet.

A DIALOGUE *betwixt* Oliver Cromwell *and* Charon.

Noll.

HAST *Charon*, haſt, 'tis *Noll* commands thy Speed; *Charon*, I'm

Charon.

he that made three Kingdoms bleed. Proud Soul, ſo black's thy Guilt, I know thee well,

thou doſt thoſe Shades in Colour far ex--cell, and ſeem'ſt a Beauty-ſpot to whiten Hell.

Noll.

Dear *Charon*, haſt, vaſt Streams of in--jur'd Blood purſue, and horrid is its Cry, and

Charon.

dreadful is its Hew. Stay, ſtay, how guil--ty muſt thou be, who chuſeſt Hell for

ſanctuary; thy weighty Crimes will never let thee float, but ſingly thou wilt ſink my mighty Boat.

Noll.

Cha--ron, no more de—lay, you now preſume too far, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber,

Charon.

what I was in War; did *Charles*, and ſhall not I paſs o're the Lake? Weak Shade!

thou art too bold, and doſt miſtake; ſtill diff'rent ways great *Charles* and thou didſt move,

thy Courſe was downward, ſtill His ſtill a——————bove. I ſaw him aſcend, whilſt

Angels ſtoop'd down to preſent a new Throne, and the loſs of his Head to re-pay with a

huge double Crown. Look yonder! I ſaw the bright Troop on the wing, and as they did

fly, ſo ſpotleſs and bright was the King, that Him from his new Brother-Angels I ceuld not deſcry.

Then open'd wide *E--li--zium*'s radient Gate, and in they flew in gay Triumphant State;

and then, ſo well God and Man the Martyr did love, good Men wept be-

Noll.

low, Saints re--joyc'd all a--bove, Saints re--joyc'd all a--bove. 'Twas brave! and

by the Praiſe thou'ſt giv'n, thou'ſt made me what I ne--ver was, in love with Heav'n! But

Charlcs from his Seat ſhall remove, tho' Heavens ſlight mine, and his Actions approve; as

once up--on Earth, I'le Dethrone him a----bove; I to *E—li—zium* hence will go.

Charon.

No, Tyrant, no, to Dens full of Horror thou headlong muſt fall, and with Fu--ries as

Slow.

black as thy Treaſons muſt dwell, and there as little Mercy as thou ſhewd'ſt muſt feel.

CHORUS ſung by three Furies.

DRag him down, drag him down to th' Abyſs, let Flames and vaſt

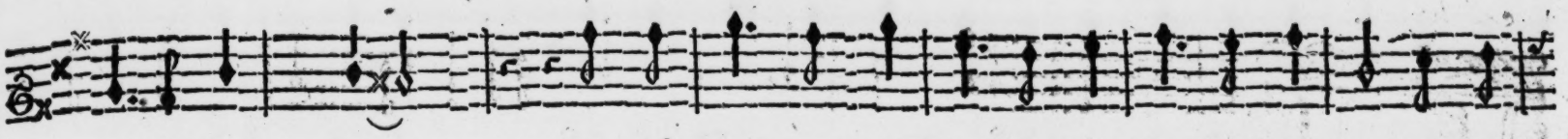
DRag him down, drag him down to th' Abyſs, let Flames and vaſt Ser--pents a-

DRag him down, drag him down to th' Abyſs, let Flames and vaſt Ser--pents a-
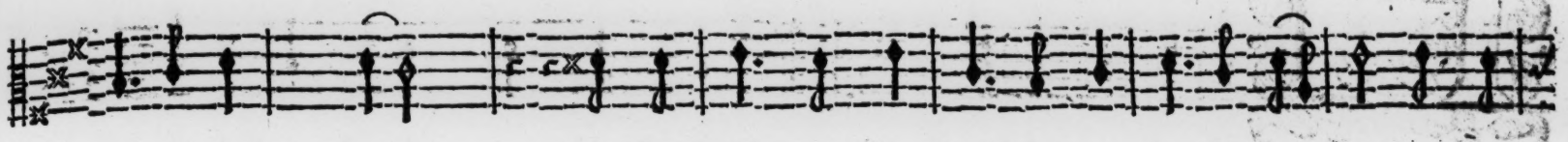
Ser--pents a--bout him ſtill roul, and as he does pi---ti--leſs, pi--ti--leſs howl, he does

bout him ſtill ro----ul, and as he does pi--ti--leſs, pi--ti--leſs howl, he does

bout him ſtill ro----ul, and as he does pi--ti--leſs, pi--ti--leſs howl, he does
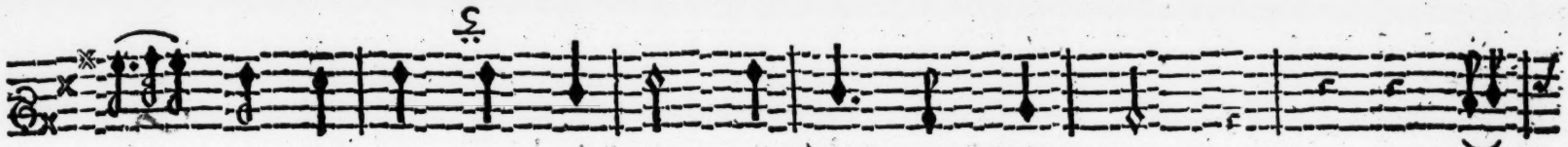


pi--ti--leſs howl; let the Flames e--ver ſcorch him, and at him in ſcorn, let the



pi--ti--leſs howl; let the Flames e--ver ſcorch him, and at him in Scorn, let the



pitileſs howl; let the Flames ever ſcorch him, and at him in Scorn, the Serpents ſtill



Ser--pent ſtill hiſs, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud
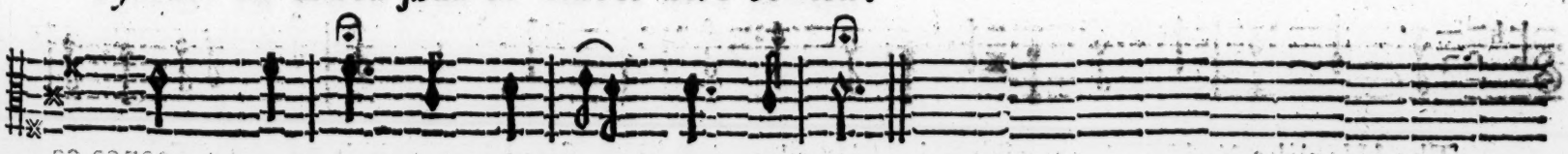


Ser--pent ſtill hiſs, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud Tyrants on
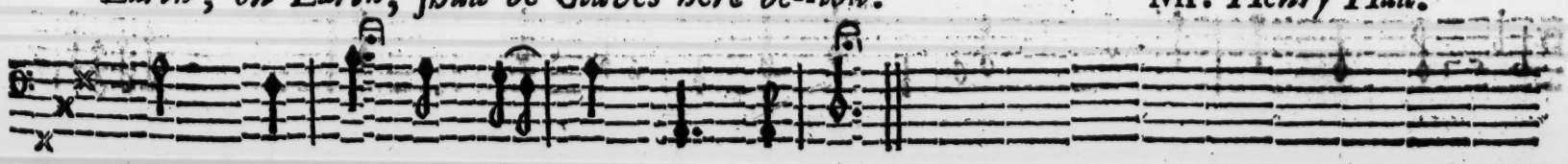


hiſs, ſtill hiſs, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud Tyrants on



Tyrants on Earth ſhall be Slaves here be--low.



Earth, on Earth, ſhall be Slaves here be--low. Mr. *Henry Hall.*



Earth, on Earth, ſhall be Slaves here be--low.

A Round.

HAIL *Al—bion!* hail! all hail! at——tend the Throne, and him that ſits there——on. Hail *Albion!* hail! thy faithful Friends prevail, and Foes lie truckling down. [Hail *Albion!* hail! *&c.*] The ſul--len Clouds di---ſperſt the Clouds of groundleſs Doubts and Fears, the ri—ſing Sun appears. [Hail *Albion!* hail! *&c.*]

The Warlike *JAMES* as active in his Sphere, as does from hence ſuch Beams diſpence, as gives new Life and Vigour all the Year.

End with the firſt Strain.

Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde.*

FINIS.

14 JY96

THE

Theater of MUSIC:

OR, A

Choice COLLECTION of the newest and best *SONGS* Sung at the COURT, and Public THEATERS.

The *Words* composed by the most ingenious *Wits* of the Age, and set to MUSIC by the greatest Masters in that *Science*.

WITH

A *Thorow-Bass* to each *SONG* for the *Harpsichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

The FOURTH and LAST BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by *B. Motte*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple* Church, 1687.

In COMMENDATION of this BOOK.

OH for a Muſe Divine, ſuch Sacred Skill,
As does th'Immortal Seats with Anthems fill!
That juſtly (Muſic) *might thy Praiſe rehearſe,*
Apollo's *ſelf muſt give thoſe Numbers force,*
The God of Muſic *is the God of* Verſe.
What Charms, alas! can our dead Rhimes impart,
Without th'inſpiring Great Muſician's *Art?*
But when the Vital Air his Genius gives,
The Tuneful Stanza *from that moment lives.*
Had never Orpheus *Muſic underſtood,*
His Rhimes had fail'd to charm the ſtupid Wood:
The ſenſeleſs Stones had ne're obey'd his Call,
Nor dane'd themſelves into the Theban *Wall.*

Then let our nobler Bards *this Subject chuſe,*
The Praiſe of Muſic *beſt deſerves their Muſe.*
Why ſhou'd ſome vain Cocquet *employ your Flame,*
Or why ſome undeſerving Patron's Name?
Expos'd in both Attempts to this ſure Curſe,
She jilts your Paſſion, and he bilks your Purſe.
Mark but the upſhot of your flatt'ring Trade;
For after all the Daubing you have laid,
They get no Fame, but you are Scandals made.
Not all your Arts the World's juſt Senſe can Nul,
For that will ſtill believe ——
Your Miſs a Dowdy, and your Patron Dull.

Nath. Tate.

LICENSED, *Rob. Midgley.*

October 23. 1686.

TO ALL
Lovers and Underſtanders
OF
MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Fourth and Laſt Book of the *Theater of Muſic*, or, *A New and Choice Collection of Songs and Dialogues*, will (I doubt not) be very acceptable to all knowing Gentlemen in the Skill of *Muſic*, for ſeveral Reaſons I here mention: Firſt, That moſt of theſe *Songs* and *Dialogues* were Compoſed by the Eminent Dr. *John Blow*, and Mr. *Henry Purcell*, my ever kind Friends, and ſeveral other able Maſters, from whom I received true Copies, which were by them peruſed, before they were put to the Preſs. Secondly, That here is added two excellent Songs long ſince out of Print, *viz. Go Perjur'd Man*, ſet by Dr. *Blow*; and that Dialogue, *When Death ſhall part us from our Kids*, ſet by Mr. *Matthew Lock*; which two are here (with much Care) exactly true printed, by the Diligent Pains of my Father Mr. *John Playford*, whoſe known *Skill* for printing of *Muſick*, our Nation is not ignorant. And laſtly, This excellent Book may be joyn'd and bound with the three former, will make a compleat Volume: Notwithſtanding all this Care and Pains, I muſt expect ſome of our *New Pretenders* to Publiſh and Print *Muſic*, will be diſparaging this Book, thereby to gain Credit and Cuſtom to their own: But I paſs them over in Charity, with *Go on and Proſper*; not doubting, but this (when it comes to the hands of Judicious Gentlemen, and Underſtanders of *Muſic*) they will find the difference; to whoſe Judgments I ſubmit, and ſhall always endeavour to expreſs my ſelf,

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt humble Servant,

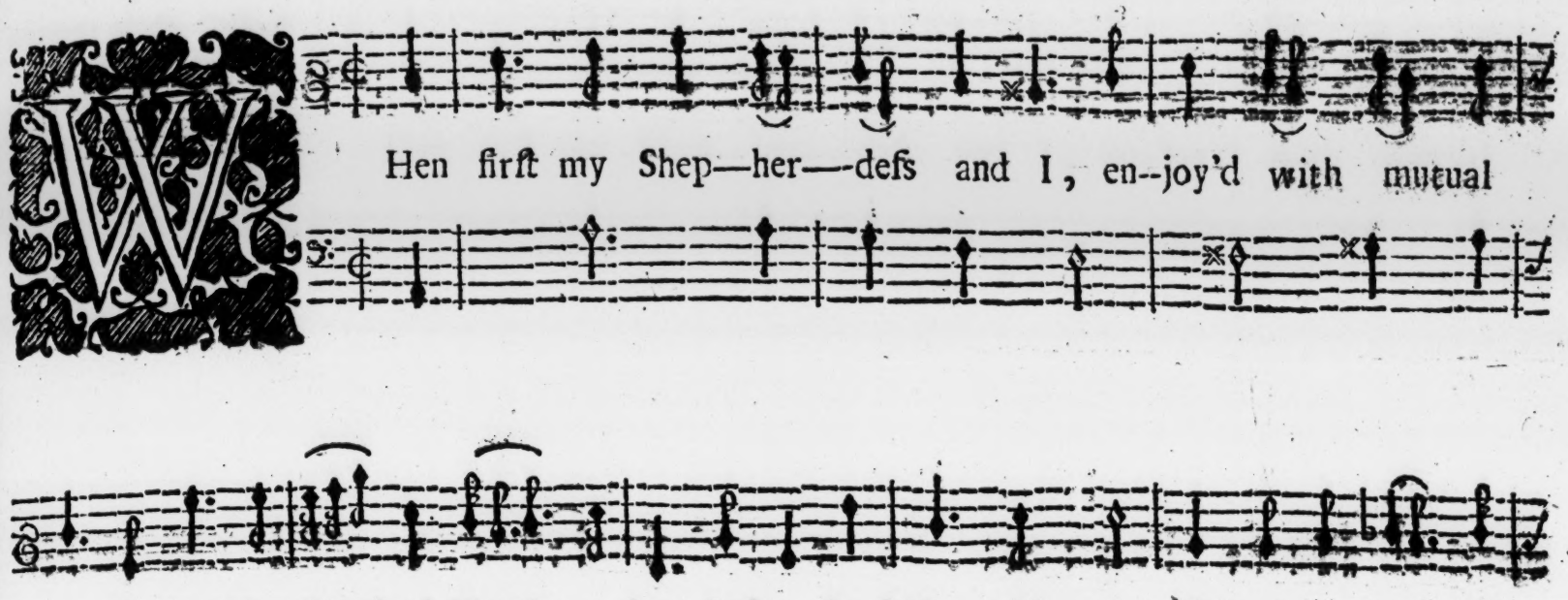
Henry Playford.

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All by Purcell



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

But oh! too ſoon *Myrtilla* came,
By chance into the Plain;
Aminta then was not the ſame,
For all her Vows were vain:
Yet with freſh Charms ſhe did renew
The Vows, my Eyes to blind;
I wiſh'd, but cou'd not think them true,
She being of Womankind.

A. 2. Voc.

AS in thoſe Nations, where they yet a—dore Mar—ble and

Cedar, and their Aid implore; 'tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood, but 'tis the

Worſhipper that makes the God. So cru—el Fair! tho' Heav'ns have giv'n you all, we

Mor—tals Beauty, or can Virtue call; 'tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,

Darts to your Eyes, and to our ſelves the Wounds: But for our Love, which proudly you deride,

vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride; all envy'd Beings which the World can ſhow,

un--to ſome mea--ner thing their Greatneſs owe. Sub--jects make Kings, and we

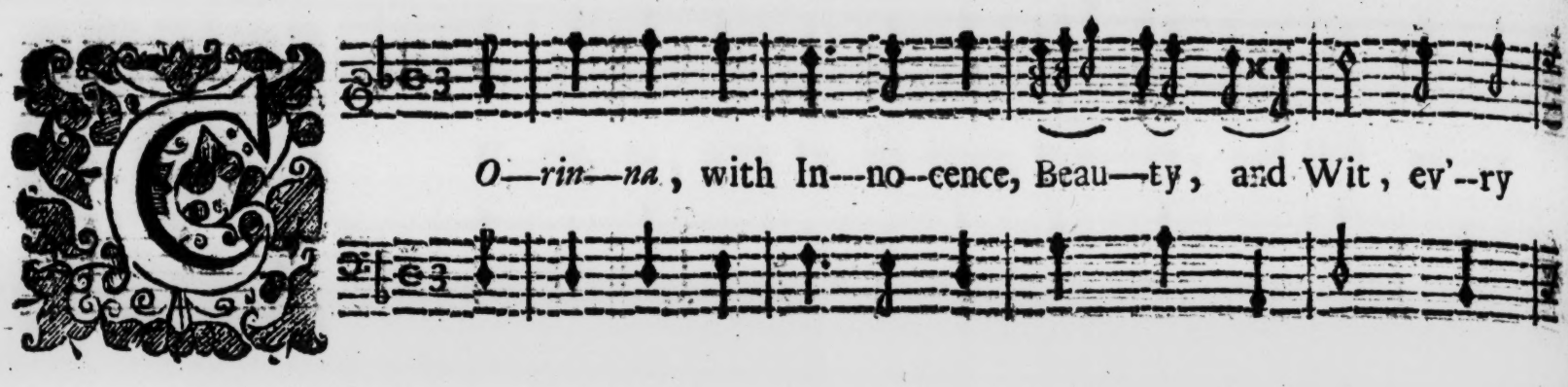
the num'rous Train of hum—ble Lo—vers, con—ſti—tute the Reign: This on--ly

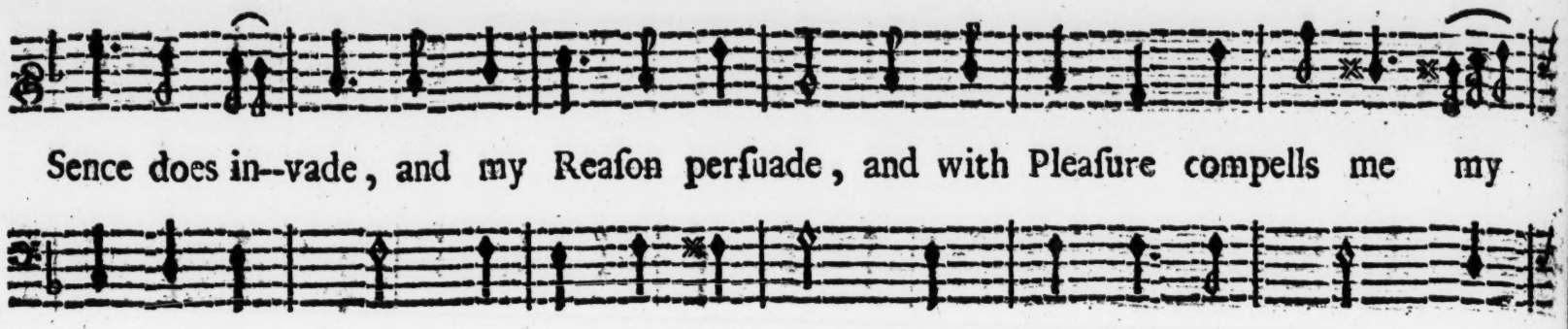
diff'rence, Beauty's Realm can boaſt, where moſt its Fa--vours it en—ſla--veth moſt;

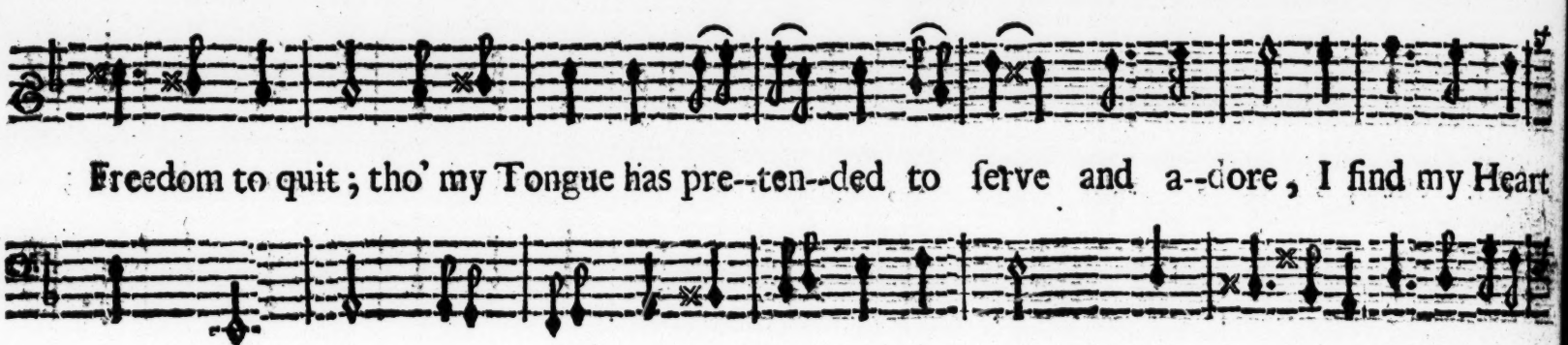
and they to whom it's moſt in—dul—gent found, are al—ways in the ſu-

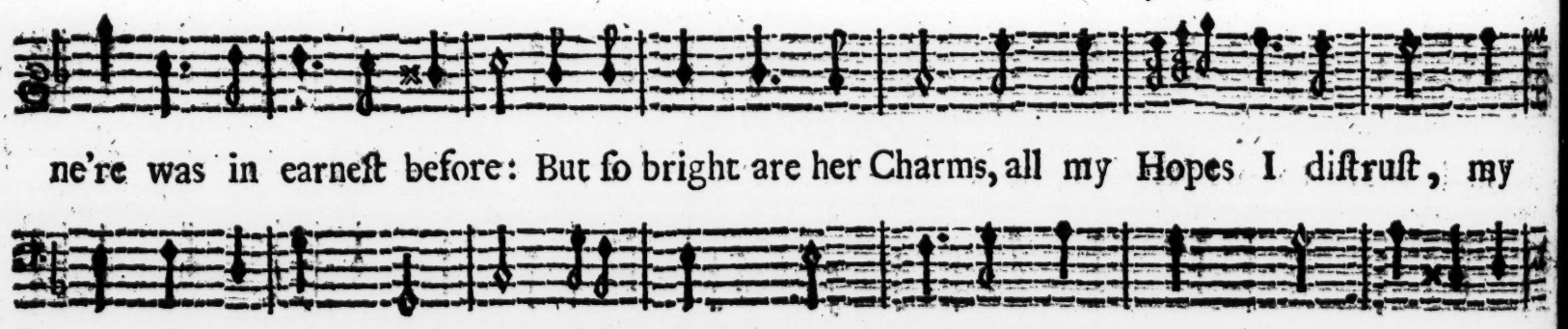
reſt Fetters bound.

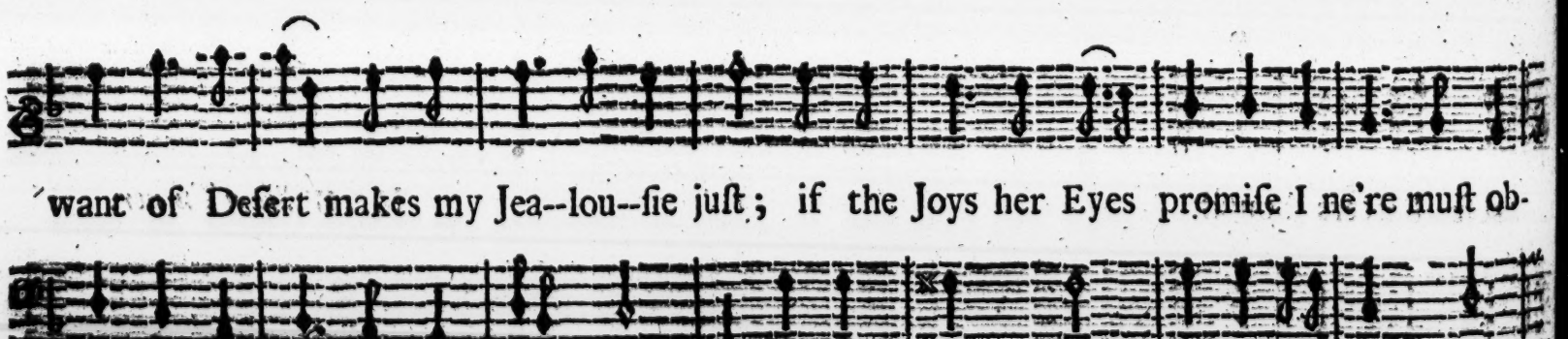
Mr. *William Turner.*

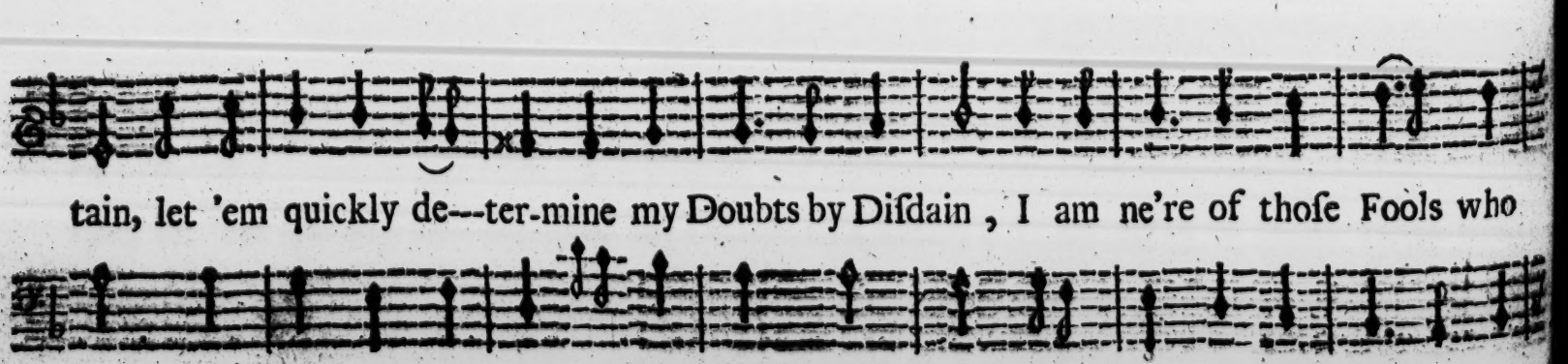

O—rin—na, with In---no--cence, Beau—ty, and Wit, ev'--ry

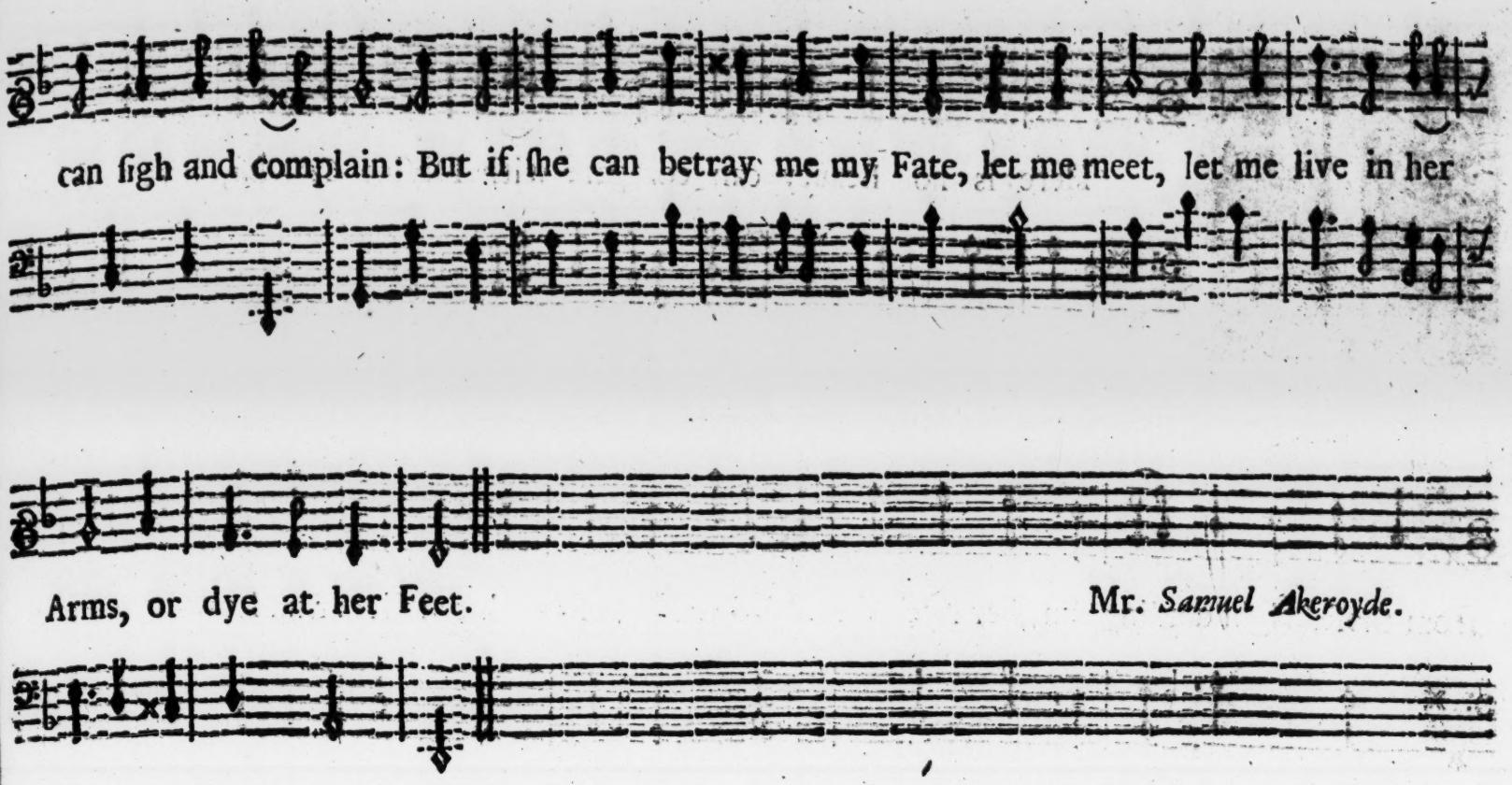

Sence does in--vade, and my Reaſon perſuade, and with Pleaſure compells me my

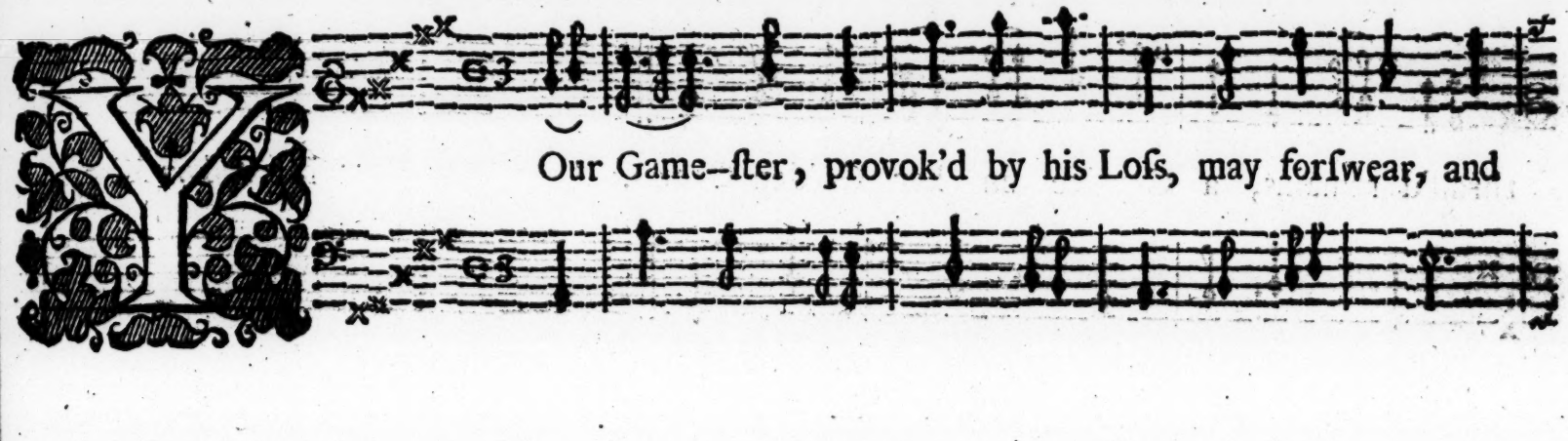

Freedom to quit; tho' my Tongue has pre--ten--ded to ſerve and a--dore, I find my Heart

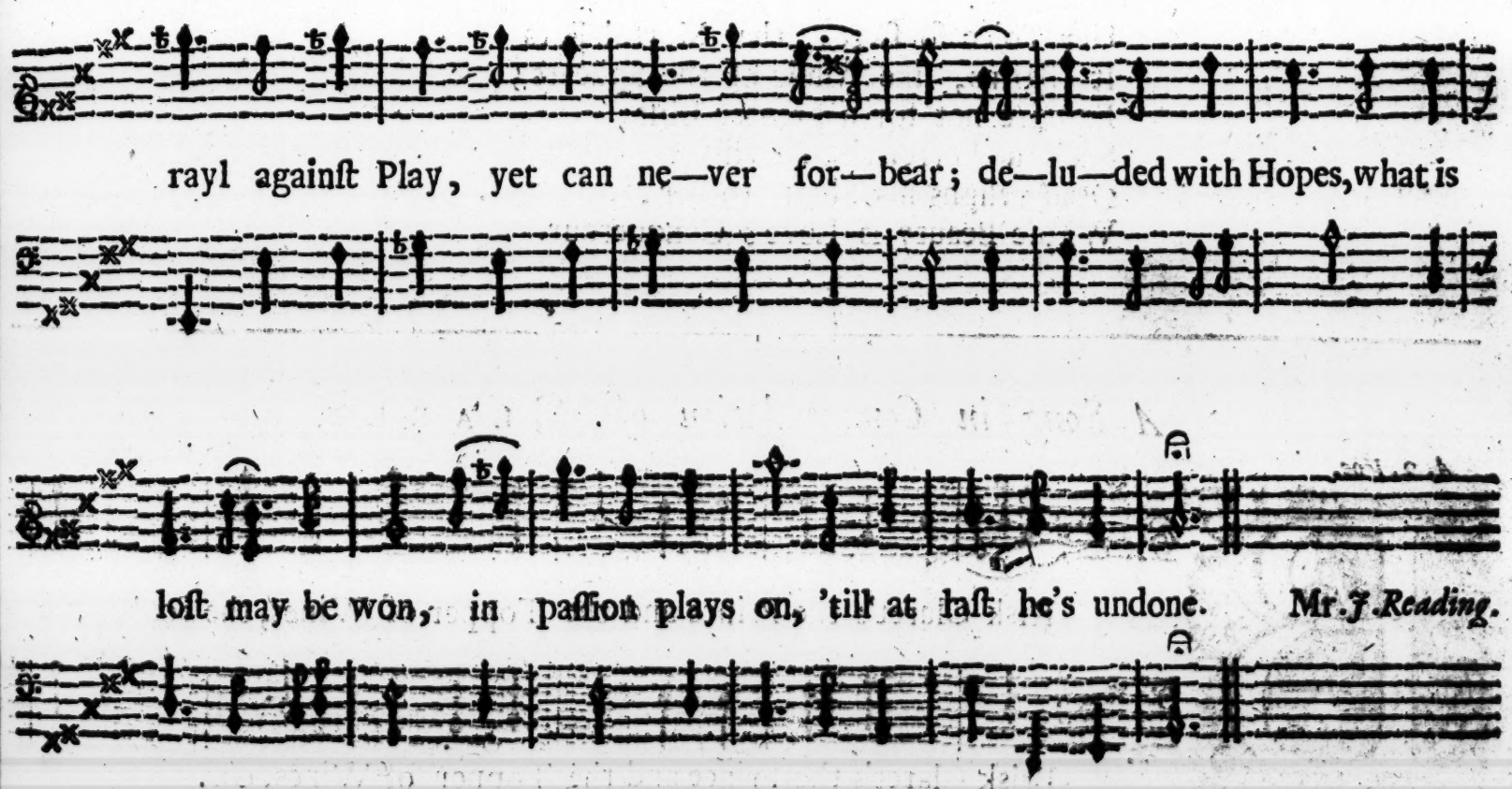

ne're was in earneſt before: But ſo bright are her Charms, all my Hopes I diſtruſt, my


want of Deſert makes my Jea--lou--ſie juſt; if the Joys her Eyes promiſe I ne're muſt ob-


tain, let 'em quickly de---ter-mine my Doubts by Diſdain, I am ne're of thoſe Fools who







II.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain,
Of thoſe fatal wounds which Love gets by diſdain;
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
To expoſe my poor Heart to thoſe Dangers agen.

III.

Clariſſa, I live on the hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me ſo, that you kinder will prove;
In ſome lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your Forces in Arms to deſtroy me.

IV.

My Fortune I hope is reſerv'd for this caſt,
To make me a ſaver for all my Life paſt;
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'le gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.



Here is no Beauty can compare with Divine *Ce—lia*, lovely, fair;
from thoſe bright dazling Suns, her Eyes, fond Li--ber---ty af--frigh-ted flies: And Love it ſelf en-
thrall'd remains, a Captive in her Golden Chains. Mr. *Robert King.*

II.

Her Voice ſo ſweet, that Mortal Ears
It charms, like Muſic of the Sphears;
Enquire not for a greater Bliſs,
She's a Terreſtrial Paradiſe:
Cupid reſigns his Shafts to her,
Whoſe Beauty is Love's Conquerour.

A Song in Commendation of CLARET.

A. 2. Voc.



Risk Claret's the Prince and the Topper of Wines, the Soul of the
Brisk Claret's the Prince and the Topper of Wines, *&c.*
Poet, and Life of his Lines; there's none but adores thee that underſtands Drinking, for

nothing like Claret helps Writing or Thinking: Who e--ver a--buſe thee, we'l ſing in thy

Praiſe, we'l ne--ver re--fuſe thee, who e--ver gain-ſays; we dai--ly will drink thee, our

Veins to re---ple--niſh, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rheniſh.

CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.

We dai--ly will drink thee, our Veins to re—ple--niſh, let Whores and their Cullies drink

We dai--ly will drink thee, our Veins to re—ple--niſh, let Whores and their Cullies drink

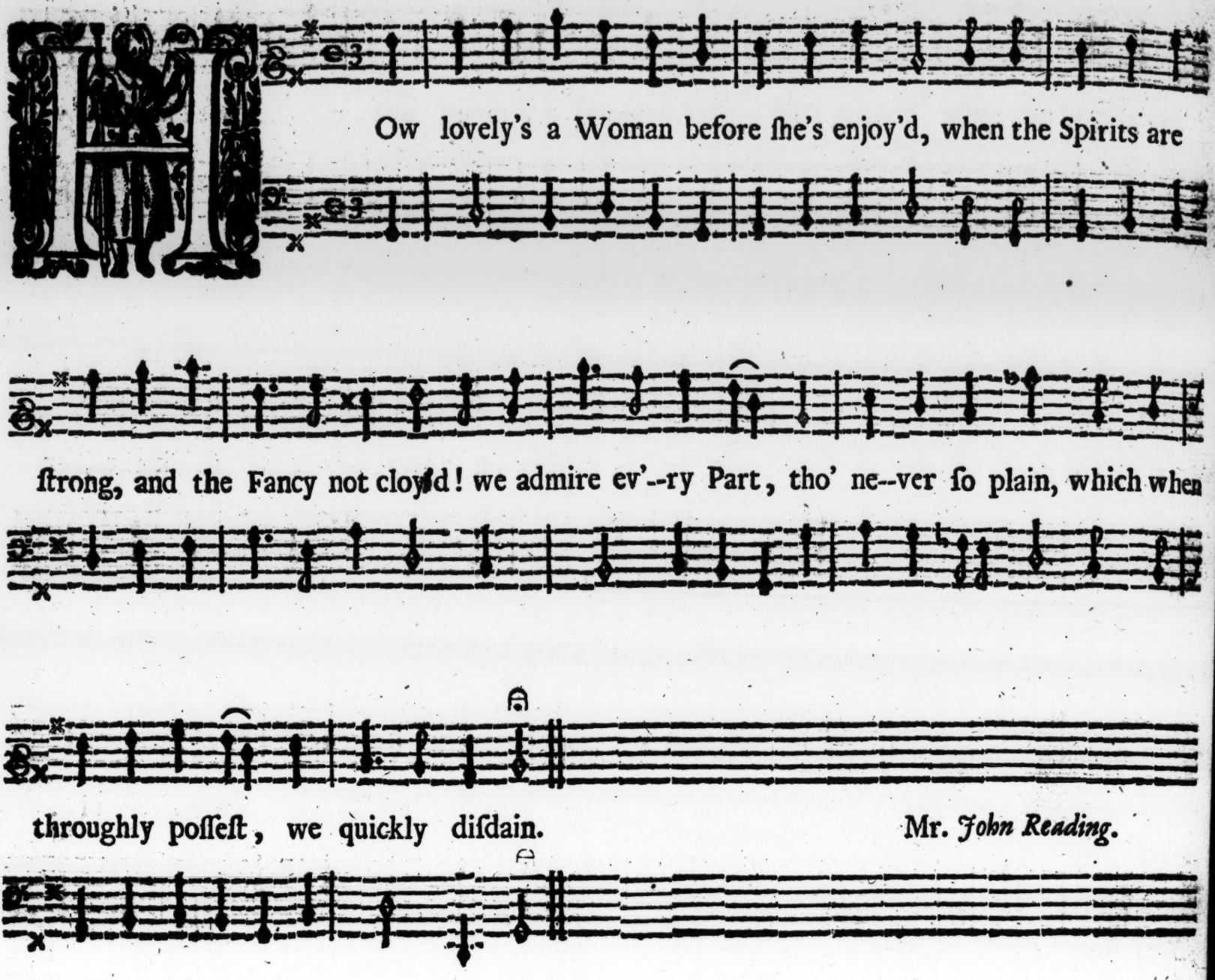
We dai--ly will drink thee, our Veins to re—ple--niſh, let Whores and their Cullies drink

White-wine and Rheniſh, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rheniſh.

Soft.

White-wine and Rheniſh, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rheniſh.

White-wine and Rheniſh, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rheniſh.



II.

So Drinking we love too, juſt at the ſame rate,
For when we are at it, we fooliſhly prate
What Acts we have done, and ſet up for Wit,
But next morning's Pains our Pleaſure do quit.

III.

But Muſic's a Pleaſure, that tyres not ſo ſoon,
'Tis pleaſant in Mornings, 'tis welcom at Noon;
'Tis charming at Nights, to ſing *Catches* in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoyces our Hearts.

IV.

But Muſic alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, tho' never ſo fine;
Therefore by conſent we'l enjoy them all three,
Wine and Muſic for you, and the Women for me.

A. 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus. (*Words by Mr.* Cowley.)

O Ft am I by the Women told, poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'ſt old!

Oft am I by the Women told, poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'ſt old!

look how thy Hairs are fal—ling all, poor *A—na—creon*, how they fall! whether I grow

look how thy Hairs are fal—ling all, poor *A—na—creon*, how they fall! whether I grow

old or no, by th'effects I do not know: This I know without be—ing told, 'tis time to

old or no, by th'effects I do not know: This I know without be—ing told, 'tis time to

live, if I grow old; 'tis time ſhort Pleaſures now to take, of lit—tle

live, 'tis time to live, if I grow old; 'tis time ſhort Pleaſures now to take,

Life the beſt to make, of little Life the beſt to make, and manage wiſely the laſt Stake.

of little Life the beſt to make, the beſt to make, and manage wiſely the laſt Stake.

A DIALOGUE *betwixt* Philander *and* Sylvia.

Philander.

IN a Deſert in *Greenland*, where the Sun ne're caſts an Eye, in con-

Sylvia.

tempt of all the World, I cou'd live with thee my Joy. On the Sands of ſcorched *Affric*, where the

Sun-burnt Natives fry; bleſt with thee, my dear *Philander*, I cou'd chuſe to live and dye.

Philander.

No Nymph, with her ſly ſub---tle Art, e're ſhall have pow'r to ſteal my Heart;

thou art all in all in ev'ry part, each Vein of me ſhall e---ver be panting for love of thee.

Sylvia.

No Swain, with his Wit, Wealth, or Art, e're ſhall have pow'r to ſtorm my Heart;

thou art all in all in ev'ry part, each Vein of me ſhall e—ver be panting for love of thee.

Mr. *William Aylworth.*

I Lov'd young *Phillis*, fair and gay, her Beauty blooming,

freſh as *May*; then, oh then! I lov'd her ſo, I did all o—ther Joyes forego: But

now, a—las! her Beauty's gone, and with it too my Heart is flown. But this my only

comfort is, I often, of--ten, told her this, a certain truth, which now ſhe'l prove, That

none, when Beauty's gon, will Love.

Mr. *John Roffey.*

AH *Strephon!* that I were but ſure, thy Love, like mine, cou'd

ſtill endure; that Time and Abſence, which deſtroys the Cares of Lovers, and their Joys, might

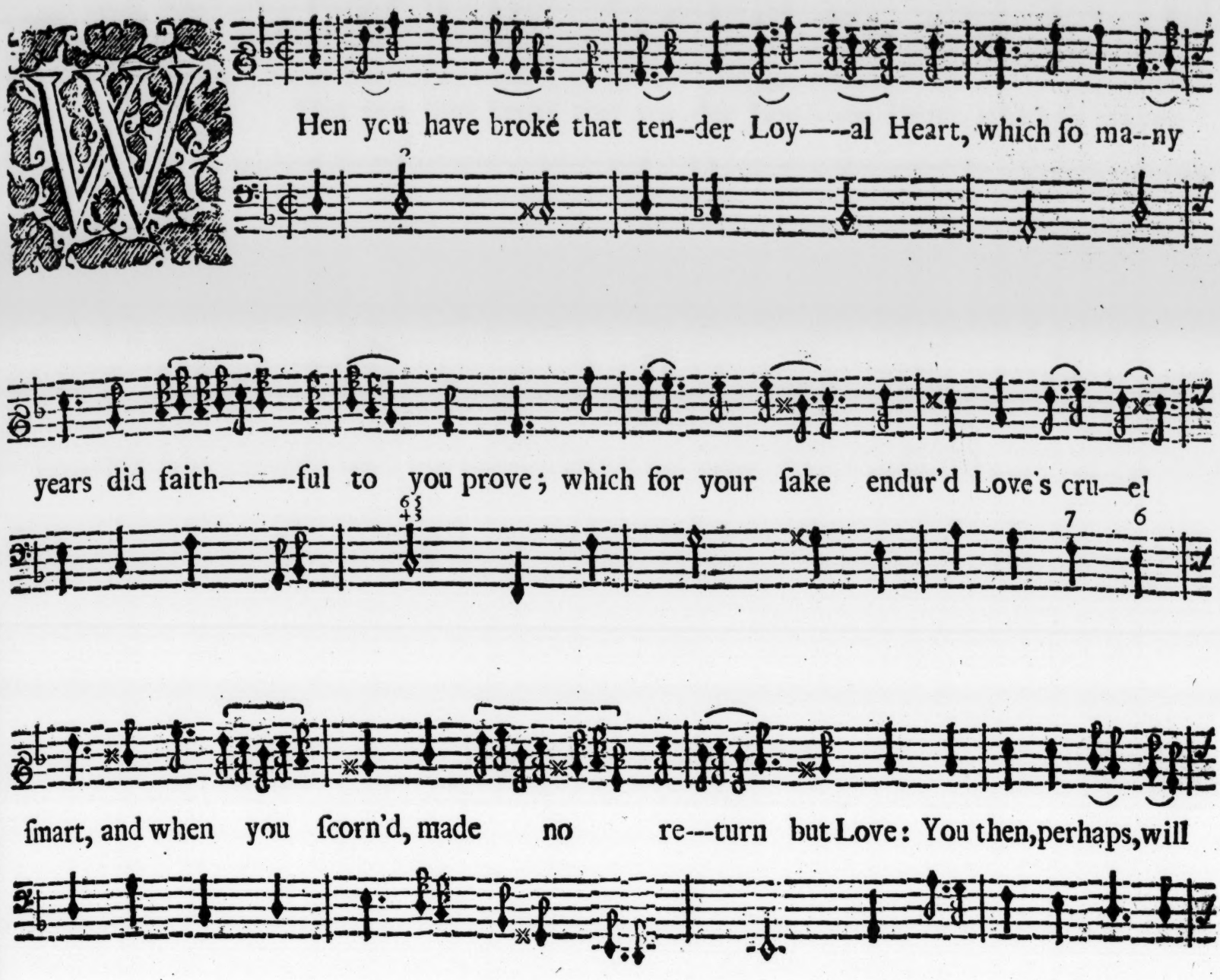
never rob me of that part, which you have giv'n me of your Heart; others unenvy'd

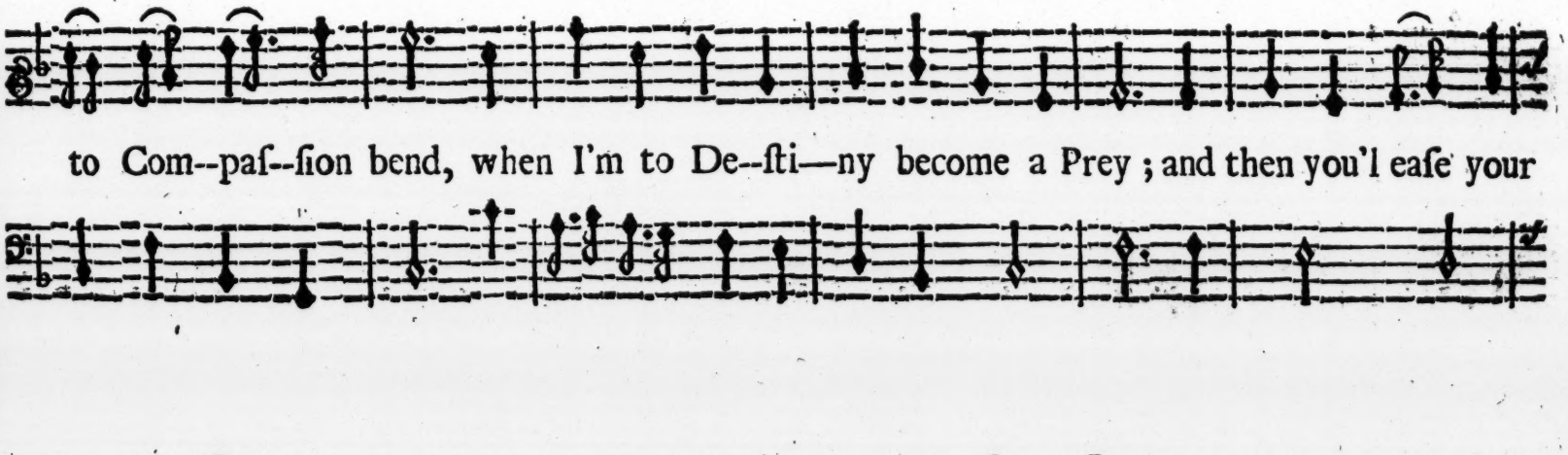
might poſſeſs, what e—ver they call Happineſs.

Mr. *John Roſſey.*

II.

If we, like Turtles, cou'd retire,
With equal conſtancy and fire,
And in ſome cool and lovely Grove,
By laſting heighten ſtill our Love;
How gladly cou'd we baniſh thence
The buſie World's Impertinence!
And all the time we have to ſpare,
Make Love our Buſineſs, and our Care.





Mr. *Snow.*

II.

Then that ſoft Nature Women always ſhare,
  Will be as much your Bane, as Love was mine;
You'l ſigh in vain, and drop a fruitleſs Tear,
  And at th' irrevocable Loſs repine:
My Love before thoſe Eyes ſhall ſtill appear,
  Which gave its Being, and did ruine me;
And you, who ne're cou'd love, ſhall always fear,
  This Vengeance ſhall attend your Cruelty.



TELL me, ye Gods, why do you prove ſo cruel, ſo ſevere,
to make me burn in flames of Love, then throw me in Deſpair? Tell me, what Pleaſure
do you find, to force tor--men--ting Fate; to make my *Syl--via* firſt ſeem kind, then
vow perpetual Hate?

Mr. *Gore.*

II.

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inſpire,
With her bewitching Eyes;
Oft with a Kiſs ſhe'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms ariſe:
With her Diviner Looks ſhe'd bleſs,
And with her Smiles revive;
When ſhe was kind, who cou'd expreſs
The Extaſies of Life?

III.
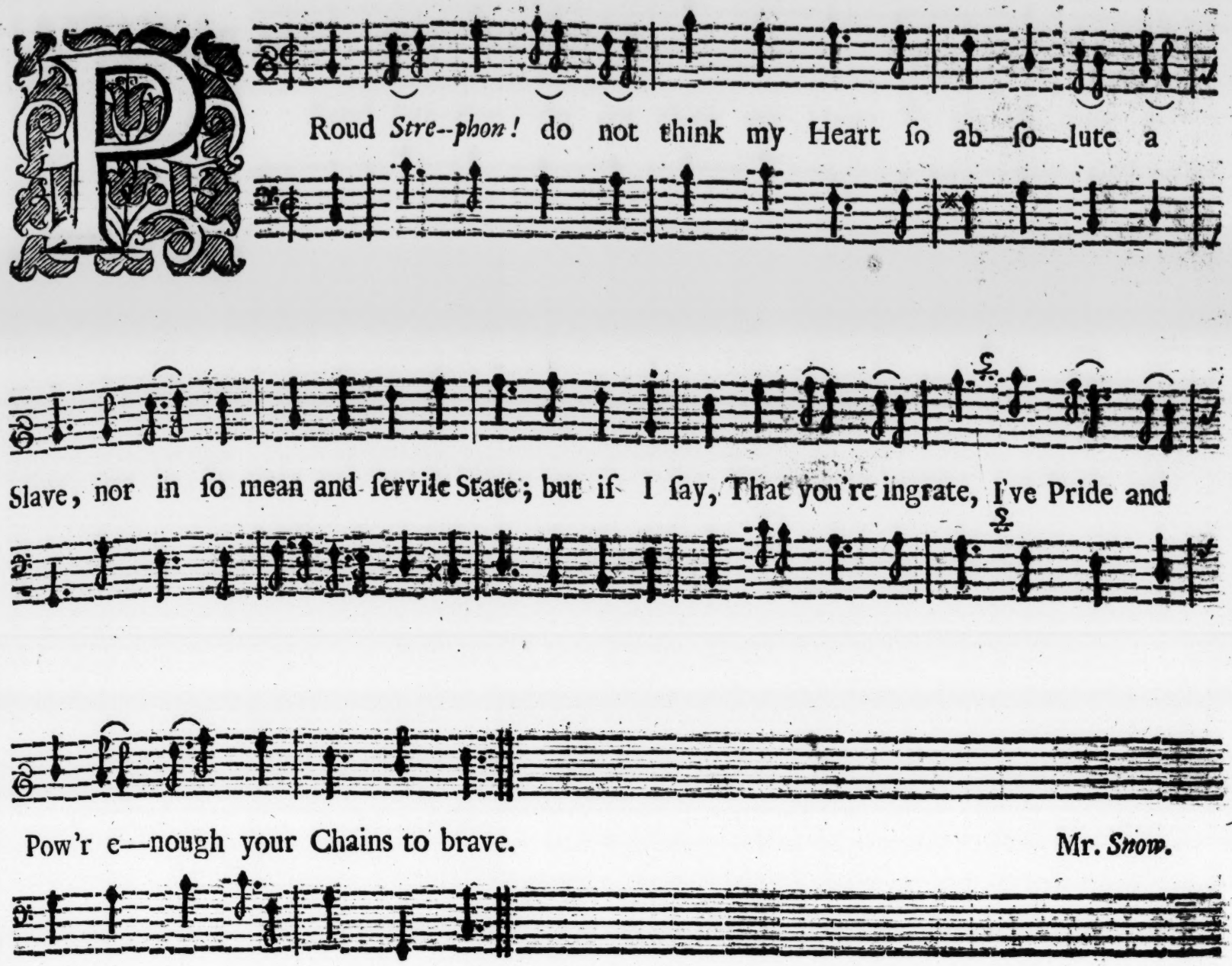
But now I read my fatal Doom,
All hopes now diſappear;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And Vows neglected are:
No more kind Looks ſhe will impart,
No longer will endure
The tender Paſſion of my Heart,
Which none but ſhe can cure.

IV.

Ah cruel, falſe, perfidious Maid!
Are theſe Rewards of Love?
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,
Will you then faithleſs prove?
'Tis pity ſuch an Angel's Face
Shou'd ſo much perjur'd be;
And blaſt each captivating Grace,
By being falſe to me.

V.

Return, return, e're 'tis too late,
The God of Love appeaſe;
Leſt you too ſoon do meet your Fate,
And fall a Sacrifice:
Deſpiſe not then a proffer'd Heart,
But might Love obey;
For Age will ruine all your Art,
And Beauty will decay.



II.

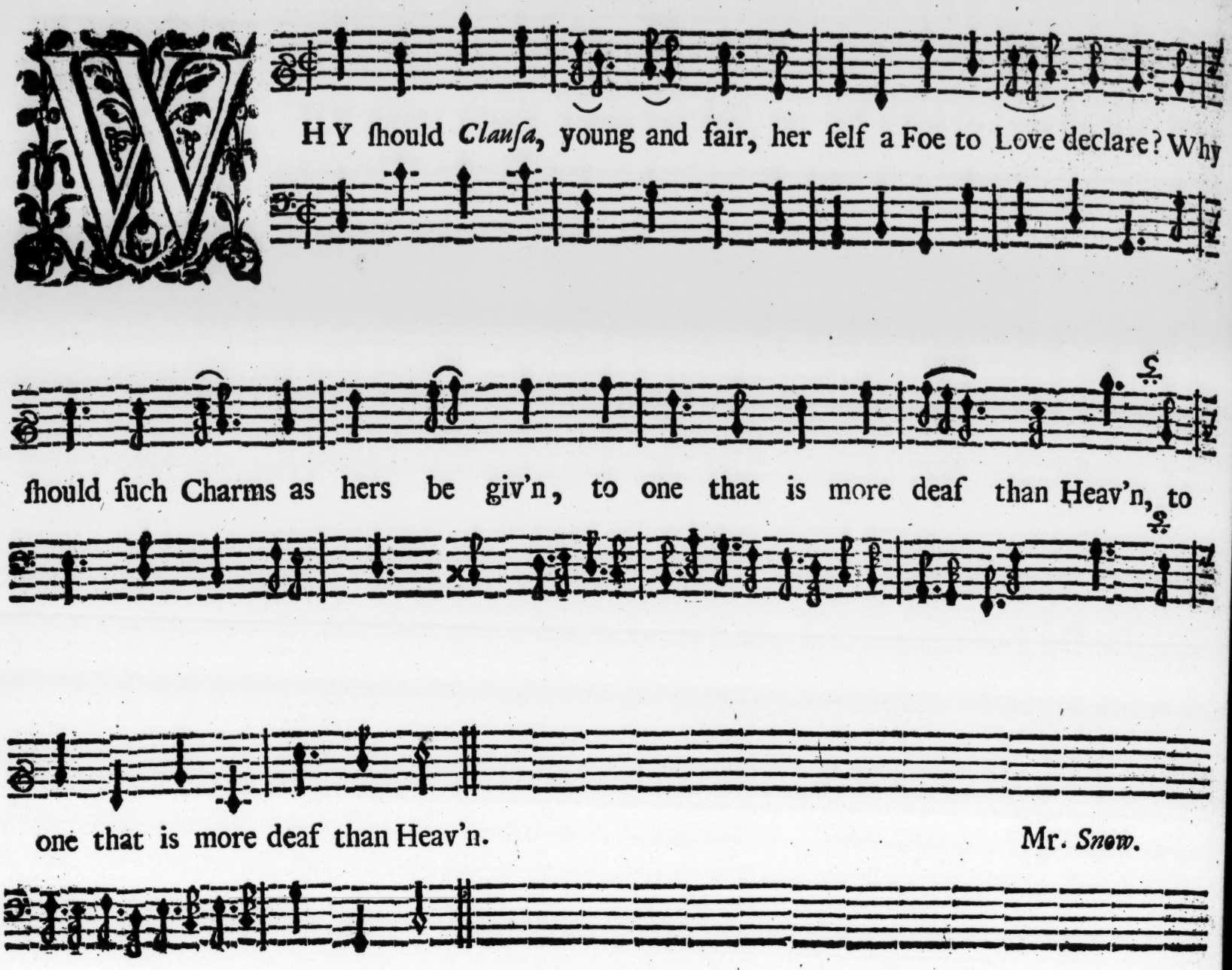
I ſcorn to Grieve or Sigh for one
That does my Tears neglect;
If in your Looks my Coldneſs were,
Or deſire of Change appear,
I can your Vows your Love and you reject.

III.

What refin'd Madneſs wou'd it be,
With Tears to dim thoſe Eyes;
Whoſe Rays it Grief doth not rebate,
Each Hour new Lovers might create,
And with each Look gain a more glorious Prize.

IV.

Then do not think with Frowns to fright,
Or threaten me with Hate;
For I can be as cold as you,
Diſdain as much, and proudly too,
And break my Chains in ſpite of Love or Fate.
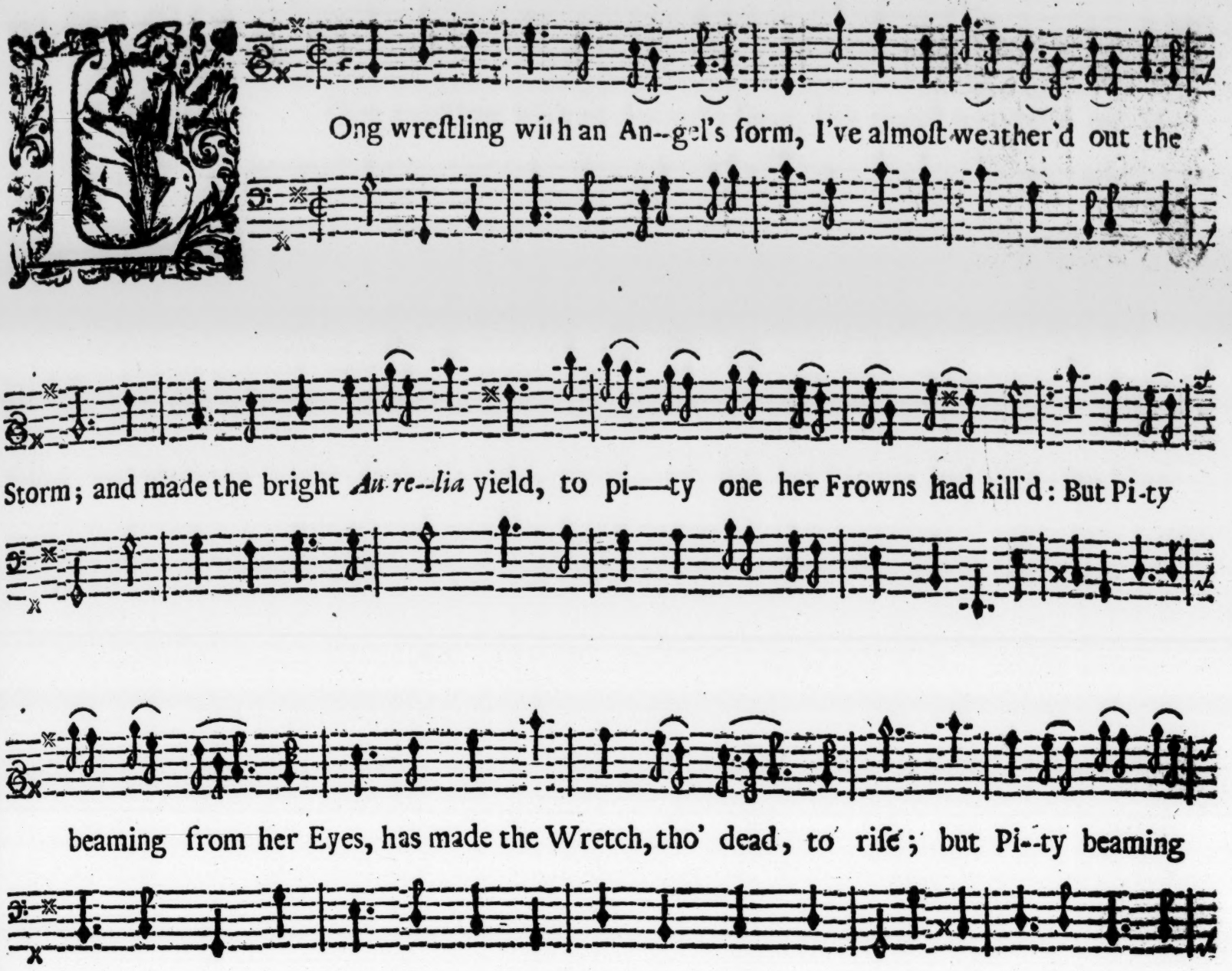


II.

Pray'rs and Tears will there prevail,
But here our beſt Endeavours fail;
To her each Shepherd ſighs in vain,
Whilſt ſhe's regardleſs of their Pain,
𝄋 Whilſt ſhe's regardleſs of their Pain.

III.

Paſſes her pleaſing Hours away,
With a Contempt of all they ſay;
Thus poor neglected *Strephon* lyes,
Falls to her Scorn a Sacrifice;
𝄋 Falls to her Scorn a Sacrifice.



II.

All her Words expreſs her kind,
All her Actions ſpeaks her Mind;
Ten thouſand ways ſhe Love betray,
And to her *Strephon* Heav'n diſplay:
Happy I dy'd, ſince from my Duſt
I riſe to the Honour of the Juſt.
Happy I dy'd, *&c.*

IN th'Evening's Dawn, when Nymphs and Swains fold their Flocks up-

on the Plains, and then re—tire in——to the Grove, to Dance and Sing, and

talk of Love; there a——lone *Strephon* ſate, and thus he did be---moan his Fate:

Why, oh why ſhou'd *Phil——lis* be to all the World ſo gay and free, and

Soft.

yet ſo cold, and yet ſo cold, ſo wond'rous cold to me; and yet ſo cold, and

yet ſo cold, ſo wond'rous cold to me? The Nymph who now was ſet among

Swains and Nymphs, a mer---ry Throng, with ma--ny Lo---vers by her ſide, the

me--lan--cho--ly *Stre--phon* ſpy'd; ſhe roſe and left the Crowd, and thus ac--coſts the

Swain a--loud: O *Strephon!* ſure that Nymph, ſaid ſhe, muſt hap--py, ve--ry hap--py

be, that can provoke, that can provoke ſuch ſe—rious Thoughts in thee, that

ca————————n provoke ſuch ſe—rious Thoughts in thee. Mr. *George Hart.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



Ine, Wine in a Morning makes us youthful and gay, like

Wine, Wine in a Morning, *&c.*

Eagles we ſoar in the Pride of the Day, Gouty Sots of the Night on--ly find a De-

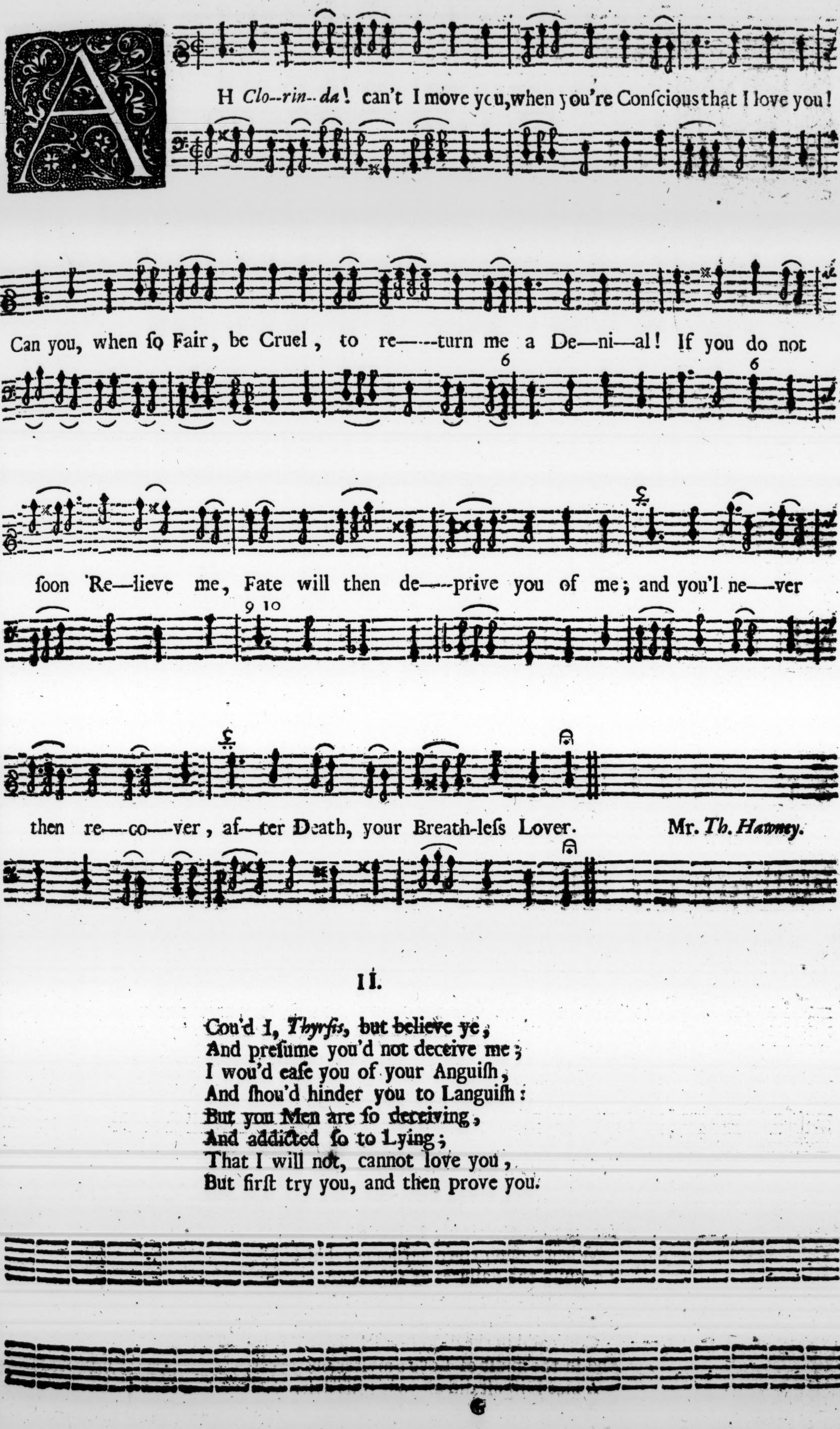
day; Gouty Sots of the Night on—ly find a De--cay. 'Tis the Sun ripes the

Grape, and for Drin---king gives Light, we i---mi--tate him when by Noon we're at height; we

i—mi—tate him when by Noon we're at height; they ſteal Wine, who take it when
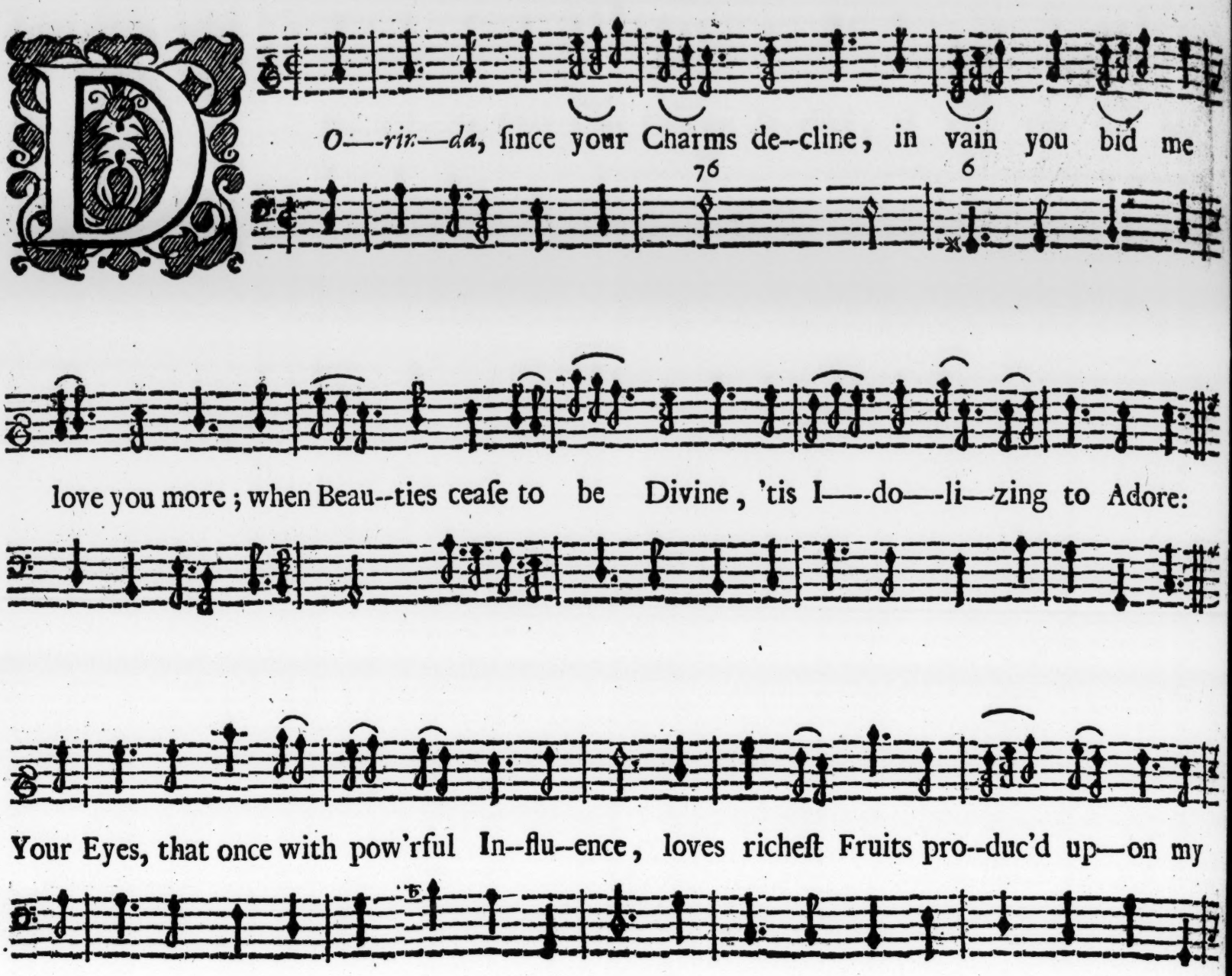
he's out of ſight.

Mr. *George Hart.*



II.

Cou'd I, *Thyrſis*, but believe ye,
And preſume you'd not deceive me;
I wou'd eaſe you of your Anguiſh,
And ſhou'd hinder you to Languiſh:
But you Men are ſo deceiving,
And addicted ſo to Lying;
That I will not, cannot love you,
But firſt try you, and then prove you.



Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde.*

II.

Yet out of Gratitude I ſtrove,
When Paſſion cou'd no longer laſt;
To guild the Failures of my Love,
And Art, the Pleaſures paſt:
But your too-curious Sence diſcern'd the Cheat,
Conceal'd in the diſguiſe of Labour'd Joy:
And in the midſt of Love's myſterious Treat,
A nice Diſguſt did all your Bliſs deſtroy.

MUſt I e———ver ſigh in vain? Muſt I ſuf—fer endleſs Pain?

Trembling at your Feet I languiſh, hear my Grief, oh ſee my Anguiſh! Muſt I e——ver

ſigh in vain? Muſt I ſuf——fer endleſs Pain? All my Actions ſhews I love you,

oh, be kind! let Pi—ty move you! Muſt I e———ver ſigh in vain? Muſt I ſuffer

endleſs Pain.

Senior *Baptiſt.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



How ſweet is the Air, and refreſhing, comes over the Neighbouring

How ſweet is the Air, *&c.*

Plain; this e——ver was coun-ted a Bleſſing, 'mongſt o-ther Enjoyments of Swains: It

ſwee—tens our Humours, which glide in our Veins, like Streams in the Channels, and

Chorus.

ſof——ten our Strains. *Whilſt we ſing by a Fountain ſur—roun—ded with Hills, and the*

Chorus.

Whilſt we ſing, &c.

gen—tle Nymphs Ec—cho's does keep up the Trills. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.
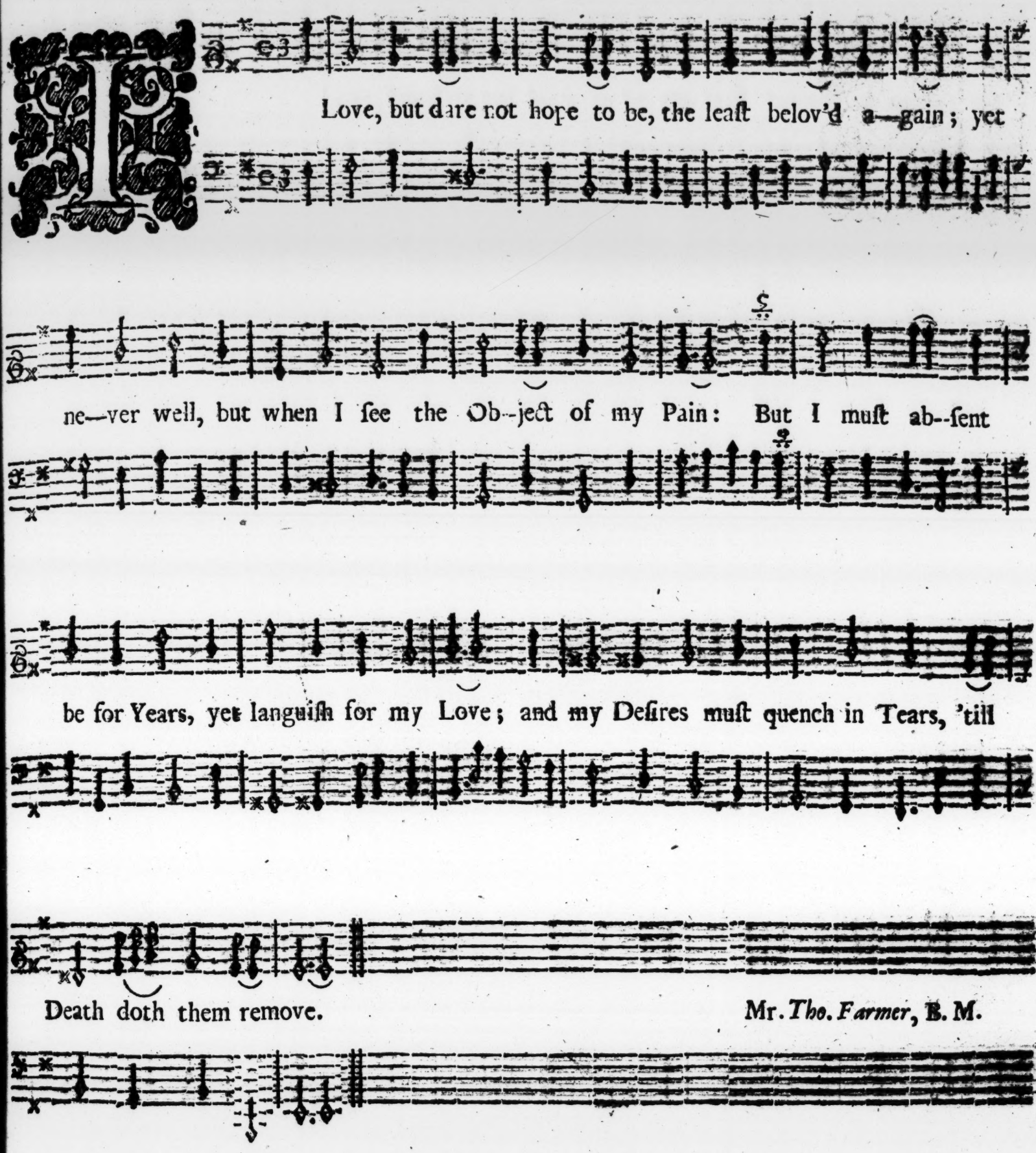
Sometimes in a Grove, as delighting,
We ſit by our Sweetings in Bow'rs;
Fine Roundelays to 'em reciting,
Whilſt making us Garlands of Flow'rs:
As loving as Turtles we paſs the ſoft Hours,
No Shepherd is ſullen, nor Shepherdeſs low'rs.

Chorus. *Whilſt we ſing*, &c.

III.

Then *Laura*, leave off your Deſpiſing,
Thoſe Freedoms the Village allows;
Town-Gallants with fineſt deviſing,
Can't make you ſo happy a Spouſe:
Like Shoots in the Spring our Paſſion ſtill grows,
Our Flocks are not blither, which wantonly brows.
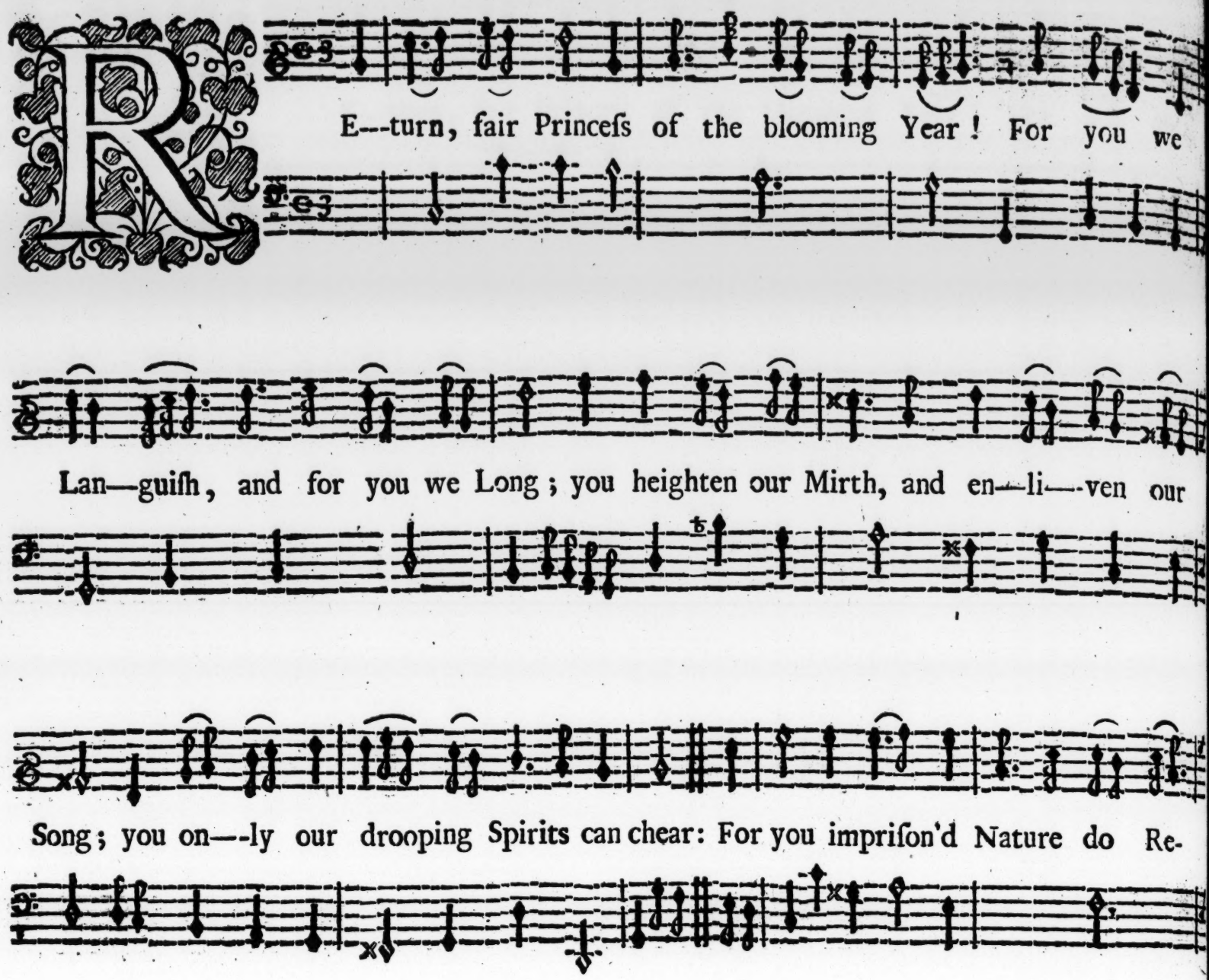
Chorus. *Whilſt we ſing*, &c.

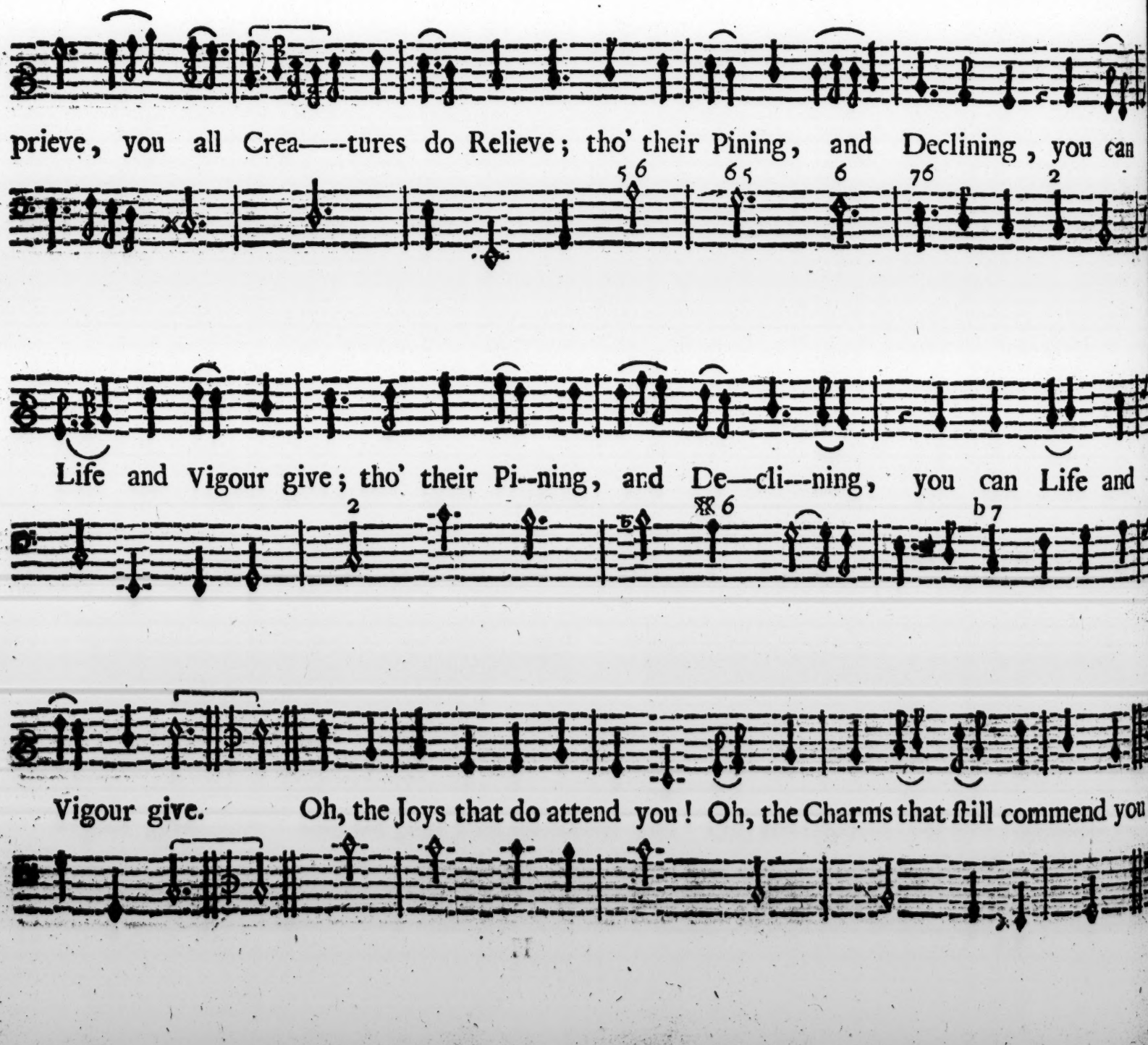


Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.

II.

I to ſome Cave will now retire,
And all but her deſpiſe;
I nothing more than Death deſire,
When baniſh'd from her Eyes:
The ſhady Groves ſhall Eccho round,
Belinda I adore;
But, oh! too ſoon they will reſound,
Deſpair, and think no more.


E---turn, fair Princeſs of the blooming Year! For you we
Lan—guiſh, and for you we Long; you heighten our Mirth, and en—li—ven our
Song; you on—ly our drooping Spirits can chear: For you impriſon'd Nature do Re-


prieve, you all Crea—--tures do Relieve; tho' their Pining, and Declining, you can
Life and Vigour give; tho' their Pi--ning, and De—cli---ning, you can Life and
Vigour give. Oh, the Joys that do attend you! Oh, the Charms that ſtill commend you!

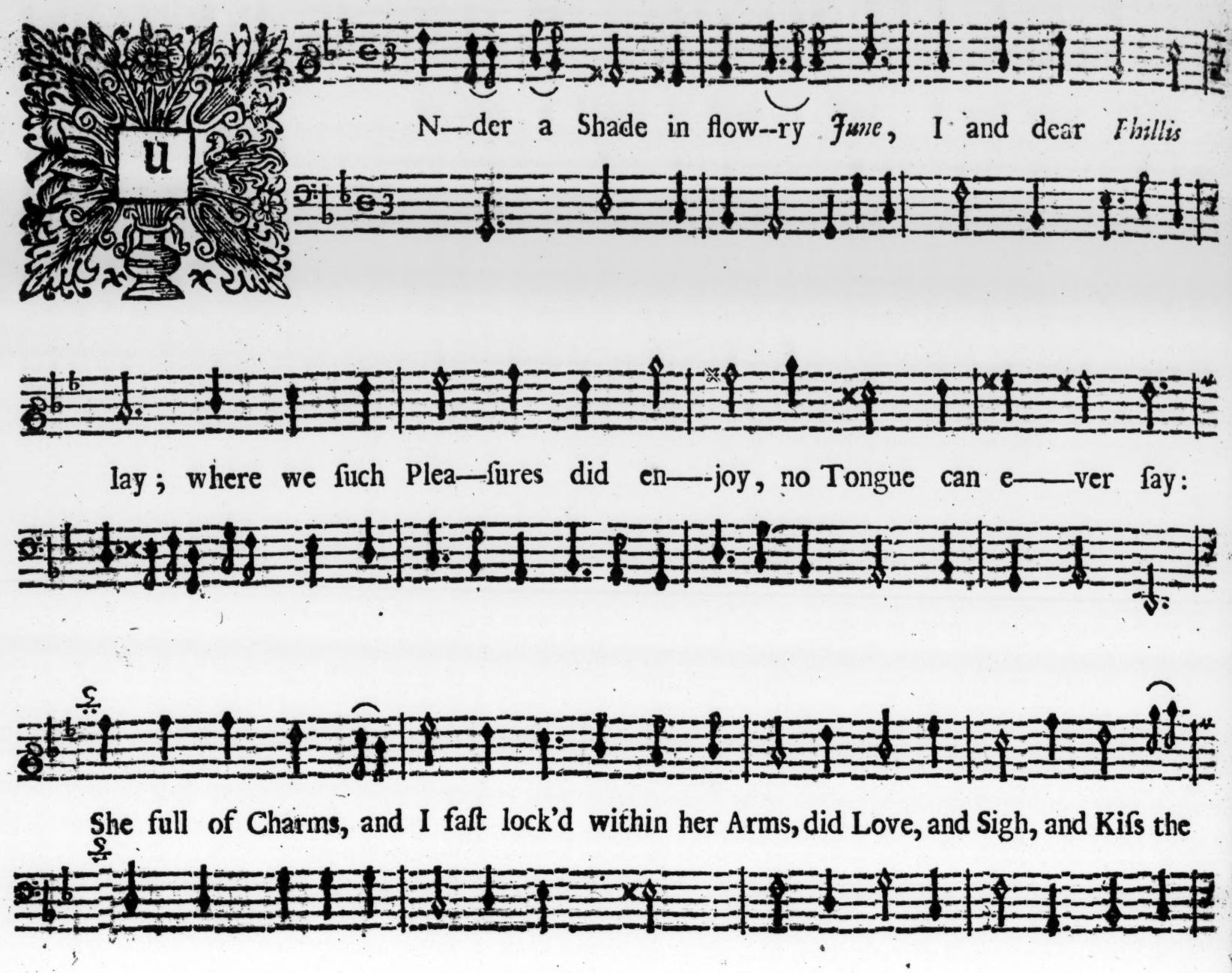
For your Abſence here we mourn; here we Languiſh, all in Anguiſh, 'till thoſe

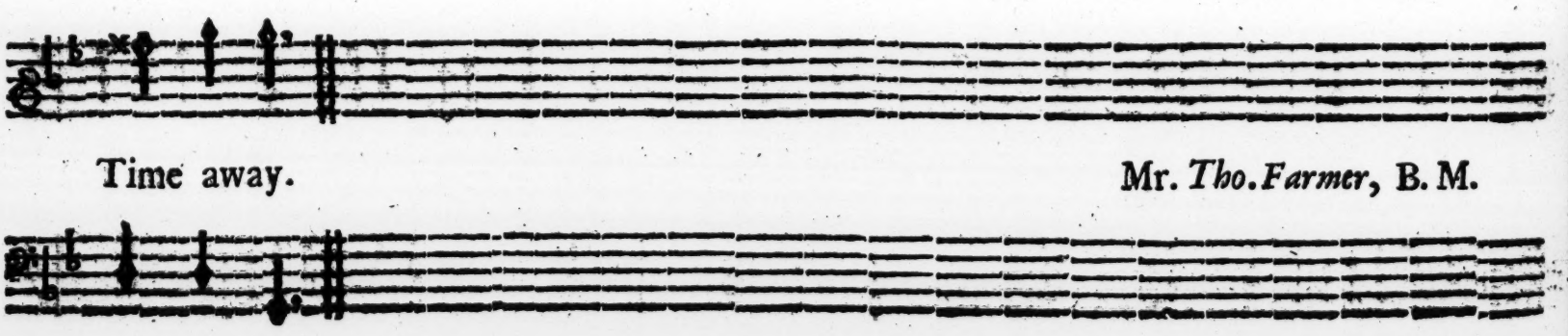
happy Days return. Oh, the Joys that do attend you! Oh, the Charms that ſtill commend you!

Tho' we now are cold and fainting, tho' we're ſpi--rit—leſs and panting; if you viſit once our

Clime, then we'l Chant it, and Gal—lant it, and with joy adore your Shrine; then we'l

Chant it, and Gal--lant it, and with joy a—dore your Shrine. Dr. *John Blow.*





II.

Young *Coridon* by chance came by,
A true and harmleſs Swain;
Who for a Cruel Nymph did dye,
And there did thus Complain:
Muſt all but me
Be bleſt in Love, and happy be?
Eaſe, eaſe, good Gods! come eaſe me of my Pain!

III.

Ah happy *Damon!* happy Man!
Whom Charming *Phillis* loves;
How pleaſantly the time they paſs,
Within yon ſhady Groves!
Tho ſlighted I,
For Fair, but Cruel *Sylvia* dye:
Bleſs them, good Gods! oh bleſs them from above!

I Love, and am belov'd again, I care not who does know it; I

am a conſtant faith---ful Swain, and be'nt aſham'd to ſhew it: For ſince my *Sylvia*

merits more, than Mortal Man can give her; I will e--ver her Adore, and

ne--ver, ne—ver leave her.

Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.
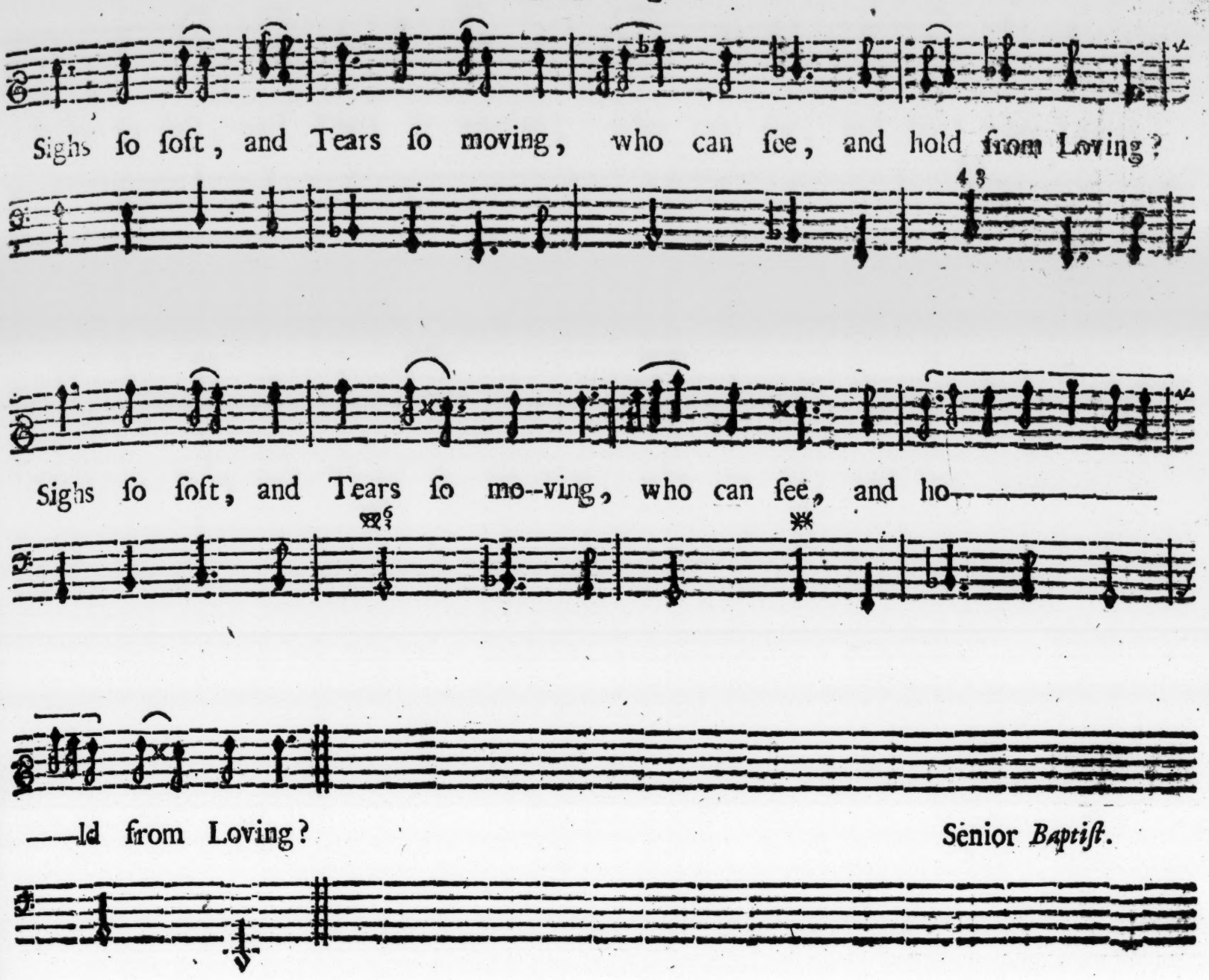
II.

Tho' Cruel Fortune ſeem to frown,
And threaten me with Danger;
While in my *Sylvia*'s Arms I lye,
I'le laugh at all her Anger:
In ſpight of her I'le happy be,
Poſſeſſing ſuch a Treaſure;
Whilſt Gods above do envy me,
And wonder at my Pleaſure.

IN vain I ſtrive againſt my Fate, to conquer all your Charming ways; which
makes me love, when I ſhou'd hate, and wiſh with you to ſpend my Days: But, oh! if all my
Fears are true, and you in--con--ſtant prove to me; I'd better dye than trou—ble you, and
date my Eaſe from Mi--ſe--ry.

Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.

WHen I ſee my *Stre--phon* Languiſh, with Love's migh—ty
Cares oppreſt; when I ſee his Tears and An—guiſh, Pi--ty warms my ſtubborn Breaſt:



II.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
  Won me firſt to hear this Tale;
Strephon's Truth, by every Creature,
  Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
Not a Nymph that wou'd not chooſe him,
Why ſhou'd I alone refuſe him?

III.

All Ingratitude, they tell us,
  Bears of Ills the blackeſt Dye;
Why ſhou'd Vertue then compell us
  To be wicked, and deny?
Thus my Love with Honour's pleading,
Thus my Love for *Strephon*'s bleeding.

A. 2. Voc. *ALTUS.* Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Fill, fill, fill the Boul with Ro--ſie Wine, fill, fill the Boul with Ro—-ſie
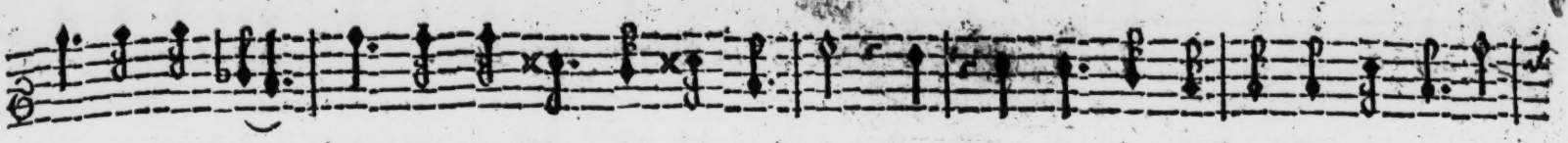
Wine, with Roſie Wine, a—rou ——————nd our Temples, a—rou——————nd our

Temples Roſes twine; and let us chear——————ful—ly a-while, and let us

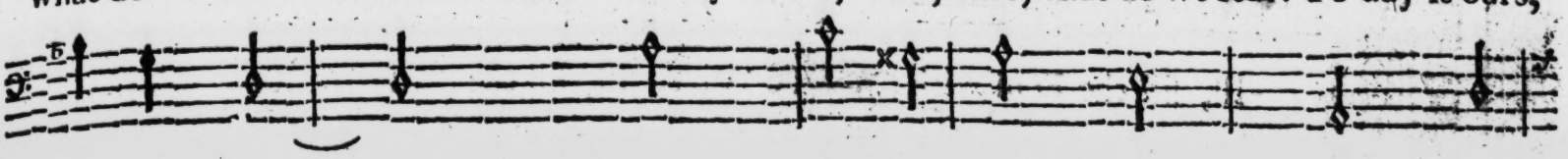
chear—ful—ly a-while, like the Wine and Roſes ſmile, like the Wine and Ro—ſes ſmile:

Crown'd with Ro---ſes, we contemn, *Gy--ges* wealthy Di—a—dem; crown'd with

Roſes, we contemn, *Gy---ges* wealthy Di—a—dem. To day is ours, to day is ours,
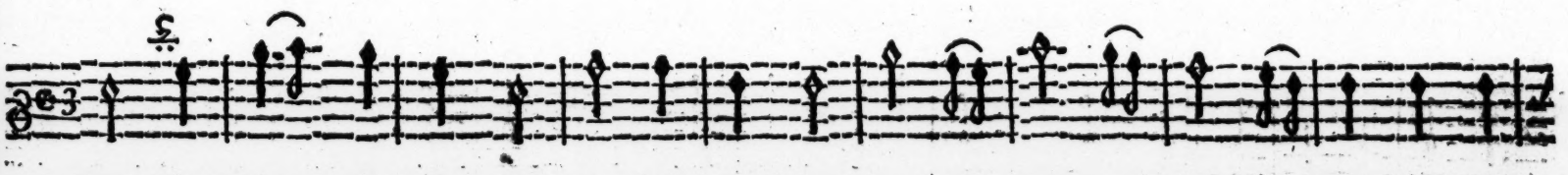


what do we fear? What do we fear? To day is ours, what, what, what do we fear? To day is ours,
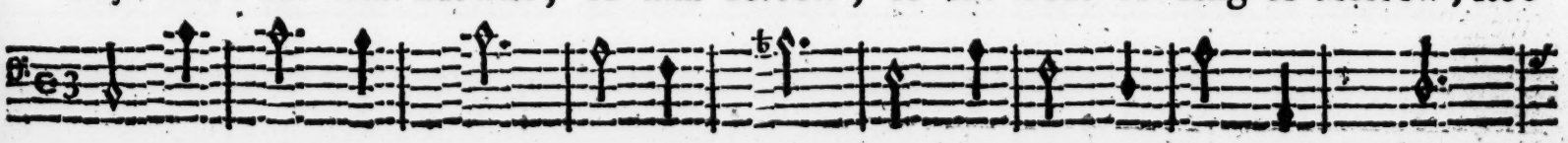


is ours, we have it here; let's treat it, treat it kind—ly, that it may wiſh, at



leaſt with us to ſtay; let's treat it kind——ly, that it may wiſh, at leaſt, with us to

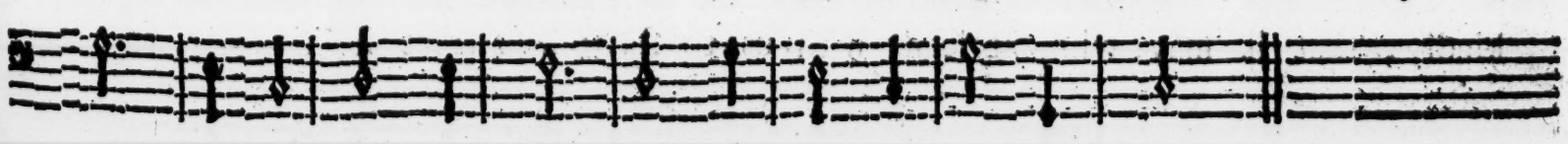


ſtay: Let's ba---niſh Bus'neſs, ba--niſh Sorrow, to the Gods be--long to Morrow; let's

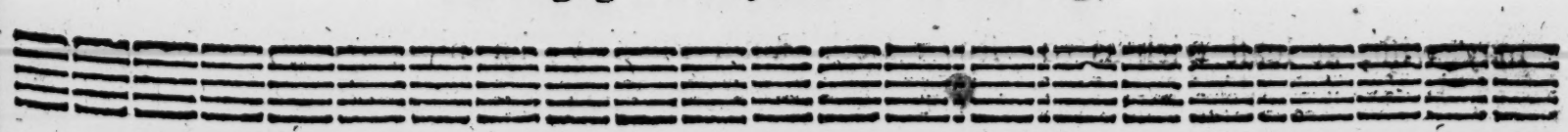


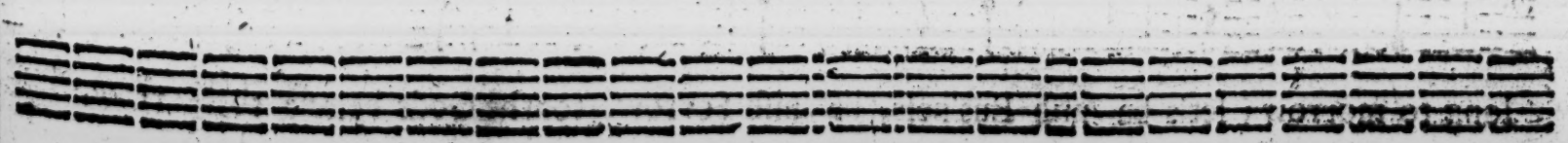


ba--niſh Bus'neſs, ba—niſh Sorrow, to the Gods be--long to Morrow. [Mr. *Cowley*'s words.



The Singing **BASS** *follows in the next Page.*





A. 2. Voc. *The Singing BASSUS to the foregoing Song.* Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Fill, fill the Boul with Ro—ſie Wine, fill, fill the Boul with Ro—ſie Wine, the

Boul with Ro--ſie Wine, a—rou——————————————nd our

Temples Ro—-ſes twine; and let us chear——————————-ful--ly a-

while, like the Wine and Ro--ſes ſmile, like the Wine and Roſes ſmile: Crown'd with Ro--ſes,

we contemn, *Gy—-ges* wealthy Di--a--dem; crown'd with Roſes, we contemn, *Gy--ges*

wealthy Di--a--dem. To day is ours, is ours, what do we fear? To day is ours, what do we fear!

what, what do we fear? To day is ours, is ours, we have it here; let's treat it, treat it

kindly, that it may wiſh, at leaſt, with us to ſtay; let's treat it kind---ly, that it

may wiſh, at leaſt with us to ſtay: Let's baniſh Bus'neſs, ba--niſh Sorrow, to the Gods be-

long to morrow; let's ba--niſh Bus'neſs, ba--niſh Sorrow, to the Gods belong to Morrow.

I Yield, I yield! Divine *Al--thea*, ſee! how proſtrate at thy Feet I

bow; fondly in love with my Cap-ti--vi--ty, ſo weak am I, ſo mighty thou: Not

long a---go I cou'd de--fy, arm'd with Wine and Company, Beauty's whole Ar-til--le--ry.

Quite vanquiſh'd now by thy mi-ra-cu-lous Charms, here fair *Al-the--a!* take my Arms; for

ſure, he cannot be of Humane Race, that can re---ſiſt ſo bright, ſo ſweet a Face.

Mr. *John Roffey.*

THe ſweet *Me-li--na*'s Eyes ſo wounds my Heart, that thence the Pains diſ-

fus'd thro' ev'--ry Part; and I no more can live, if ſhe's un—kind, ye Gen—tle

Pow'rs, let me ſome Pi——ty find! I at your Altar humbly tell my Grief, Oh let her, let her

of--fer ſome Relief! Oh let her, let her of--fer ſome Relief! Did ſhe but know my

Love, ſhe'd make me bleſt, ſuch Love as mine might thaw a frozen Breaſt, much

more *Melina*'s, whoſe ſweet Humour's ſuch, that Pen nor Tongue can ne--ver Praiſe too much: Deal

kindly with your poor un—hap--py Swain, let me not love, let me not beg in vain;

let me not love, let me not beg in vain. I have more va--lue for her pleaſing

Smile, than the va———---lt Treaſures of this Wealthy Iſle; one gentle Look from

fair *Me—li—ni*'s Eyes, I do much more than the rich *In—-dies* prize; I

do much more, much more, I do much more; much more than the rich

In—dies prize; I do much more, much more than the rich *In—dies* prize.

Ah charming Fair! 'tis Love for Love you owe, no greater Bleſſing I deſire to know;

my Love is fix'd, it never ſhall re——move, I'le be *Me--li--na*'s Martyr, or her

Love, or her Love; I'le be *Me—li—na*'s, I'le be *Me--li--na*'s Mar--tyr, or her Love. Yet

ſhou'd *Me--li---na* cheriſh my De—ſire, and blow my Dying Em--bers to a Fire;

ſo bright, and ſo devout, that Flame ſhou'd be, as might appeaſe an an--gry De--i---ty.

Mr. *James Hart.*

How oft did Love aſſault young *Strephon*'s Breaſt, yet in his Heart, in his

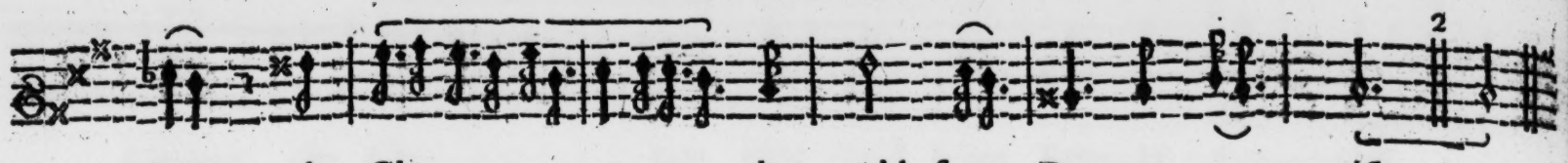
Heart cou'd gain no In—te--reſt? When thouſand, thouſand, thou ——— ſand Beauties

took the Field, when thouſand Beau---ties took the Field, and made as ma——ny

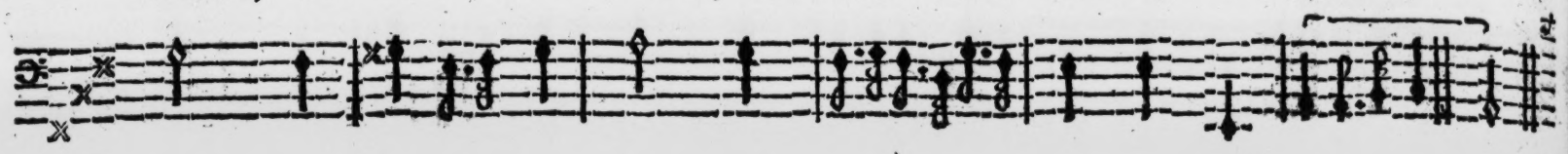
Lo--vers yield: He ſaw the Light, but felt no heat; he ſaw the Light, but

felt no heat, with a———————ll their Lambent Fire be—-ſet.

This great Succeſs, this great Succeſs, made the bold Youth deſpiſe, all the Charms, all the
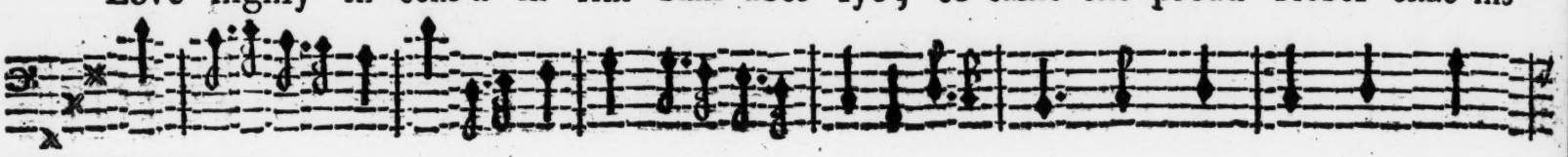


Charms, the Cha————rms, that cou'd from Beau--ty a———riſe.

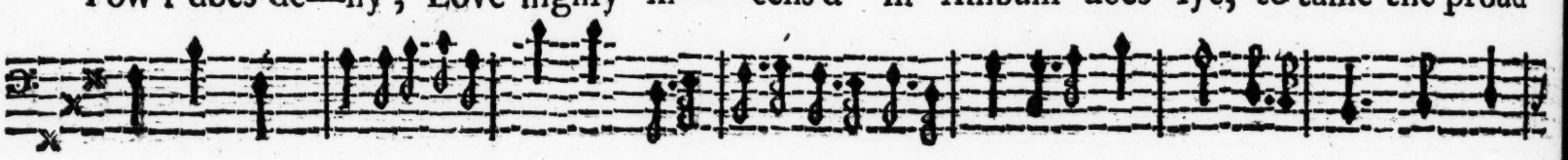




Love highly in--cens'd in Am--buſh does lye, to tame the proud Rebel that his
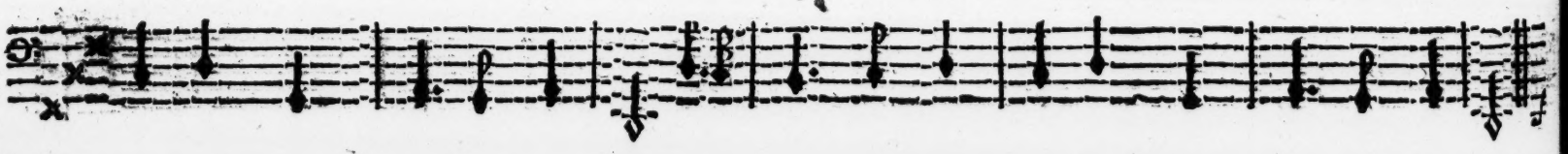


Pow'r does de—ny; Love highly in——cens'd in Ambuſh does lye, to tame the proud
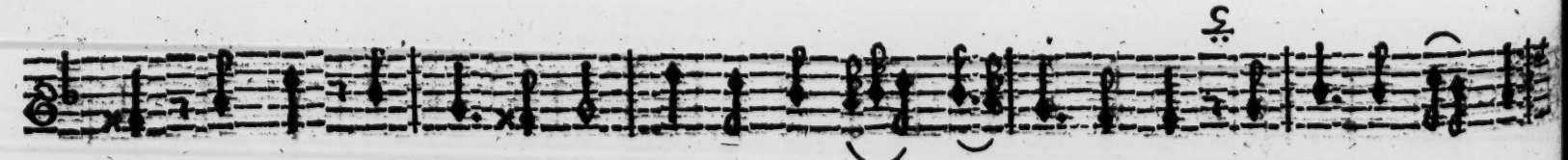




Rebel that his Pow'r does de—ny, to tame the proud Rebel that his Pow'r does deny.





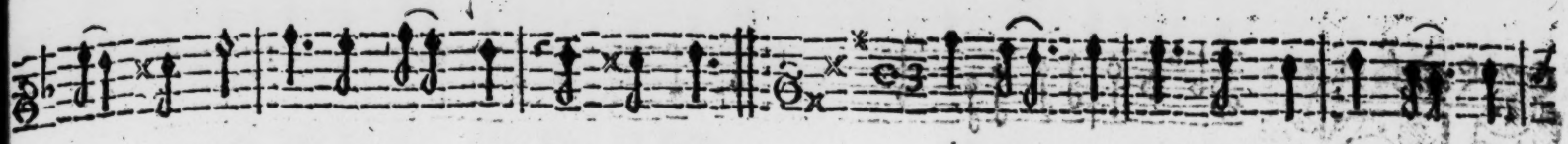
And now the fa—--tal Hour is come, wherein the Swain receives his Doom: He
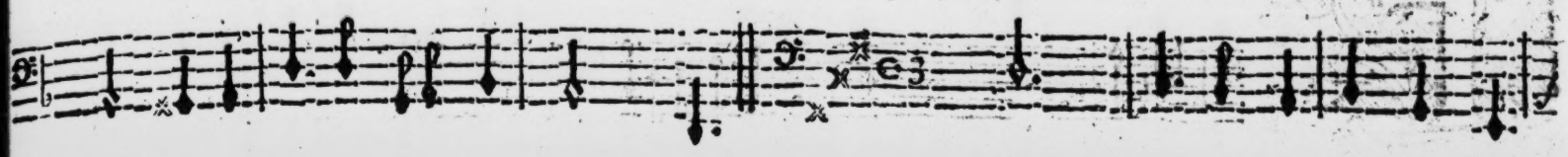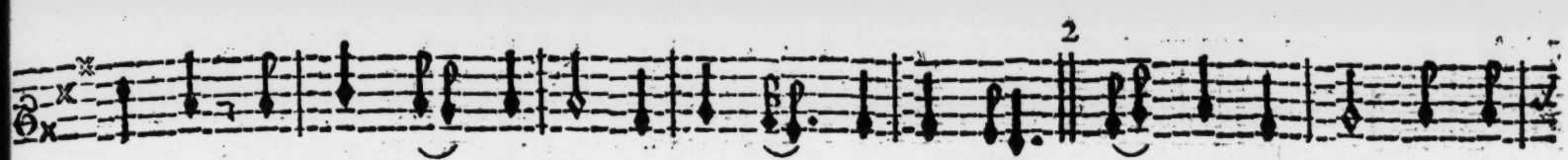




ſees, he burns, he ſighs, he dyes, ſlain by his *Ce——lia*'s darting Eyes; for he that in great



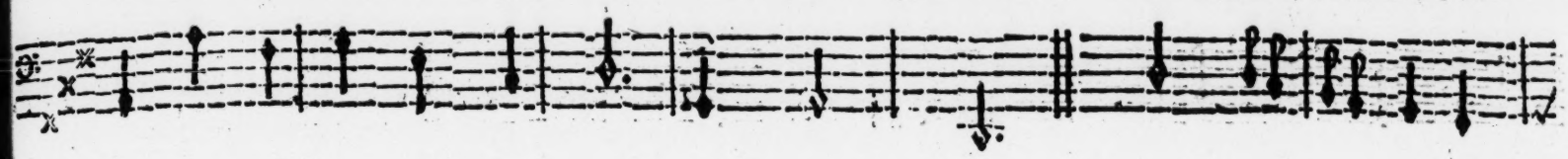


War prevails, oft in ſin—gle Du--el fails. Happy is *Strephon* in this his true





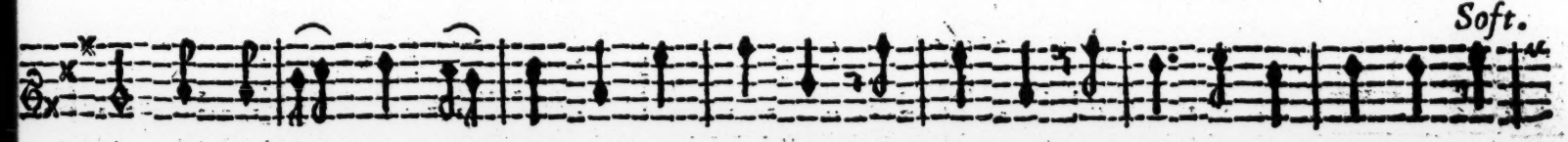
Paſſion, the Nymph on his Pain at length had compaſſion: In her ſoft Charms he en-



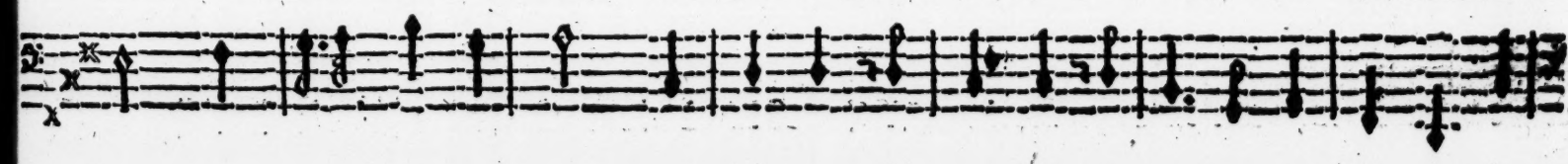
joys ſuch a Treaſure, there's nothing that's Mortal can e---qual his Pleaſure; in her ſoft



Soft.



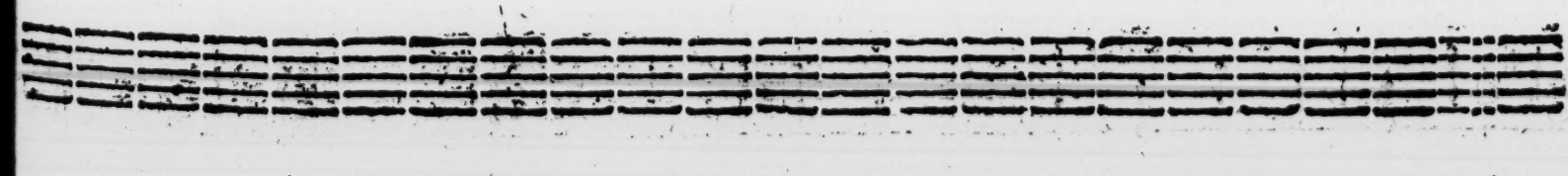
Charms he en--joys ſuch a Treaſure, there's nothing that's Mortal can equal his Pleaſure, there's

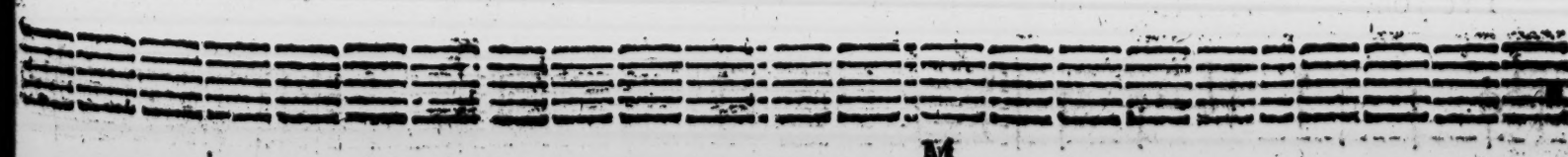




nothing that's Mortal can e--qual his Pleaſure. Mr. *James Hart.*







Air angry Nymph! this Pride is loſt, this Scorn, theſe Frowns ſuc-ceſs--leſs

are; when Thun———————--der, when Thun———————---der from the Cloud is

toſs'd, we grow de—vou—ter than we were: If Heav'n in Smiles were always dreſt,
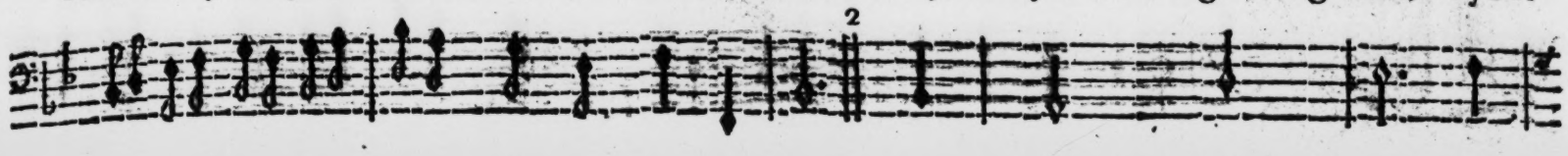
we ſhou'd neglect the Pow'r of Fate; Danger, and fear to be op--preſt, 'tis that which makes De-

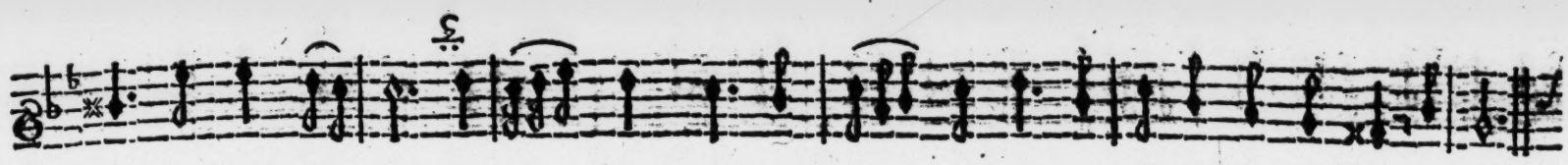
votion great; Danger, and fear to be op--preſt, 'tis that which makes De-vo--tion great.

Let your Eyes with Light'ning blaſt, let your Brow to Thunder turn; content, and pleas'd, I'le
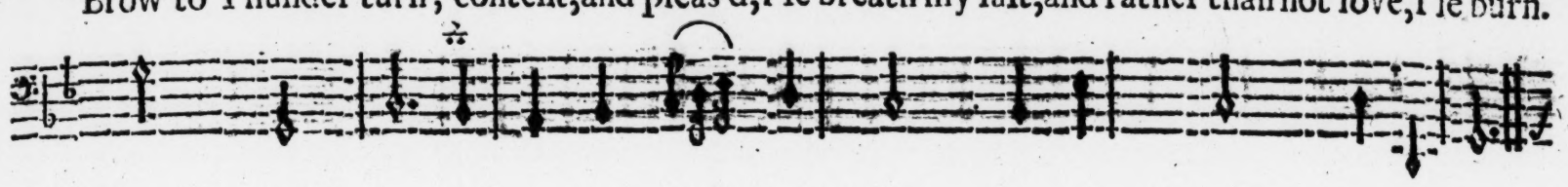


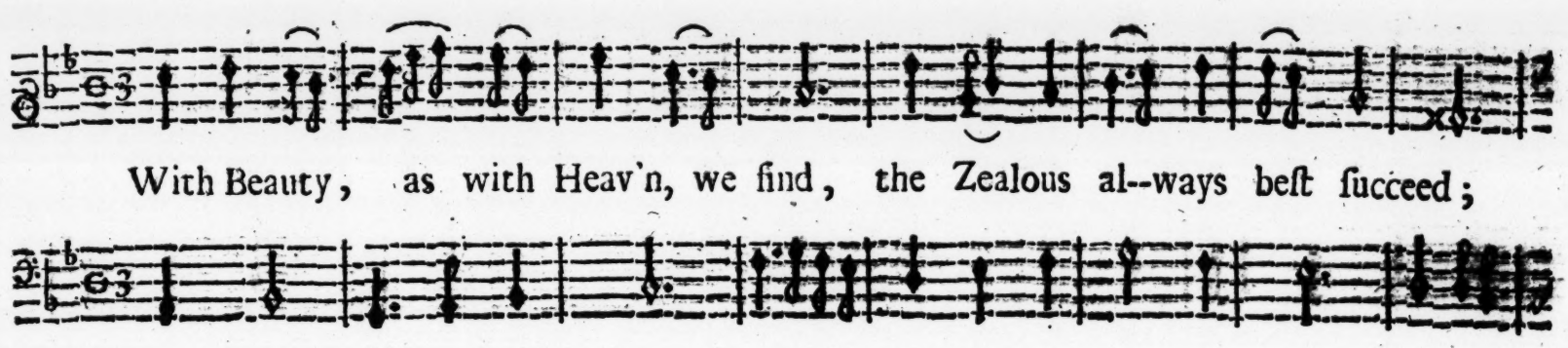
breath my laſt, and rather than not Love, I'le burn: Let your Eyes with Light'ning blaſt, let your





Brow to Thunder turn; content, and pleas'd, I'le breath my laſt, and rather than not love, I'le burn.

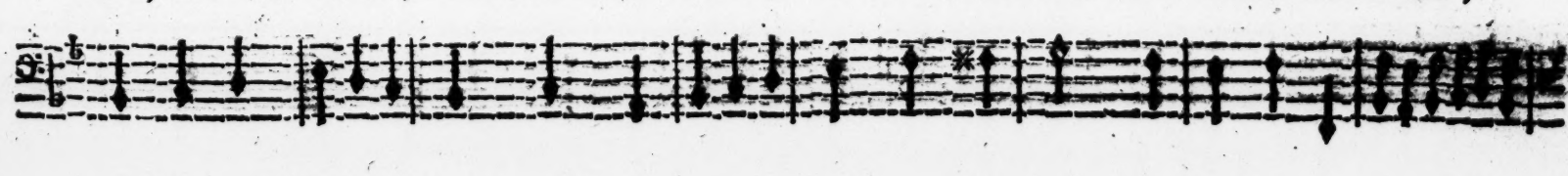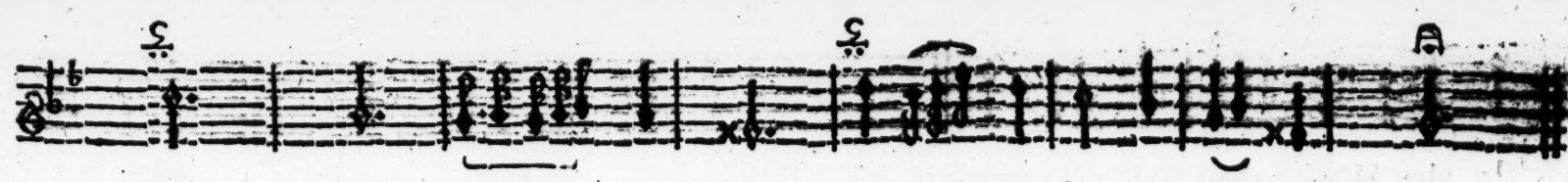




With Beauty, as with Heav'n, we find, the Zealous al--ways beſt ſucceed;

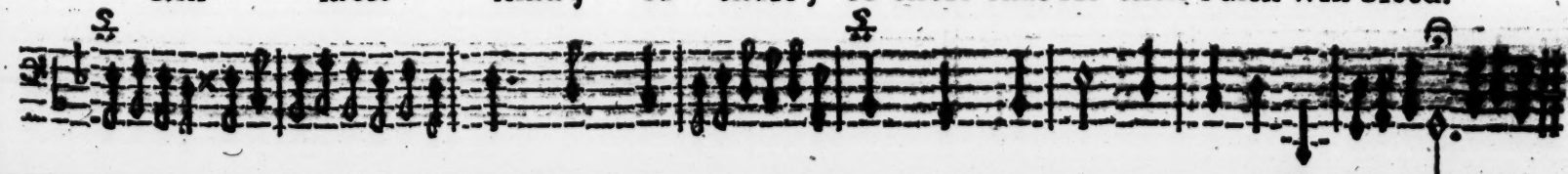


Love, and the Gods, are ſtill moſt kind, to thoſe that for their Faith will bleed;

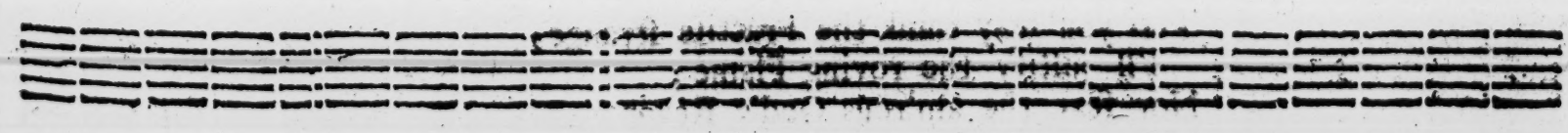


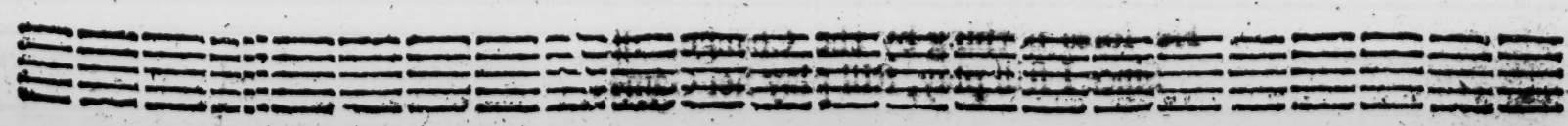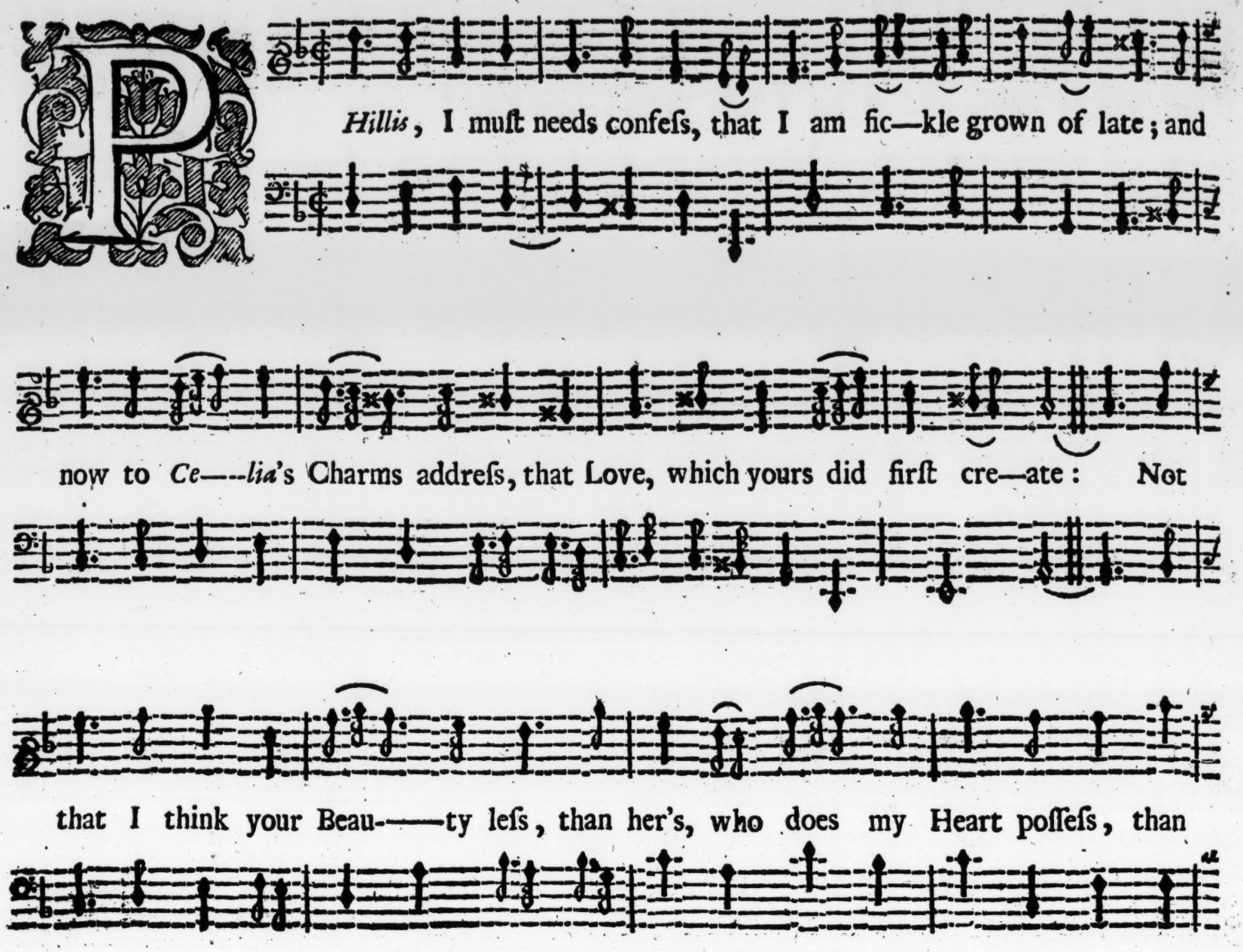


ſtill moſt kind, to thoſe, to thoſe that for their Faith will bleed.



Mr. *James Hart.*
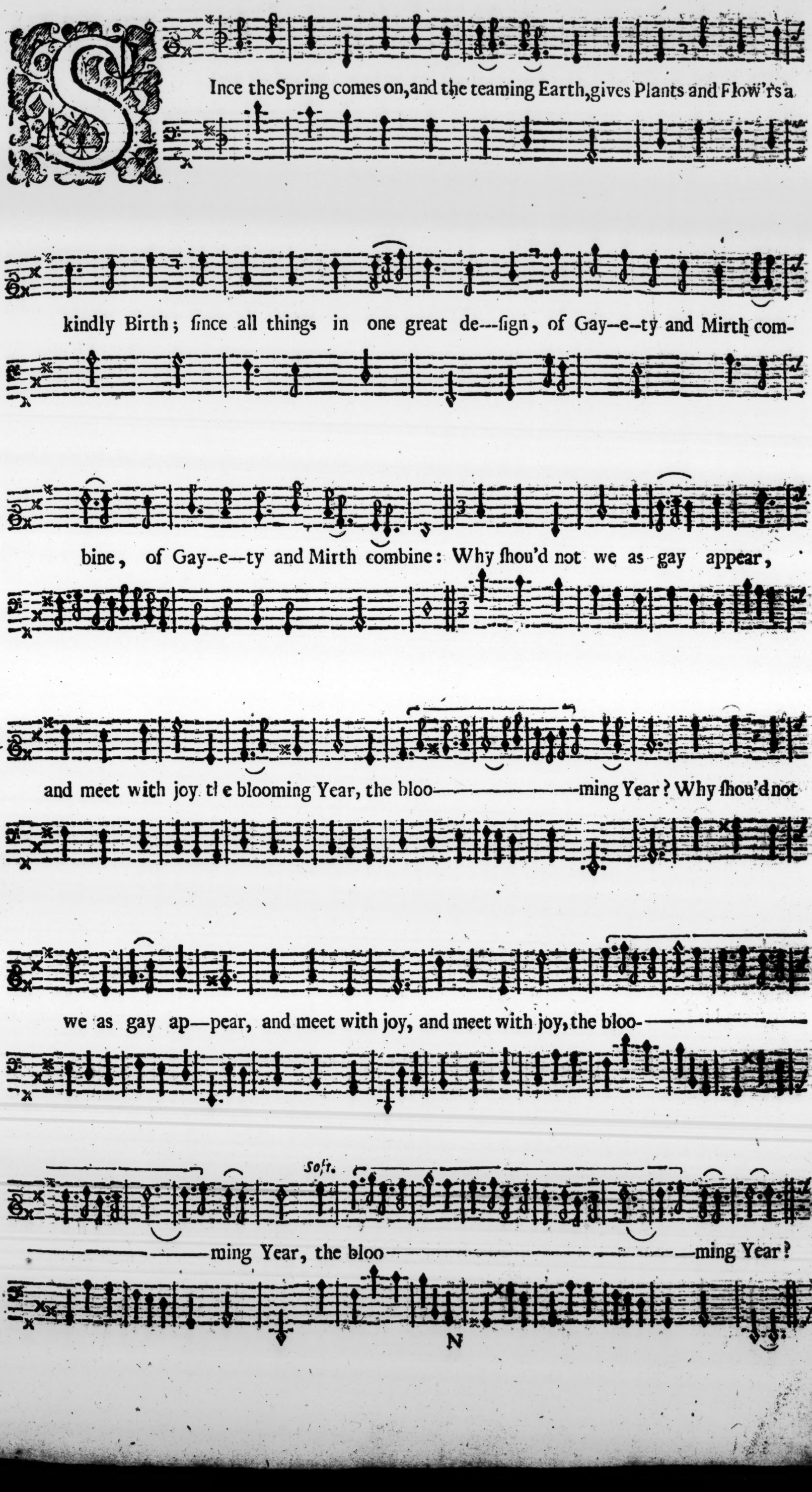






II.

Tho' you may think the Practiſe ſtrange,
I'll juſtify the roving Flame;
Nor fear the am'rous God's Revenge,
Since I ſtill love, tho' not the ſame:
For tho' my Heart does hourly range,
He loſes nothing by the Change, :||:
Since I ſtill play, ſtill play her Game.


Since the Spring comes on, and the teaming Earth, gives Plants and Flow'rs a
kindly Birth; since all things in one great de---sign, of Gay--e--ty and Mirth com-
bine, of Gay--e---ty and Mirth combine: Why shou'd not we as gay appear,
and meet with joy the blooming Year, the bloo——————ming Year? Why shou'd not
we as gay ap—pear, and meet with joy, and meet with joy, the bloo-——————
Soft.
——————ming Year, the bloo——————————————ming Year?

Come then to the Gods of the Hills, and the Lawns, the Sylvia's, the Satyrs, the Nymphs, and the

Fawns; with all De-vo--ti--on we'l Altars erect, and ſacrifice free-ly of what they protect, and

ſa--cri--fice freely of what they protect. To *Flora* firſt, an Off'ring of her own fragrant

wreaths we'l bring; to *Flora* firſt, an Off'ring of her own fragrant wreaths we'l bring; and then for *Pan*,

take from his Dam, ſome friſking Kid, or wanton Lamb; and then for *Pan*, take from his Dam, ſome

friſking Kid, or wan--ton Lamb, ſome friſking Kid, or wanton Lamb. Nor ſhall it be the

leaſt of our Care, that *Cupid*, in all we perform, have a Share. A Tide of Love now fills our

Veins, and o're all o—-ther Paſ—ſions reigns; a Tide of Love now fills our Veins, and

o're all o——ther Paſſions reigns. This therefore is the Seaſon, the Amorous to en-

joy, ſince Nature commands our Reaſon, our Dictates to obey: With Mirth, and Rural

Innocence, each Shepherd does Ca--reſs his Mate; none e're ſhall give, or take Offence, but

Birds and Lambs will i—-mi—tate.

A Tavern-Club *Song.* [48] By Mr. *Snow.*

A. 2 Voc. Altus & Baſſus, with a continued Baſs.

A. SOme Wine Boys, ſome Wine, fill it up, fill it up, un--til it touch the

B. Some Wine Boys, ſome Wine, fill it up, un--til it touch the

C.

A. edge of the Cup; we'l not al--ter our Pace, we'l not alter our Pace, nor put on a grave Face, but

B. edge of the Cup; we'l not alter our Pace, nor put on a grave Face,

C.

A. drink, drink ho, drink to the brim, to our better Acquaintance, to our better Acquaintance, here's to thee

B. but drink, drink ho, to the Brim, to our better Acquaintance, to our better Acquaintance, here's to thee

C.

A. *Tim:* This Drink is rare, and ſomewhat Divine, thank *Wilſon* and *Holms*, and *Holms*, that provides us ſuch

B. *Tim:* This Drink is rare, and ſomewhat Divine, thank *Wilſon* and *Holms*, that provides us ſuch

C.

Wine: Then drink, drink ho, drink, then drink, drink ho, drink, and off with the Stoop, and ſtill as we

Then drink, drink ho, drink, and off with the Stoop,

drink, and ſtill as we drink, let us hollow and hoop. A--nc-ther Health, a--no-ther Health, a

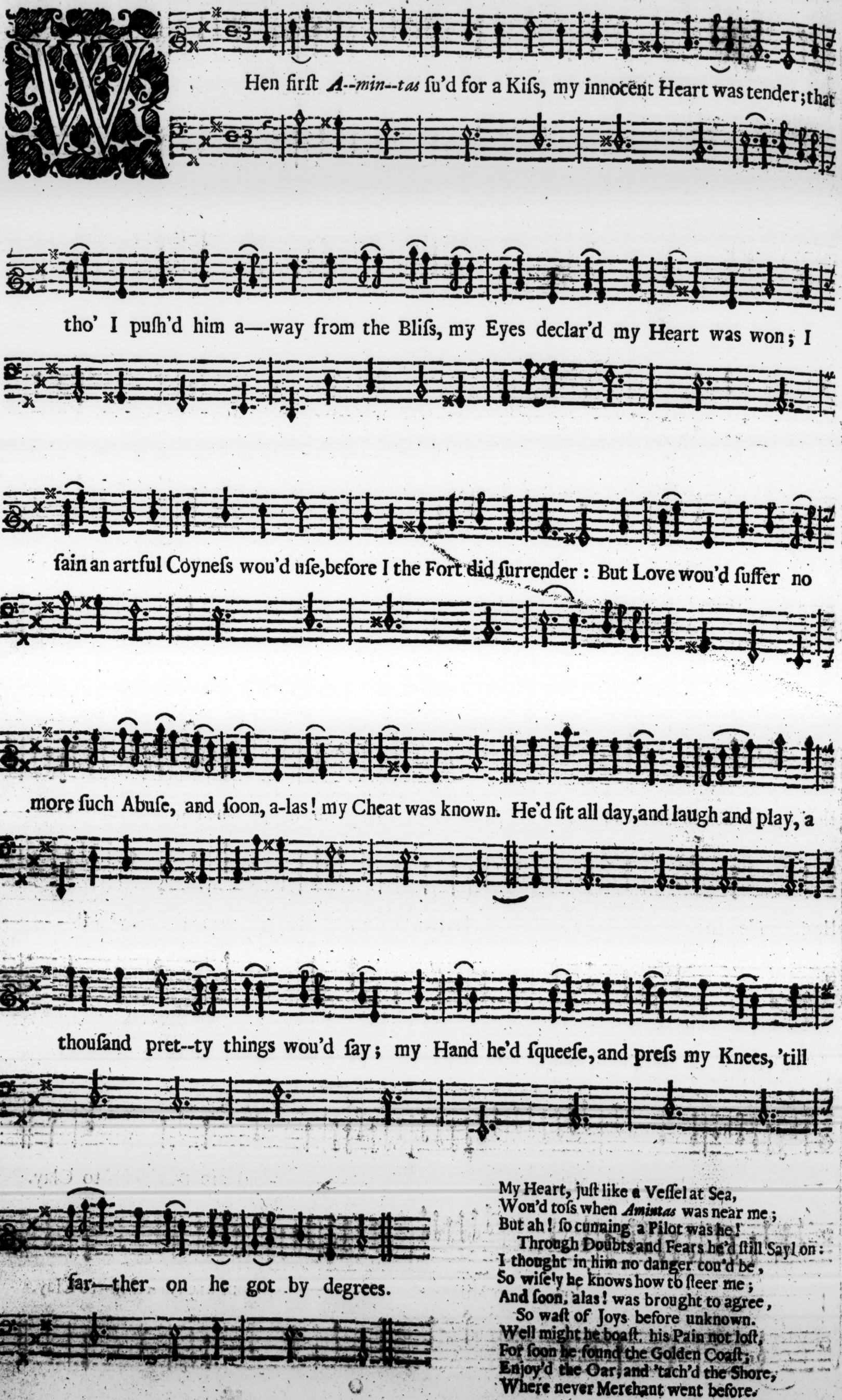
and ſtill as we drink, let us hollow and hoop. A--no-ther Health, a

Health, a Health to the Head of the Feaſt, and let him be happy, be happy, when Mil——

Health, a Health to the Head of the Feaſt, and let him be happy, be happy, when Millons, wⁿ Mil——

——lons, when Mil——'ons are turn'd in--to Clay.

——lons, when Mil——lons are turn'd in--to Clay.



My Heart, juſt like a Veſſel at Sea,
Wou'd toſs when *Amintas* was near me;
But ah! ſo cunning a Pilot was he!
Through Doubts and Fears he'd ſtill Sayl on:
I thought in him no danger cou'd be,
So wiſely he knows how to ſteer me;
And ſoon, alas! was brought to agree,
So waſt of Joys before unknown.
Well might he boaſt, his Pain not loſt,
For ſoon he found the Golden Coaſt;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the Shore,
Where never Merchant went before.

NO Be--ing is exempt from Love, why then a fault in me? From

ev'---ry In—ſect, up to *Jove*, they love, and yet are free: Nature no ſtricter

Law deſign'd, than what our Paſſions make; the Gods left Na—ture un-con-fin'd, that

we might freedom take. Then why, too cru--el Law! a Slave muſt Vertuous Women be? 'Tis

on--ly Vertuous to be brave, to love, to love at li—ber—ty. Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B.M.

Fill me a Boul, a migh--ty Boul, large as my ca--pa-cious Soul;

fill me a Boul, a migh--ty Boul, large as my ca-pa-cious Soul: Vaſt as my Thirſt is,

let it have depth enough, to be my Grave; I mean, the Grave of all my Care, for

I de--ſign to bu--ry't there. Fill me a Boul, a mighty Boul, large as my ca-

pacious Soul; fill me a Boul, a migh--ty Boul, large as my ca--pa--cious Soul;

Let it of Silver faſhion'd be, worthy of Wine, worthy of me; wor--thy to a-

dorn the Spheres, as that bright Cup a--mongſt the Stars. Fill me a Boul, a migh—ty Boul,

large as my ca--pa-cious Soul; fill me a Boul, a mighty Boul, large as my capacious Soul.

Come all ye pale Lo—vers that ſigh and complain, while your

beau-ti--ful Tyrants but laugh at your Pain; come practice with me, to be hap-py and

free, in ſpite of Inconſtancy, Pride, or Diſdain: I behold, and I love, and the

Bliſs I en—joy, no Rival can leſſen, or En—vy deſtroy. Mr. *Alphonſo Marſh.*

'Le ſing of Hero's, and of Kings, in mighty Numbers, mighty Things; be-

gin, my Muſe! but lo! the Strings to my great Song re---bel--lious prove, the

Soft.

Strings will ſound of nought but Love, the Strings will ſound of nought but Love.

I broke them all, and put on new, 'tis this, or nothing ſure will do; Theſe ſure, ſaid I, will

me o—bey, theſe ſure He—ro———ick Notes will play: Strait I be—gan with

Thun———————dring *Jove*, and all th'Im--mor---tal Pow'rs but Love.

Love ſmil'd, and from my'nfeebled Lyre, came gentle Ayres, ſuch as inſpire melting Love, and

ſoft De--ſire; fare---wel then He—ro's, fare---wel Kings, and mighty Numbers,

mighty Things, Love tunes my Heart, Love tunes my Heart, juſt to my Strings.

CHORUS. *A. 3 Voc. Altus, Tenor, and Baſs.*

Fare——wel then Hero's, fare—wel Kings, and mighty Numbers, mighty, mighty Things, Lo—

Fare—wel then Hero's, farewel Kings, and mighty Numbers, mighty, migh--ty Things,

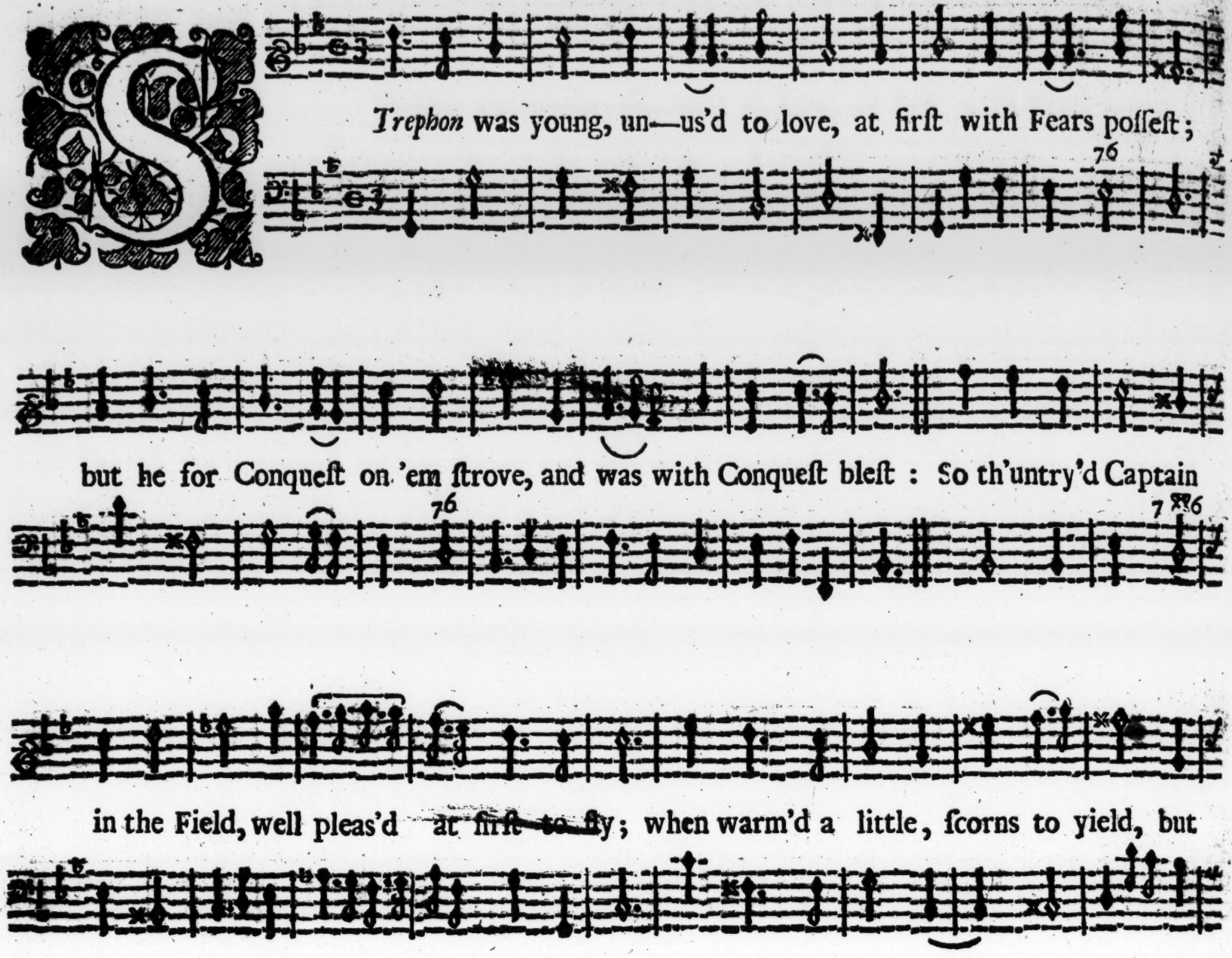
Fare--wel then Hero's, then fare-wel Kings, & mighty Numbers, mighty Things, Lo—

Soft.

—ve tunes my Heart, my Heart, juſt to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart, my Heart, juſt to my Strings.

Love tunes my Heart juſt to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart juſt to my Strings.

—ve tunes my Heart, my Heart, juſt to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart, my Heart, juſt to my Strings.



II.

None ever ſaw, but felt Surprize,
Convers'd, but found a Pain;
None but wou'd venture Eaſe, and Eyes,
To view the Nymph again:
Such Charms muſt ſure ſome Pity give,
But Shou'd her Pow'rs deſtroy;
May this be told to thoſe who live,
That *Strephon* dy'd with Joy.

Solitude, *A Ground: Set by Mr.* Henry Purcell. *Words out of Madam* Philips's *Works.*



H *So--li--tude!* my ſwee———--teſt Choice!

Oh *So—li—tude!* Oh *So—li—tude!* my ſwee———————teſt, ſweeteſt

Choice! Places de—vo—ted to the Night, remote from Tumult, and from

Noiſe, how ye my Reſt———————-leſs Thoughts delight! Oh *So—li—tude!*

Oh *So—li—tude!* my ſwee———————teſt, ſweeteſt Choice! Oh

Heavens! what Con—tent is mine, to ſee thoſe Trees, which have appear'd, from the Na-

ti—vi—ty of Time; and, which all A—ges have remitt'd, to look to day as freſh and

green, to look to day as freſh and green, as when their Beauties firſt were ſeen?

Oh! Oh how a—gree--a---ble a Sight theſe hanging Mountains do ap-

pear, which th'unhappy would invite, to fi--niſh all their Sorrows here; when their

hard, their hard Fate makes them endure, ſuch Woes, ſuch Woes, as on—ly Death can

Cure. Oh! Oh how I *So—li—tude* Adore! Oh! Oh how I

So—li—tude A—dore, that E—le—ment of no——bleſt Wit, where I have learn'd, where

I have learn'd *Apol—lo*'s love, without the pains, the pains, to ſtu—dy it: For thy

ſake I in love am grown, with what thy fan—cy, thy fancy, does purſue; but when I

think upon my own, I hate it, I hate it, for that reaſon too; becauſe it needs muſt

hinder me, from ſeeing, from ſeeing, and from ſerving thee. Oh

So—li—tude! Oh how I *So——li—tude* Adore!

A Song on a Ground ; *Set by Mr.* Henry Purcell. *Words by Sir* George Ethridge.

Eaſe, anxious World, your fruit—leſs Pain ; ceaſe , ceaſe ,

ceaſe, anxious World, your fruit—leſs Pain , to gra———ſp for-bid-den Store ; your

ſtu--dy'd La--bours ſhall prove vain, your Al--chy--my unbleſt ; whilſt Seeds of far more

pre—cious Ore, are ripen'd , are ripen'd in my Breaſt : My Breaſt, the Forge of

hap--pi—er Love, where my *Lu--cin--da* , my *Lu—cin——da* lies ; and the rich Stock

does ſo improve, as ſhe her Art employs; that ev'——ry Smile and Touch ſhe

gives, turns all to Golden Joys. Since then we can ſuch Treaſures raiſe, let's no Expence re-

ſuſe; in love let's lay out all our Days, how can we e're be Poor? How can we e're be

Poor? How can we e're be Poor, when ev'--ry Bleſſing that we uſe, begets a thouſand

Soft.

more? When ev'ry Bleſſing that we uſe, be--gets a thouſand more? When ev'ry Bleſſing

that we uſe, begets a thouſand more.

Midſt the Shades, and cool re-fre-ſhing Streams, where Lovers eaſe

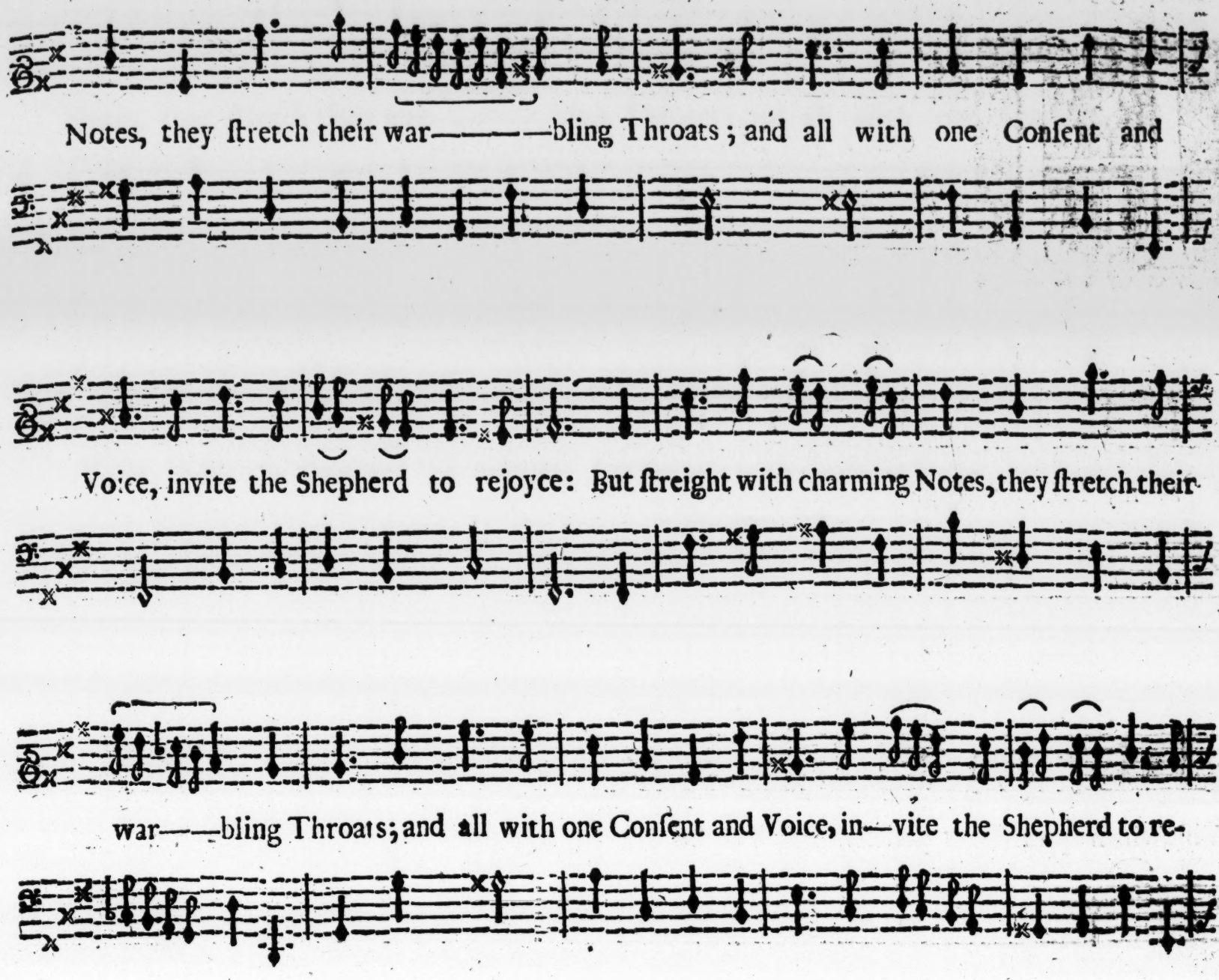
their panting Hearts in Dreams, poor *Damon* lay; his Grief, his Grief, ſo ſad--ly printed in his

Face, his Looks diſturb'd the Pleaſures of the place: In hol--low Notes he ſung his wretched

Fate, his hopeleſs Love, and his *A--min-ta*'s Hate; the trem---bling Birds about him

throng, li--ſten, and murmur at his Song, which hinder'd their ſweet Strains ſo

long, which hinder'd their ſweet Strains ſo long. But ſtreight with charming


Notes, they ſtretch their war———bling Throats; and all with one Conſent and
Voice, invite the Shepherd to rejoyce: But ſtreight with charming Notes, they ſtretch their
war——bling Throats; and all with one Conſent and Voice, in—vite the Shepherd to re-
joyce, in—vite the Shepherd to rejoyce. But what can his ſad Soul inſpire, his Heart ſo much
by Grief oppreſt? A Sigh (alas!) breaks from his Breaſt, which frights the harm--leſs Birds,
and damps the chear———ful Quire.

A Song ſet by Dr. Blow. *The Words by Colonel* Salisbury.

How I have ſerv'd, how juſt or true, I need appeal to none but you; for

all my Thoughts from you took Birth, my ſole Di--vi--ni--ty on Earth: Nor does a

Wiſh, which upward flies, petition from Heav'ns Deities, ought but to fall your much-lov'd Sa-cri-

fice. When Tongue griev'd, Accents can no more impart, and Sighs lament ex———piring

Heart; when Anguiſh'd Soul in ſtrong Convulſion lyes, and rapid Tears o'reflowing melting Eyes;

then, then *Cla--ri—a—na*, you'l find, and grieve, a fleeting Life no Pow'r can retrieve; nor

gain, from Fate, a Mo---ment of Reprieve.

CHORUS. *A. 3. Voc.* Altus, Medius, Baſſus, & Continuo Baſſe.

A. *So gent———--ly glide my Soul, that thou may'ſt be, tran--ſla--ted to E--ter——ni-*

M. *So gent———--ly glide my Soul, that thou may'ſt be, tran--ſla--ted to E--ter--ni-*

B. *So gent—— ly glide my Soul, that thou may'ſt be, tranſlated to E———--ter--ni-*

C.

A. *ty, to meet thoſe Joys for faithful Loves aſ———ſign'd; with full ſwoln Bliſs, and knotty*

M. *ty, to meet thoſe Joys for faithful Loves aſſign'd; with full ſwoln Bliſs, and knotty Cares, and knotty*

B. *ty, to meet thoſe Joys for faithful Loves aſſign'd; with full ſwoln Bliſs, and knotty Cares, and knotty*
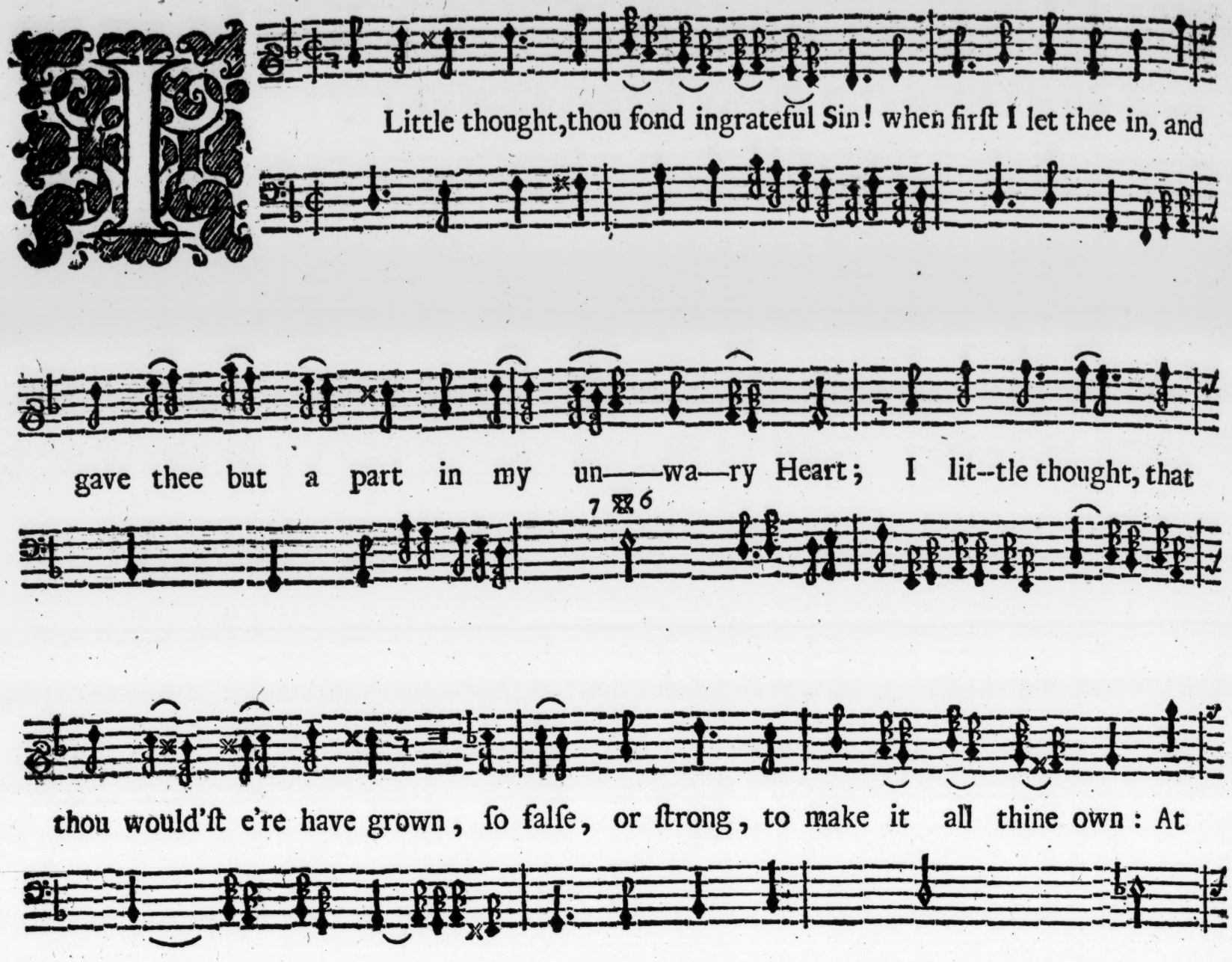
C.

A. *Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.*

M. *Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.*

B. *Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.*

C.


I
Little thought, thou fond ingrateful Sin! when firſt I let thee in, and
gave thee but a part in my un——wa—ry Heart; I lit--tle thought, that
thou would'ſt e're have grown, ſo falſe, or ſtrong, to make it all thine own: At
mine own Breaſt, with care I fed thee ſtill, letting thee ſuck thy fill; and
dain--ti--ly I nouriſh'd thee, with i-dle Thoughts, and Poetry! What ill Returns doſt thou al-
low? I fed thee then, and thou, thou doſt ſtarve me now. There was a

time, when thou waſt cold and chill, nor hadſt the pow'r of doing ill; in--to my Boſom did I

take, this fro—zen and be- num--ed Snake, not fearing from it a—ny harm; but

now it ſtings that Breaſt which made it warm. What curſed Weed's this Love! But one Grain

ſow, and the whole Field 'twill o—ver-grow; ſtraight will it choak up, and de-

Soft.

vour, each whol—ſom Herb, each wholſom Herb, and beauteous Flow'r! Nay, unleſs

ſomething ſoon I do, 'twill kill, I fear, 'twill kill, I fear, my ve—ry Laurel

too. But now all's gone, I now, a—las! I now, a—las! com-

plain, declare, proteſt, and threat in vain; ſince by my own un—forc'd Con-

ſent, the Traytor has my Go—vern—ment, and is ſo ſet---tl'd in the

Throne, that 'twere Re———bel———lion now, 'twere Re--bel---lion now,

to claim mine own.

A. 2. Voc. Altus & Baſſus, & Continuo Baſſe.



N ſome kind Dream up—on her Slumbers ſteal, and to *Lu-*

In ſome kind Dream up—on her Slumbers ſteal, and to *Lu-*

cyn——da, all I beg, re—veal; breath gent——leſt Words in——to her

cyn——da, all I beg, re——veal; breath gent—leſt Words in——to her

Ears, words full of Love, words full of Love, but full of Fears; ſuch words as may prevail, like

Ears, words full of Love, full of Love, full of Love, but full of Fears; ſuch words as may prevail, like

Pray'rs from a poor dy—ing Martyr's tongue, from a poor dy—ing Martyr's

Pray'rs from a poor dying Martyr's tongue, from a poor dying Martyr's, Martyr's togue, by the

A. Tongue, by the ſweet Voice of Pi——ty ſung. Touch, touch with the

B. ſweet Voice of Pi——ty ſung, of Pi——ty ſung. Touch, touch with the

C.

A. Voice the more in—chan————————ting Lute, touch with the Voice the more in-

B. Voice, touch with the Voice the more in—chan————————————-ting,

C.

A. chan————————————ting Lute, to make the Charms ſtrike,

B. Lute, the more in--chan————————————ting Lute, to make the Charms ſtrike,

C.

A. ſtrike all Re--pul--ſes mute: Theſe may in---ſen—ſi--bly impart, theſe may in-

B. ſtrike all Re--pul--ſes mute: Theſe may in-ſen—ſi—bly impart, theſe may in--ſen—ſi—bly im-

C.

A.

ſen—ſi—bly impart, my tender Wiſhes to her Heart, and by a ſym-pa--the-tick

B.

part, my ten--der Wiſhes, tender Wiſhes to her Heart, and by a ſym-pa--the-tick

C.

A.

Soft.

force, ſo tune its Strings to Love's Diſcourſe; that when my Griefs com—pell a Groan, her

B.

Soft.

force, ſo tune its Strings to Love's Diſcourſe; that when my Griefs com—pell a Groan, her

C.

A.

Sighs may Ec—cho, Ec—cho to my Moan.

B.

Sighs may Ec—cho, Ec—cho to my Moan.

C.

A. 2. Voc. Altus & Baſſus, & Continuo Baſſe. *A Song, Set by Dr.* Blow.

A. W Hen I drink, my Heart is poſſeſt, my Heart is poſ-

B. When I drink, my Heart is poſſeſt,

C.

A. ſeſt, with a Joy that ſlides through my Breaſt; my Thoughts and my Fancy grow

P. with a Joy that ſlides through my Breaſt; my Thoughts and my Fancy grow fir'd,

C.

A. fir'd by the Wine, not the Mu--ſes inſpir'd; my Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, my

B. fir'd by the Wine, not the Muſes inſpir'd; my Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, my Cares grow be-

C.

A. Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and down, down with the Stream, they all ſink, and

B. calm'd when I drink, and down, down, down with the Stream, they all ſink; my

C.

A. dow——————n, down, down, down, down with the Stream, they all ſink,

B. Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and dow——n, down with the Stream, they all ſink;

C.

A. and dow——————n, down, down, down, down with the Stream, they all

B. my Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and down, down with the Stream, they all

C. 7 6 7 ♯6

A. *Harpſichord.* ſink. The God I enjoy with the Wine, and my

B. ſink. The God I enjoy with the Wine, & my

C. 7 6

A. Humour grows more Di—vine; like *Bacchus*, with freſh Ro—ſes crown'd, with

B. Humour grows more Di——vine; like *Bacchus*, with

C.

A. freſh Ro—ſes crown'd, the fragrant O---dours ſtea--ling rou——————nd :

B. freſh Ro—-ſes crown'd, the fragrant O—dours ſtealing rou———-nd, ſtealing round :

C.

A. Thus, thus I tri——————umph a—bove all Strife, thus I

B. Thus, thus I tri——————umph, I tri——————-umph, I

C.

Soft.

A. tri——————————umph, and ſing the ſweetneſs of this Life, and ſing the ſweet-

B. triumph a—bove all Striſe, and ſing the ſweetneſs of this Life, and ſing the ſweet-

C.

A. neſs of this Life. When I drink with Glaſſes full charg'd, my Spirits grow

B. neſs of this Life. When I drink with Glaſſes full charg'd my Spirits grow

C. 7

Harpſichord.

free, and en—lar———————g'd; when I drink, my Spirits grow free, and en-

free, and en—lar———————g'd; when I drink, my Spirits grow free, and en-

larg'd, grow free and en——larg'd. Among Troops of Beauties I play, and

larg'd, grow free, and en——lar———————————g'd. Among troops of Beauties I

rais'd a--bove thoughts of De——cay, and rais'd a--bove thoughts of De-

play, and rais'd above thoughts of Decay, and rais'd a--bove thoughts of De-

cay. When I drink, I ſing the ſoft Charms of *Ve—nus*, and claſp in my Arms my

cay. When I drink, I ſing the ſoft Charms of *Ve—nus*, and claſp in my Arms my

A. Miſtreſs, who then ſeems to me a Goddeſs too, as bright as ſhe; who then ſeems to

B. Miſtreſs, who then ſeems to me a Goddeſs too, as bright as ſhe; who then ſeems to

C.

A. me a Goddeſs too, as bright as ſhe. When I drink, when I drink, th'ad-

B. me a Goddeſs too, as bright as ſhe. When I drink, when I drink, th'ad-

C.

Harpſichord.

A. vantage I find, from Trou——bles, from Troubles, to ſhelter my Mind; this, this is the

B. vantage I find, from Trou——bles, to ſhelter my Mind; this,

C.

A. Bleſſing alone, this, this is the Bleſ——ſing a--lone, that we that live can call our

B. this is the Bleſſing a—lone, this, this is the Bleſſing alone, that we that live can call our

C.

own. You that ſeek more, tell me but why, tell me, tell me but why, ſince

own. You that ſeek more, tell me but why, tell me but why, ſince

all a—like muſt one day dye; all, all, all, all a—like muſt one day dye?

all a—like muſt one day dye, ſince all a—like, all, all a—like muſt one day dye; all,

A. You that ſeek more, tell me but why, ſince all alike muſt one day dye; all, all,

B. all, all a—like, all, all a—like, all alike muſt one day dye; ſince all a-

C.

A. all, all alike muſt one day dye; all, all, all, all alike muſt one day dye.

B. like, all, all a--like muſt one day dye; ſince all a--like, all, all alike muſt one day dye.

C.

The Words made by the Honourable Sir Robert Howard.

Altus. Baſſus. Continuo.

Dorinda.

W*Hen Death ſhall part us from theſe Kids, and ſhut up our di---vi--ded*

Dorinda.

A. *Lids, Tell me,* Thirſis, *prethee do! whither thou and I ſhall go? Oh! where is't?*

B. *Thirſis.* *Thirſis.*

To the *E—li--zium.* A chaſt

C. 7 6

Dorinda.

A. *I know no way but one, our Home: Is our Cell* E--li--zium?

B. *Thirſis.*

Soul can never miſs't. Turn thine Eye to yonder

C. 4 3

A.

B. Sky, there the *Milky-way* doth lye; 'tis a ſure, but rugged way, that leads to E--ver -la-ſting Day:

C. 6 6 6

Dorinda.

A. *There Birds may neſt, but how ſhall I, that have no Wings, and cannot fly!*

B. *Thirſis.*

Do not ſigh, fair *Nymph*, for Fire has no

C.

Wings, yet doth aſpire, 'till it hit againſt the Pole; Heav'ns the Cen--ter of the

Dorinda.

But in Elizium, *how do they paſs E -ter--ni—ty away?*

Thirſis.

Soul. Oh! there is neither Hope, nor Fear; there

is no Woolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; no need of Dog to fetch our Stray, our *Lightfoot* we may

Dorinda.

Oh

give away: No Oat-pipe needful, There thy Ears may ſleep, with Muſick of the Sphears.

ſweet! Oh ſweet! how I my future State, by ſilent thinking, antedate! I prethee, let us ſpend our time to come in

A. *talking of* E—li—zi————um.

Thirſis.

B. Then I'le go on. There Sheep are full of ſweeteſt

C.

A.

B. Graſs, and ſofteſt Wool: There Birds ſing Conſort, Garlands grow; cool Winds do whiſper,

C.

A.

B. Springs do flow: There always is a ri—ſing Sun, and Day is e--ver but begun: Shepherds

C.

Dorinda.

A. *Ah me! Ah*

B. there bear e——qual ſway, and ev'ry Nymph's a Queen of *May.*

C.

Dorinda.

A. *me!* *I'm ſick, I'm ſick, and fain wou'd dye! Convince me now, that this is*

Thirſis,

B. *Do-rin-da!* why doſt cry?

C. 7 6

A. *true, by bidding with me all adieu.*

B. Thirſis.
I cannot live without thee, I, I'le for thee, much more with thee dye.

C.

CHORUS both together.

A. Dorin'a.
Then let us give Clo-ril-lo *charge o'th' Sheep, and thou and I'le pick Poppies, and them ſteep in*

B. Thirſis.
Then let us give *Clo-ril-lo* charge o'th' Sheep, and thou and I'le pick Poppies, and them ſteep in

C.

A. *Wine, and drink on't e--ven 'till we weep, 'till we weep; ſo ſhall we ſmoothly*

B. Wine, and drink on't e-ven 'till we weep, we weep; ſo ſhall we ſmoothly paſs a—way,

C.

A. *paſs a--way, a—way, a—way, a———————way in Sleep.*

B. a—way, a—way, a—way, a———————way in Sleep.

C.

A. O, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re———turn; go perjur'd

B. Go perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re——turn;

C.

A. Man, and if thou e'————-re return, to ſee the ſmall Re-main-der of my Urn;

B. go, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're return, and if thou e're re———turn, to

C.

A. and if thou e're re——turn, re———turn, re——-turn, to

B. ſee the ſmall remainder of my Urn; and if thou e're re—-turn, re——-turn,

C.

A. ſee, to ſee the ſmall re—main—der of my Urn. When thou ſhalt

B. to ſee, to ſee the ſmall re--main--der of my Urn. When thou ſhalt

C.

A. laugh, ſhalt lau————-gh at my Re—li--gious Duſt, and ask where's now,

B. laugh, ſhalt lau———-gh at my Re—li--gious Duſt, and ask where's now the

C.

A. where's now the colour, form, and trult of Woman's Beauty? And per-

B. co—lour, form, and trult of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude

C.

A. haps with rude, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands, riffle the Flours w^ch the Virgins ſtru'd.

B. hands, and perhaps with rude hands, ri--ffle the Flours w^ch the Virgins ſtrew'd. Know I've pray'd to

C.

A. Know I've pray'd to Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my Aſhes up;

B. Pi—ty, that the Wind may blow my A —ſhes up; Know I've pray'd to

C.

A. know I've pray'd to Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my Aſhes up,

B. Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my A—ſhes up, and ſtrike thee blind; that the

C.

A. may blow my A—ſhes up, and ſtrike thee blind.

B. Wind may blow my A—ſhes up, and ſtrike thee blind.

C.

O Love, that ſtronger art than Wine! Pleaſing De—lu——ſion,

Witchery Divine; wont to be priz'd above all Wealth, Diſeaſe that ha——s more Joys than

Health: Tho' we blaſpheme thee in our Pain, and of thy Ty-ran-ny complain, we all are

better'd by thy Reign, we all are better'd by thy Reign; what Reaſon ne——

——ver can beſtow, we to this uſeful Paſſion owe. Love wakes the Dull from ſluggiſh

Eaſe, and learns a Clown the Art to pleaſe; humbles the Vain, kindles the

Cold, makes Miſers free, and Cowards bold: 'Tis he reforms the Set from Drink, and teaches

Airy Fops to think ; 'tis he reforms the Sot from Drink, and teaches Ai--ry Fops to think.

When full brute Ap--pe--tite is fed, and choak'd the Glutton lyes, and dead;

thou new Spirit doſt diſpence, and fi——————————--ne, the groſs de—

ligh——ts of Sence ; Virtue's un-conqu'-ra-ble Aid, that againſt Nature can per-

ſwade ; and make a Ro——————————————ving Mind retire,

with--in the Bounds of juſt De--ſire ; Chearer of Age, Youth's kind unreſt, and

half the Heav'n of the bleſt, and half the Heav'n of the bleſt.

Theſe Words by Mr. Ouſley.

Deſpair.

HEnce, fond De-cei--ver! hence, be gone! hence, and ſome ta-mer Captive find;

ſince *Hope*, thy beſt Companion's flo———wn away, why ling———'reſt thou behind?

Naked at firſt, and blind thou wert, 'till blinder I allow'd thee part, in my un-wa--ry hoſpi-

ta--ble Heart; but now thou'rt ſo un--ru———ly grown, you needs will make it all your

Love.

own, and in my vanquiſh'd Breaſt will Ty———ra--nize alone. Ceaſe, ceaſe, poor miſ-

taken Wretch! and know I'le ſeek ſome braver nobler Breaſt; to ſome more gen'rous Heart I'le

go, that will not bluſh to own its Gueſt; blind tho' I was, my aim was ſure, yet won't thy

Deſpair.

coward Heart endure the hap--py wound, nor wait, nor wait the happier cure? Too

long have I en--dur'd the wound, too long indulg'd the ra——ging Pain; 'till I by ſad experience

found, the wound too ſure, the cure too vain: Then mighty *Love*, for ſuch thou art, withdraw thy

fa——tal certain Dart, or elſe to both a mutual Flame impart, and warm *Do-*

Love.

rin——da's Breaſt, as thou haſt fir'd my Heart. If then thou would'ſt vi--cto--rious prove,

and with ſucceſs thy Wiſhes crown, with bold aſ--ſu-rance ſpeak thy Love, and make thy

gen'——rous Paſſion known; when *Beauty* calls, to whine and dye, is Cowardice, not

Modeſty: You by pale asking teach her to deny; and by your faint purſuit, encourage her to fly.

76

CHORUS.

A. *In vain, in vain, fond Lovers, in vain, of your* Phil-lis' *s Scorn you complain; in vain do you*

B. *In vain, in vain, fond Lovers, in vain, of your* Phil--lis' *s Scorn you complain; in*

C.

A. *talk, in vain do you talk, of Darts, and of Fire, ſigh, languiſh, la—ment, and ex-*

B. *vain do you talk, in vain, of Darts, and of Fire, ſigh, lan——guiſh, la—ment, and ex-*

C.

A. *pire, ſince the Nymph dares not grant what you dare not deſire: Whilſt the briſk ea—ger Lover at his*

B. *pire, ſince the Nymph dares not grant what you dare not deſire: Whilſt the briſk ea---ger Lover at his*

C.

A. *Prey bold—ly flyes, and takes the glad Captive, and takes the glad Captive by wel——com ſurprize.*

B. *Prey bold—ly flyes, and takes the glad Captive, and takes the glad Captive by wel——com ſurprize.*

C.

FINIS.

BRITISH 14 JY96 MUSEUM

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THE FOURTH BOOK.



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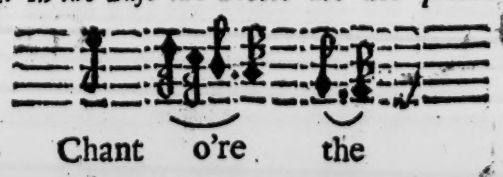
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These ſmall *ERRATA's* I deſire thoſe who buy the Book, to correct with a Pen.
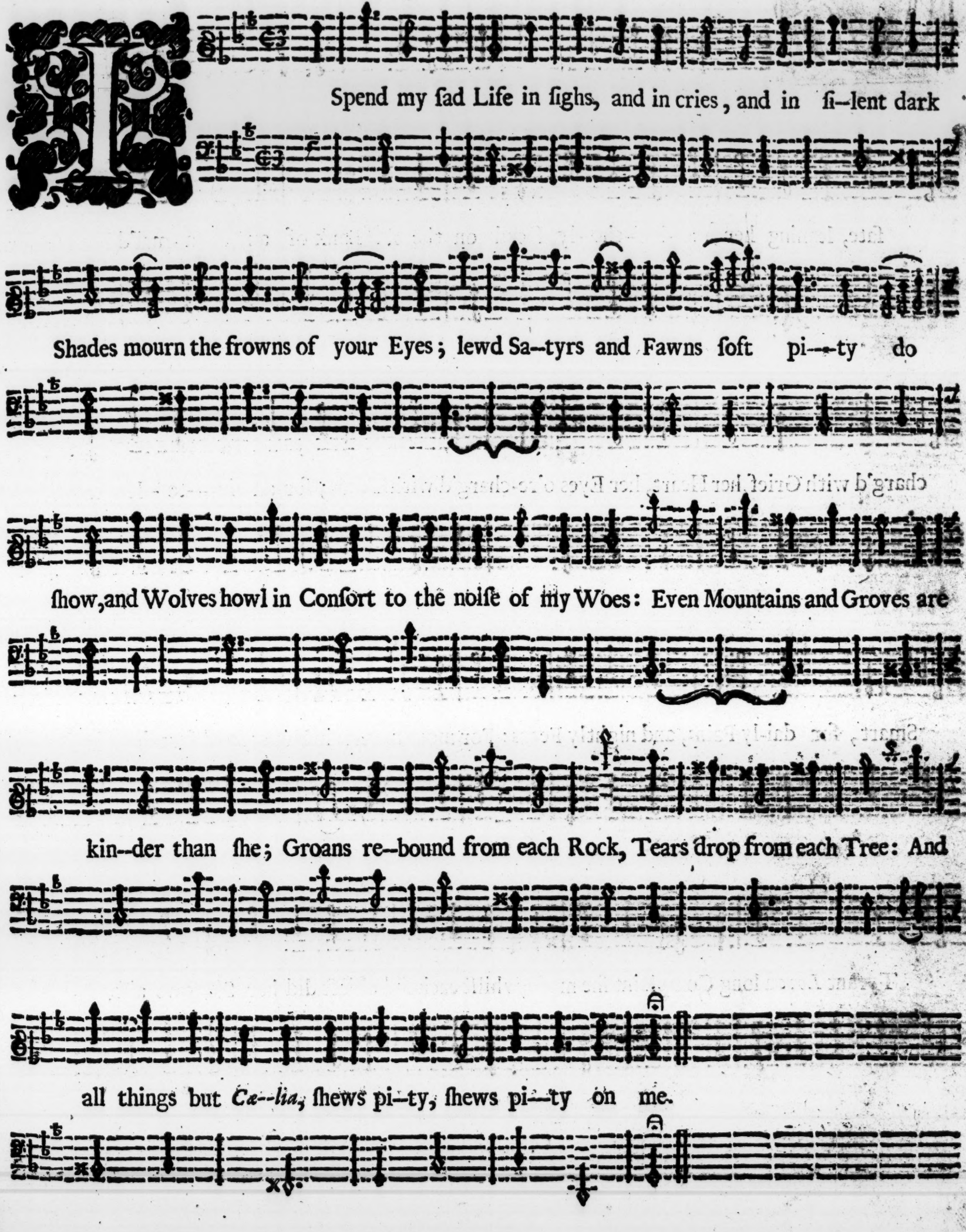
Folio 21. *line* 3. Frequent, *put* Fervent.

Folio 61. *line* 4. *In the Baſs the Notes are not placed right, they muſt be thus:*



Folio 75. *laſt line, A* B flat *is wanting to the Note over* Love *in the Treble.*

× by Purcell



II.

Come *Celia*, come learn of theſe Shades to be kind,
Learn to yield when I ſigh, Trees bend with the Winds;
When drops often fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,
Ah! learn, cruel Maid! when I weep to repent.
Kind Joys does ne're from Embraces remove,
Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove;
Learn of Trees to Embrace; of Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love.

Loſe by a Silver Ri-vo-let, deckt with rich Willows, mournful *Daphne*

ſate, leaning her me--lan--cho--ly Head on the ſad Bank of an en--a--mel'd Mead; o're-

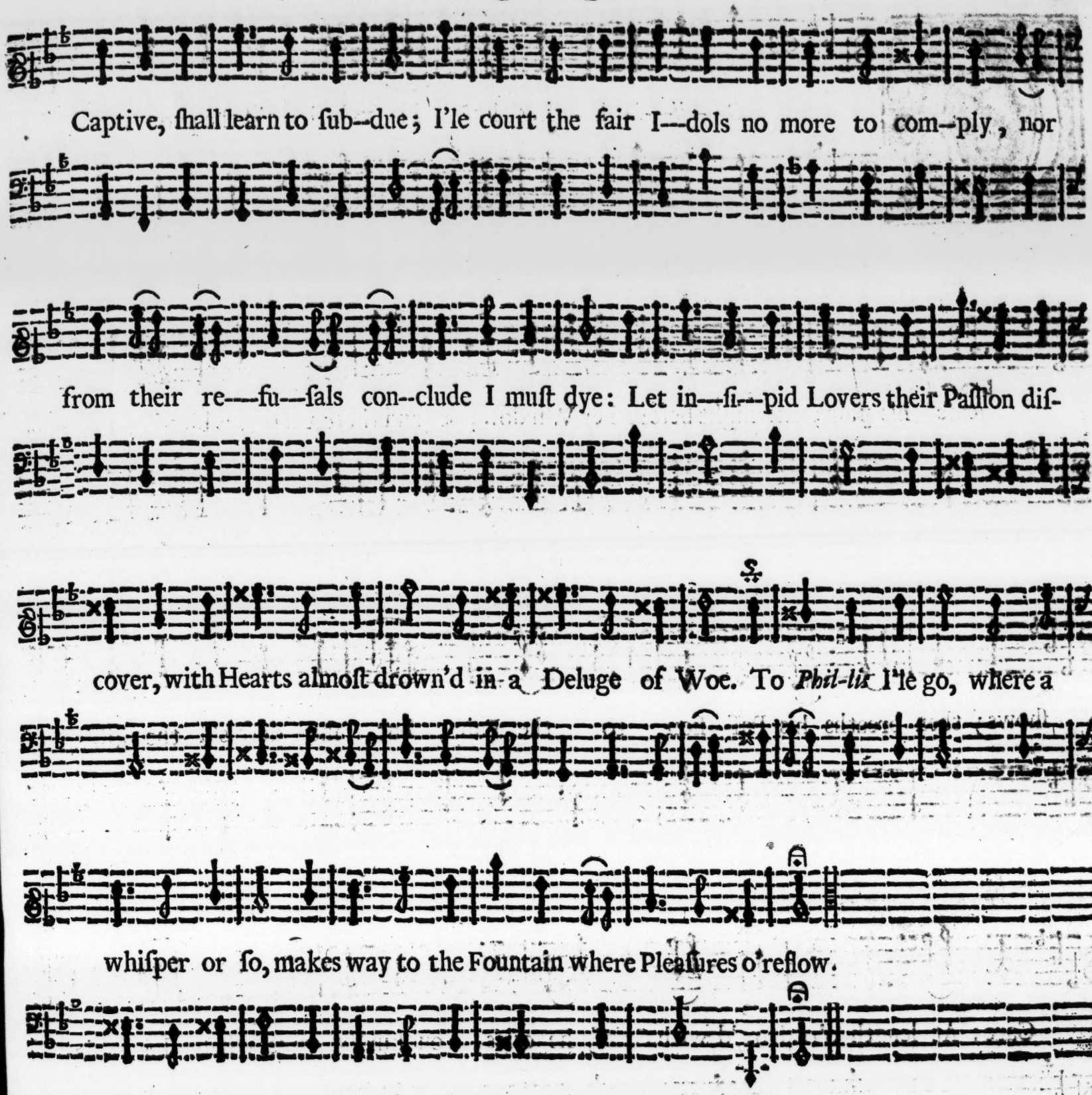
charg'd with Grief her Heart, her Eyes o're-charg'd with Tears; for an in---to---le---ra---ble

Smart, for dai-ly Pains, and nightly Fears: For more uncertain Hopes, and ſure deſpair, 'gainſt

Tyrant *Love* a long Complaint ſhe made, whilſt each ſad object did her Sorrows aid.

A. 2. voc.

O more on my Knees to a Beau--ty I'le ſue, my Heart that was



II.

There in Loves Garden I'le rifle each Flower,
Contemning young *Cupid*, and ſcoffing at's Power,
'Till Appetite's rais'd; then give o're to purſue
Thoſe petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.
At every motion, or amorous notion,
The riſings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;
To an Alcove hard by, where *Jove* cannot ſpy,
My *Phillis* and I moſt pleaſingly ſtray.

III.

Where whilſt I enfold the ſoft Dear in my Arms,
I wallow in Joy, 'till diſſolv'd by the Charms
Of her ſoft melting Kiſſes, I gaſp for freſh Breath,
Each minute reviving to dye a new Death.
Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliſs
We conſume the ſwift Minutes of troubleſome Life,
'Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,
And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.



O---ril---lo ha--ving long in vain, begg'd the proud Nymph to

eaſe his pain; one night before her Window goes, and there, there, his bleeding Heart he

ſhows; then breaths his Paſ--ſion to the Fair, but ſhe deſpis'd the killing

Care: At length o'recharg'd with Grief, he cries, You kindly give what ſhe de-

nies, and then the fain———ting Shepherd dies, and then the fain——

——ting Shepherd dies.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



Ould Man his Wiſh obtain, how happy would he be? But Wiſhes ſeldom

Could Man, &c. *But*

gain, and Hopes are but in vain, if For--tune diſ--a---gree: Pi---ty ye Pow'rs of

wiſhes, &c.

Love our In---fe---li---ci---ty. Why ſhould the Fates conſpire to fruſtrate my de-

Why ſhould, &c.

ſire, ſince Love's a gen--tle Fire that keeps the World a---live: But me it puts to

pain; it makes me wiſh in vain, in vain, nor pro--miſe a---ny hope to give.

II.

I love, and ſtill I view,
  Yet dare not tell my mind;
Should I my Flames purſue,
It might that Bliſs undo,
  Which is for her deſign'd.
A Bleſſing far above,
  More laſting, rich, and kind;
Though hopes ſucceſsleſs prove,
My Heart ſhall ne're remove
From wiſhing of her Love,
  In *Fortune*'s Triumphs lead:
And though it baniſh me,
If ſhe but happy be,
  'Twould pleaſe my Ghoſt when I am dead.

4. 2. voc.

GO, *Phil--lis*, go, be pe--vish still, and see if you can find

one to be subject to your Will, and to your Lightness blind: Such a kind Fool perhaps may

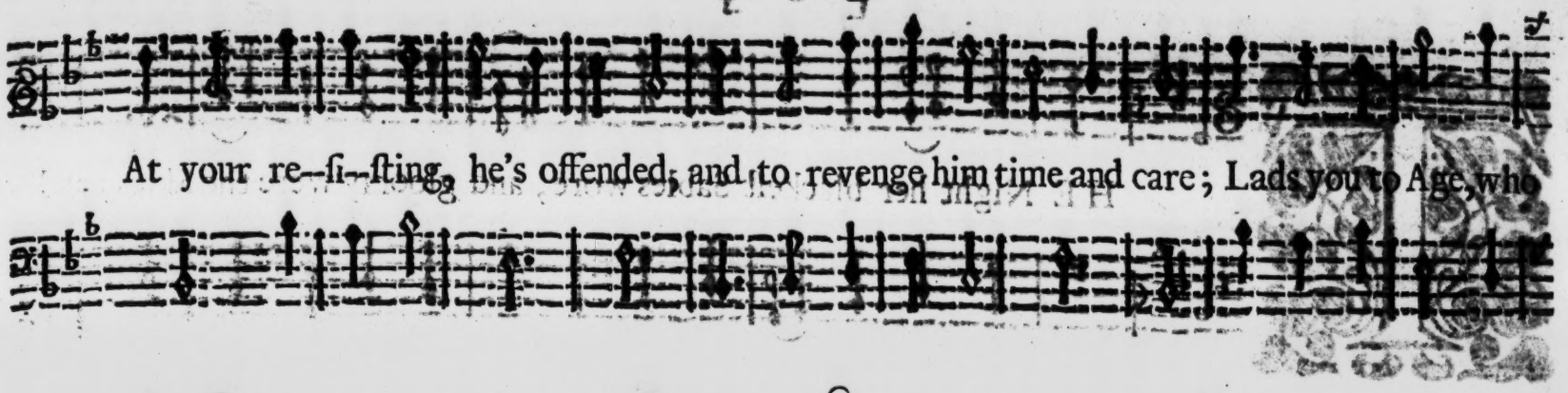
do what ever you command; and humbly kneel to kiss your Shoo, when you deny your Hand.

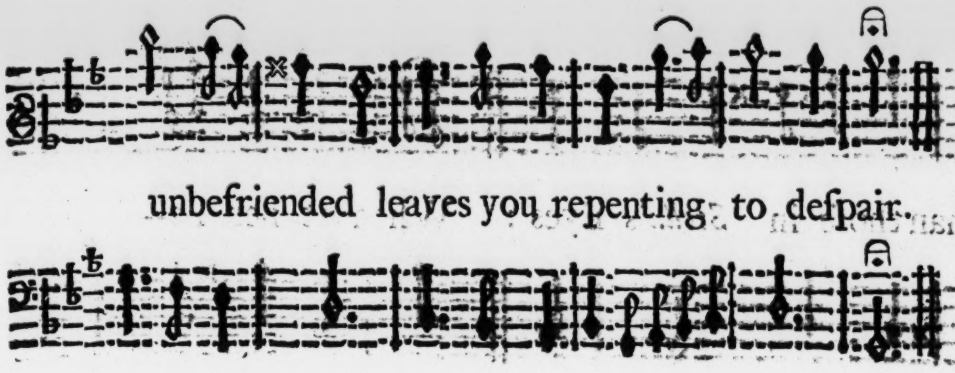
II.

But have a care, for Fools are cross,
And when you light on one;
I'le joy to see you at a loss,
And not your Fate bemoan:
Your Pride I'le then with Scorn repay,
And laugh to see you grieve;
And counterfeiting Sighs, will say,
Dear *Phillis*, now some comfort give.

PHi--li--da, whilst our ten--der Age is, Na--ture per--swades us

to be kind; Love, who both Gods and Men en----ga--ges, un--to his Altars bend our Minds.
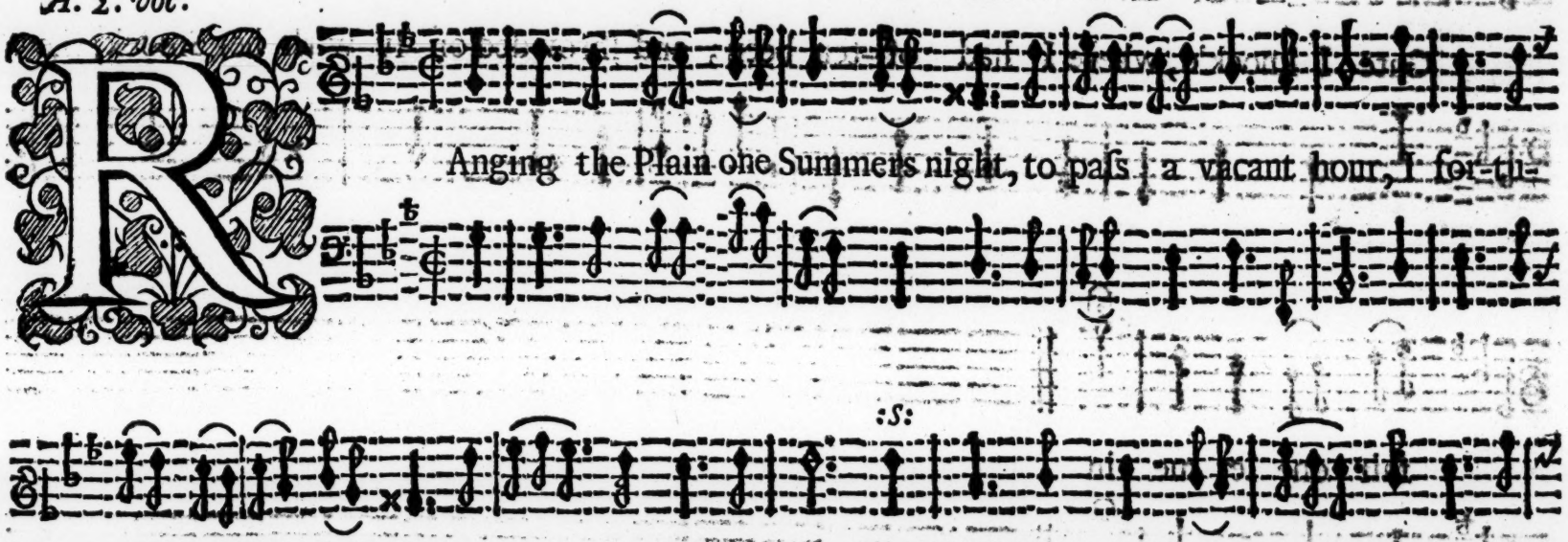


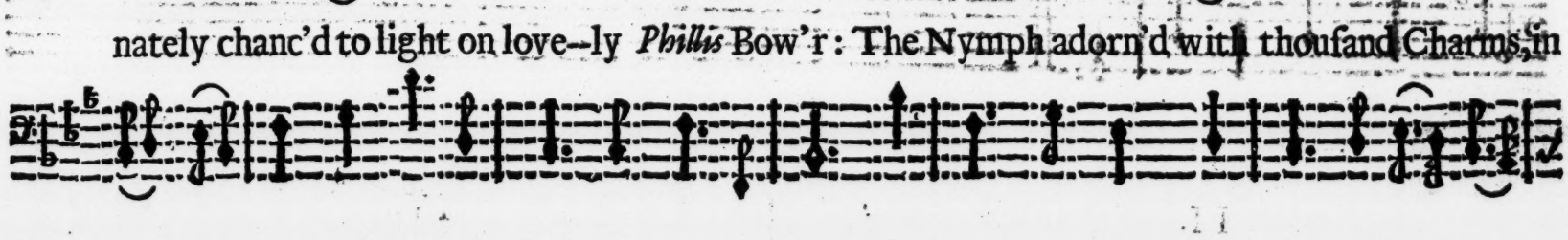


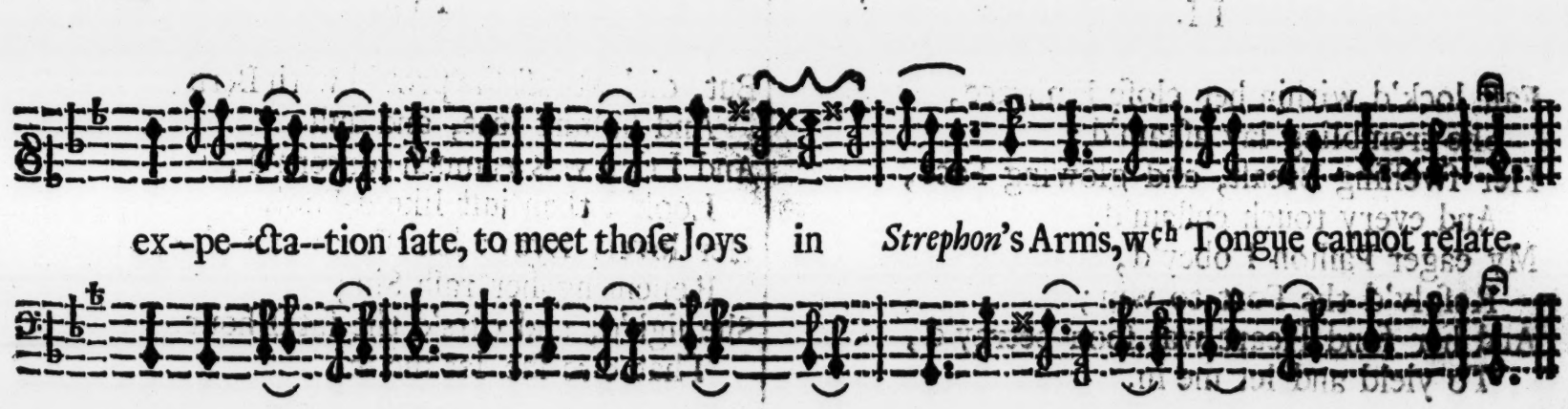
II.

No more in vain then waſt your Beauty
And thoſe ſweet Treaſures I adore;
To Love and Nature pay your duty,
Whilſt I your pleaſing Charms implore.
Kindly embrace your dear *Sylvander*,
Preſs him upon your tender Breaſt;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
On the bleſt banks of Happineſs.

A. 2. voc.





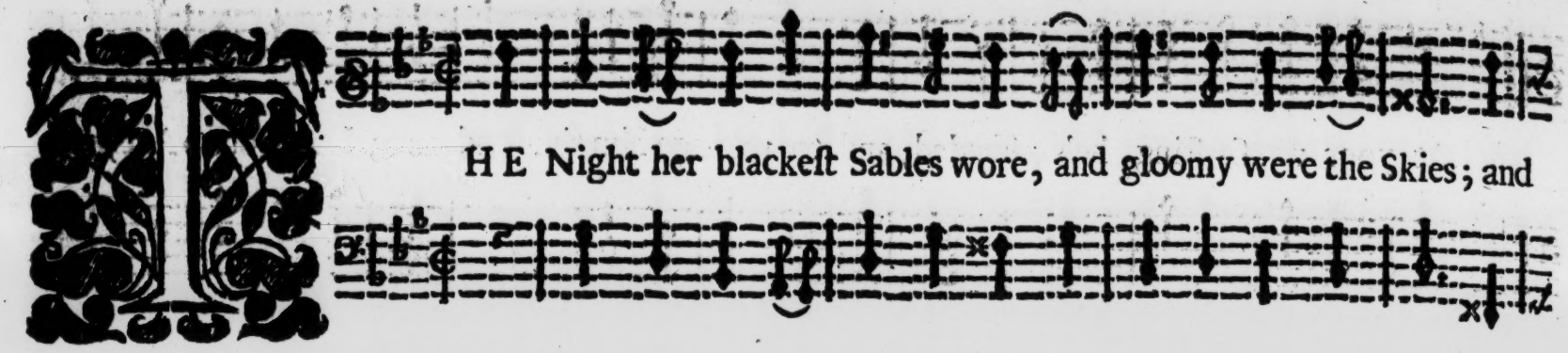


II.

Upon her Hand ſhe lean'd her Head,
Her Breaſt did gently riſe;
That e'ry Lover might have read
Her Wiſhes in her Eyes.
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
He ſuddenly would ſtart;
A Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
A trembling on her Heart.

III.

But he that knew how well ſhe lov'd,
Beyond his hour had ſtay'd;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid.
Ye Gods, ſhe ſaid, how oft he ſwore
He would be here by One;
But now, alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.



II.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling lay aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

Then! then! beyond expreſſing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Bleſſing,
So great a God was I.
And ſhe tranſported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every night
She'd riſe and let me in.

IV.

But, oh! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bern,
And ſighing ſate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then juſt like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,
Repenting her raſh Sin;
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e're ſhe let me in.

V.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch Beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now ſhe thanks the bleſſed Hour,
That e're ſhe let me in.

When *Phillis* watcht her harmleſs Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a

Prey; yet ſhe had cauſe enough to weep, her ſil--ly Heart did go aſtray: Then fly----ing

to the neighb'ring Grove, ſhe left the tender Flock to rove, and to the Winds did breath her Love.

She ſought in vain to eaſe her Pain, the heedleſs Winds did fan her Fire;

venting her Grief gave no re---lief, but rather did encreaſe deſire. Then ſitting with her

Arms acroſs, her Sorrows ſtreaming from each Eye; ſhe fixt her thoughts up--on her

Loſs, and in De--ſpair re--ſolv'd to dye.

D

HOW wretched am I when *Cla---rin---da* does frown, at her

Feet in con---fu---ſion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for aſ---ſi--ſtance I call, and

court the kind Stars they'd in pi--ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi---ſe----ry

flies, for the Gods I but i---dly implore; 'tis *Cla--rin--da* a--lone my Peace can re-

ſtore, no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.

IN vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy

pow'rful Charms long long ſtrove to de–fie; for juſt as when ſome for-ti-fy'd Town has

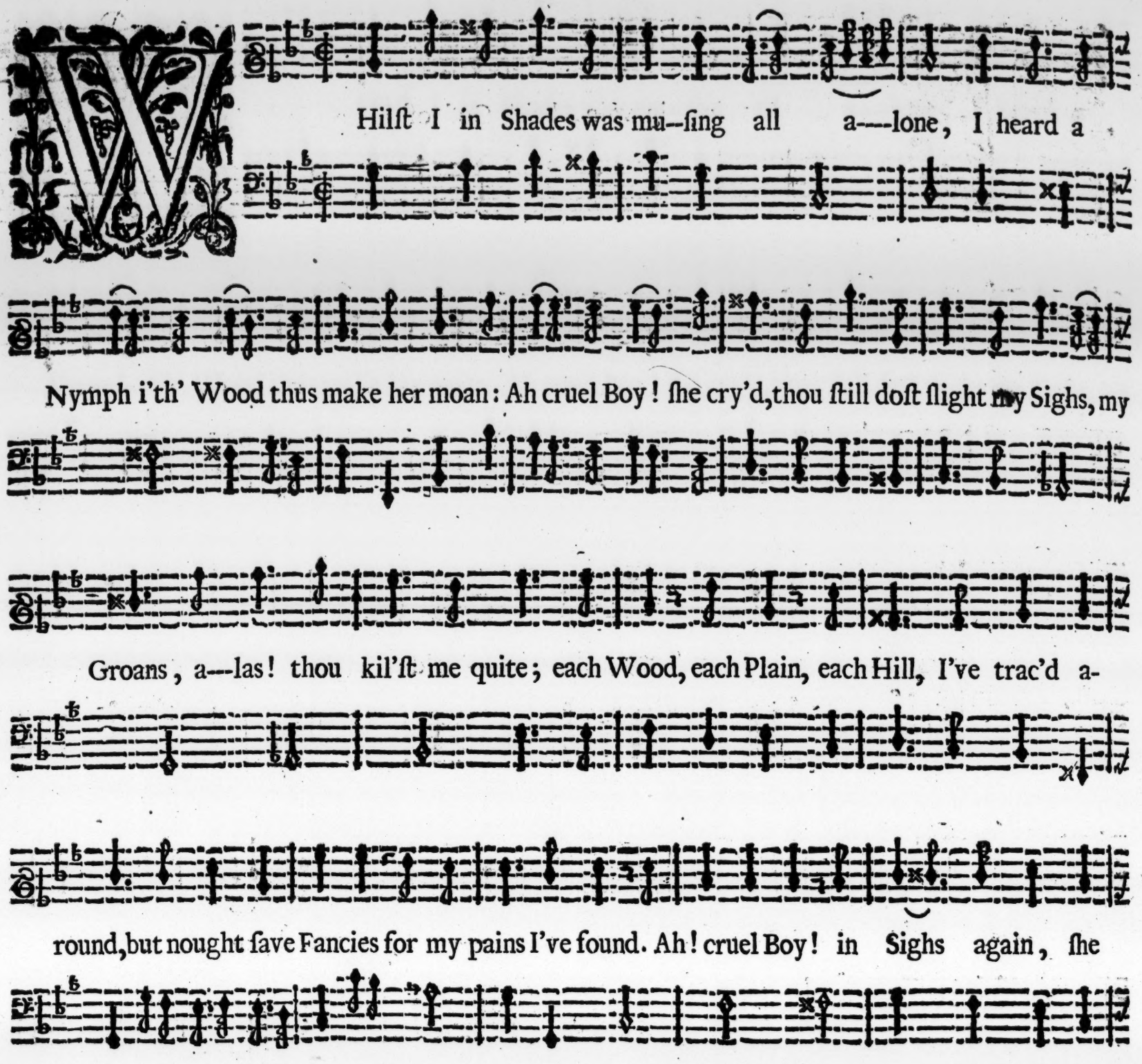
long long held out the Siege, then bat–ter'd down: So I that ne–ver

fear'd, nay ſcorn'd thy Dart, at length am woun——ded, wounded, at the Heart. Look

then up–on the Sa–cri–fice you've ſlain, view well the Heart, and ſee if there one

ſtain of Treachery you find; if not, then ſay, Ah! Ah!

dear, dear Heart! that ne–ver went a–ſtray; dear Heart! that ne–ver went a–ſtray.


Hilſt I in Shades was mu--ſing all a---lone, I heard a
Nymph i'th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah cruel Boy! ſhe cry'd, thou ſtill doſt ſlight my Sighs, my
Groans, a---las! thou kil'ſt me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've trac'd a-
round, but nought ſave Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, ſhe
ſaid, How oft haſt ſtopt thy Ears, when I have play'd in charming Notes to melt you
ſtubborn Swain; but ſtill for Love thou doſt return diſdain. Ah! ſhall I dye! Gods, are ye ſo un-
kind! t'afford no aid to my di--ſtra--cted Mind! and at theſe words ſhe wept, the

Woods reſound with pier---cing Groans, a voice ſhe heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph it

ſaid, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten--der Flocks to thee In---vites, my ra--viſh'd

Sen--ſes tran-ced by your Charms, I'le cir------cled live, and dye within your Arms.

A. 2. voc.

One are my hap--py days, all loſt, for ſhe that ſtole my Heart, ſtole then

my Li-ber-ty; arm'd with the Spoils of a de---fence---leſs Breaſt, and in the richeſt Garb

of Nature dreſt: Crown'd by her Conqueſt now ſhe's gone, ne're to remember loving *Thirſis* moan.

II.

Let her in Triumph ride, I'le be as brave,
With humble Pride I'le follow like a Slave:
But if amidſt the Pomp with Scorn ſhe turn,
And ſee the Wretch that once for her did burn;
Juſt as ſhe backward caſts her Head,
Then her reproachful Eyes will ſtrike me dead.

IN *Phillis* all vile Jilts are met, fooliſh, un-cer-tain, falſe Cocquet;

Love is her conſtant welcome Gueſt, and ſtill the new--eſt pleaſes beſt: Quickly ſhe likes, then

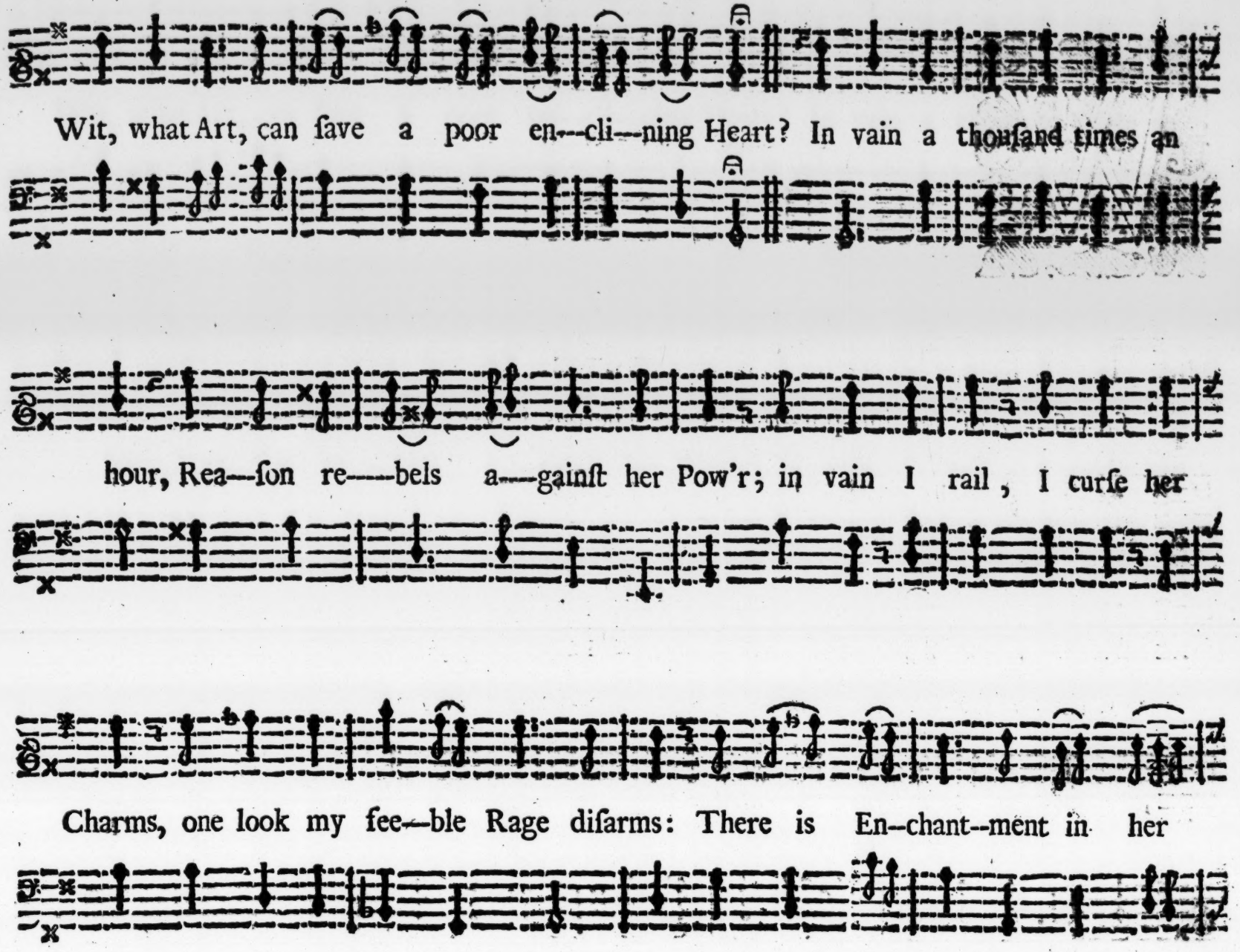
Soft.
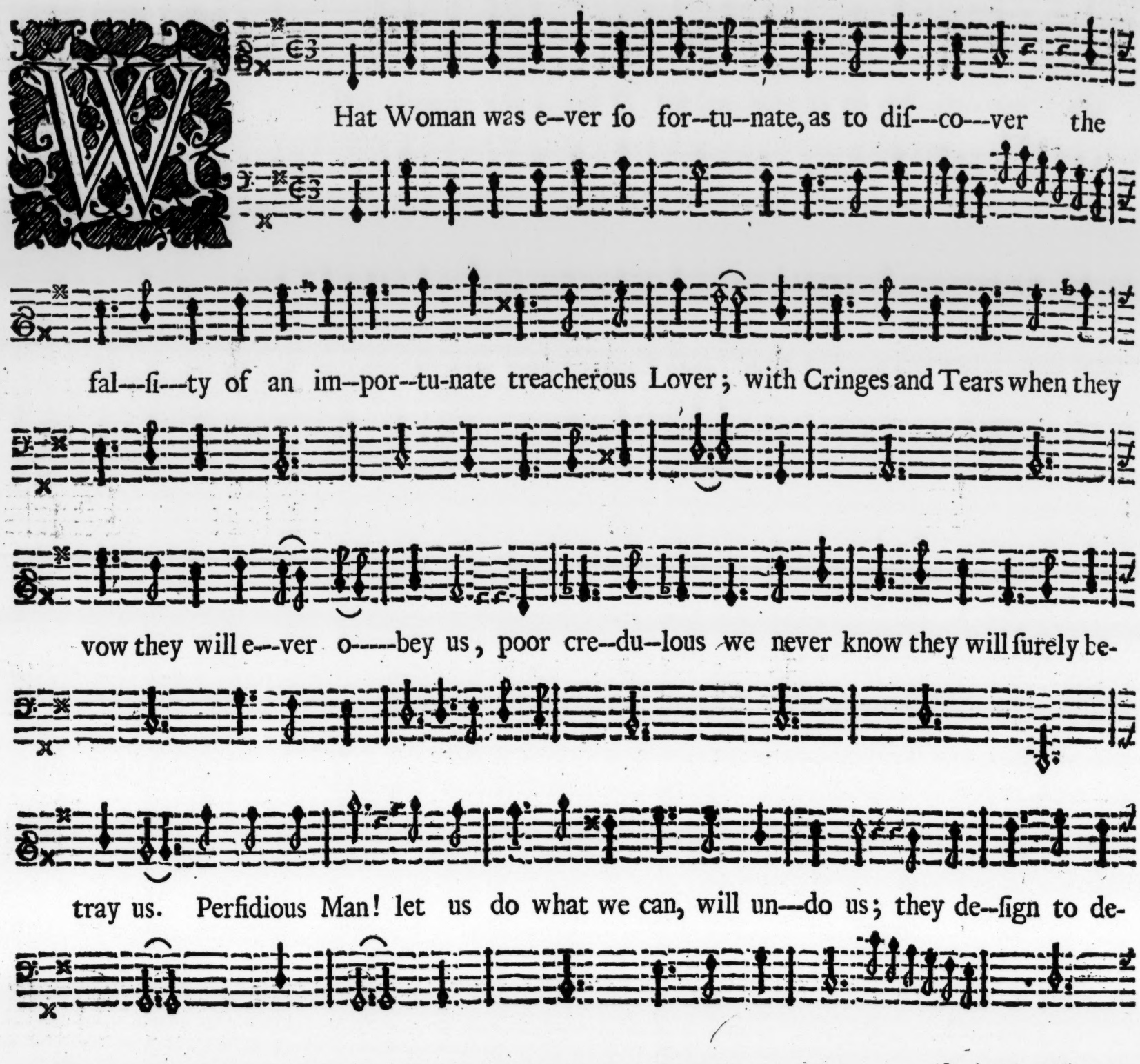
leaves as ſoon, her Life on Woman's a Lampoon; Quickly ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon, her

Life on Woman's a Lampoon. Yet for the Plague of Human Race, this De---vil has an

Angel's face: ſuch Youth, ſuch ſweetneſs in her look, who can be Man, and not be took? What

former Love, what Wit, what Art, can ſave a poor enclining Heart? What former Love, what


Wit, what Art, can ſave a poor en---cli---ning Heart? In vain a thouſand times an
hour, Rea---ſon re----bels a---gainſt her Pow'r; in vain I rail, I curſe her
Charms, one look my fee---ble Rage diſarms: There is En--chant--ment in her
Eyes, who ſees 'em can no more be wiſe; There is En--chant--ment in her
Eyes, who ſees 'em can no more be wiſe.

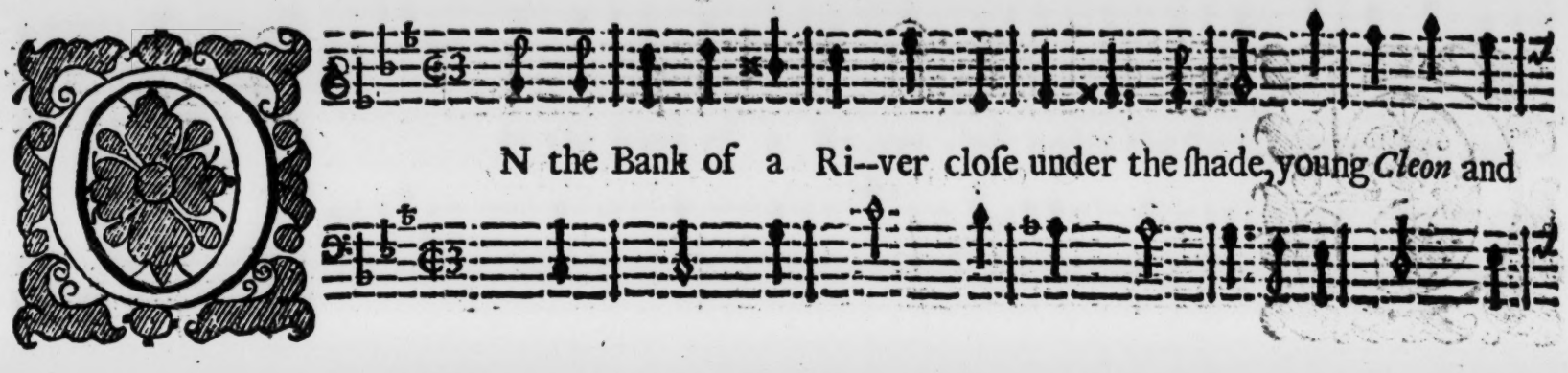


III.

Our Nation no more ſhall relent at Men's flattering Anguiſh,
Their Crocadiles Tears ſhall no more make us mournfully languiſh;
Our Beauty and Wit we will pleaſantly uſe to decoy them,
As pleaſantly then we'l uſe our Coyneſs and Frowns to deſtroy them.

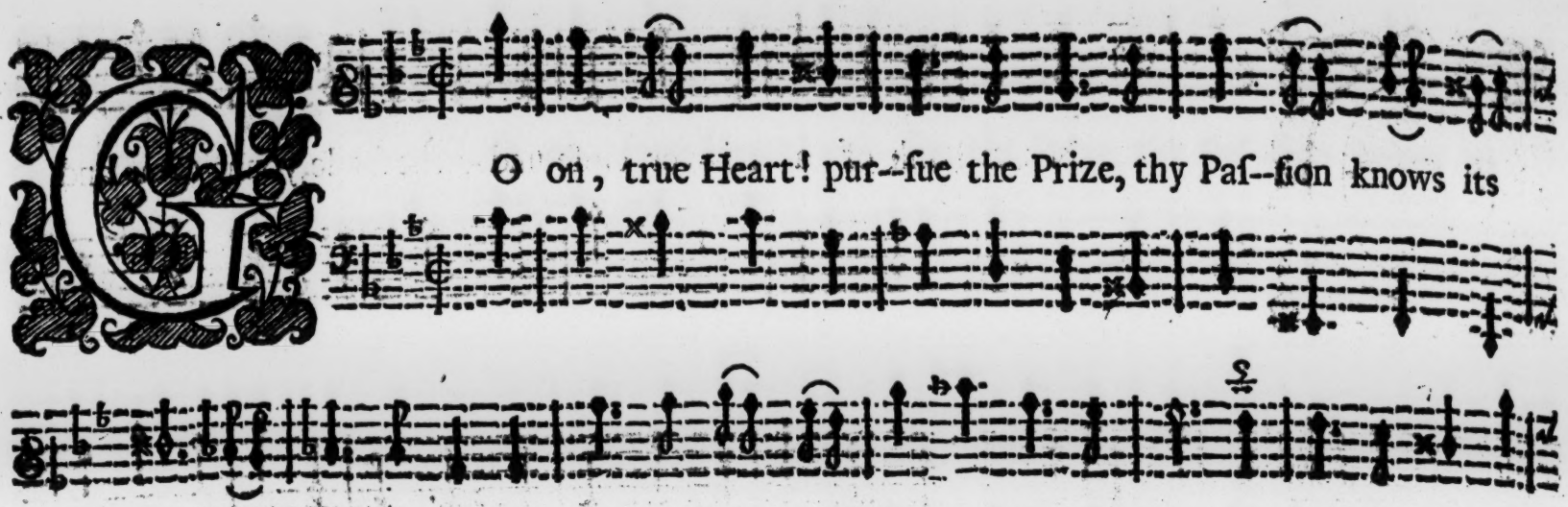
IV.

Beautiful Apes, who in mimical ſhapes do accoſt us,
Will moſt ſurely repent when they find us relent, and they ha' loſt us;
Their hours they paſs in conſulting the Glaſs to find Graces,
May make us approve, and preſently love their Fools faces.



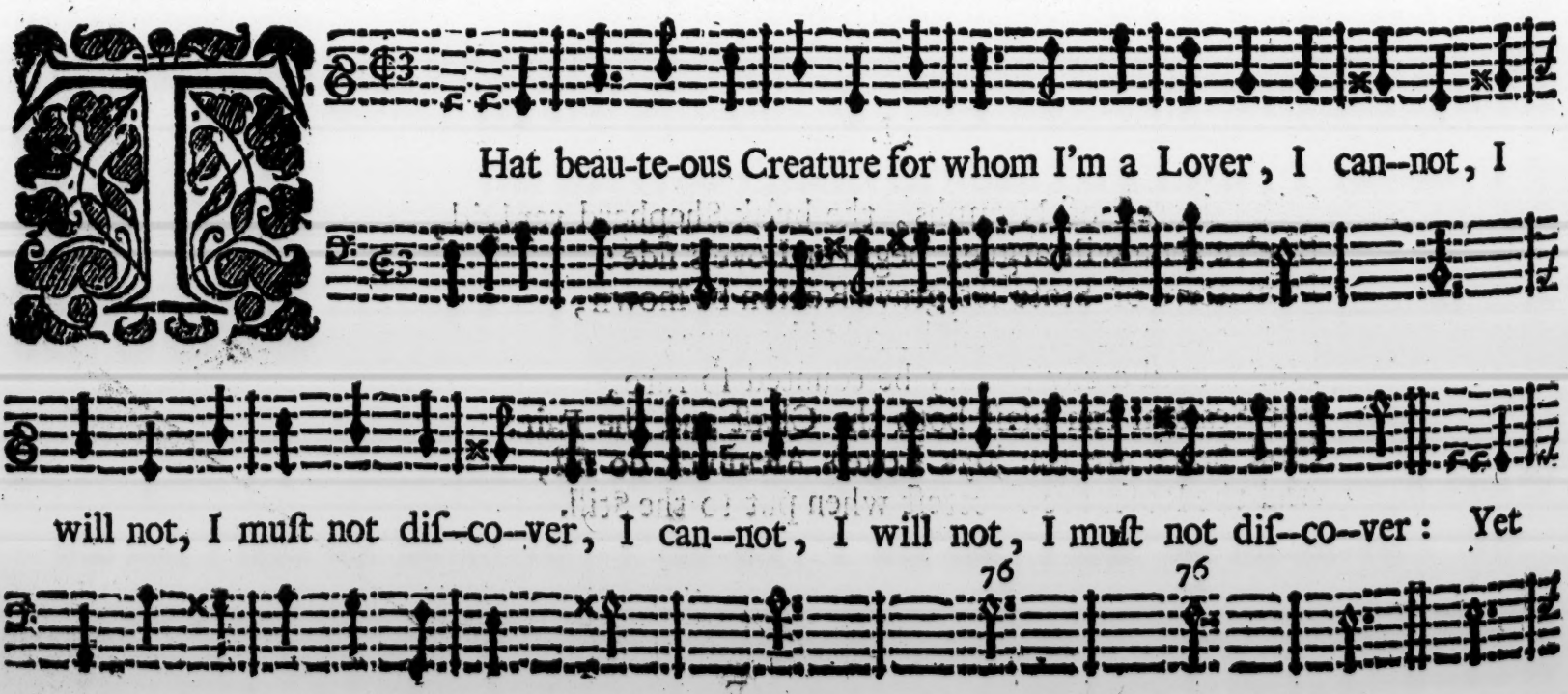
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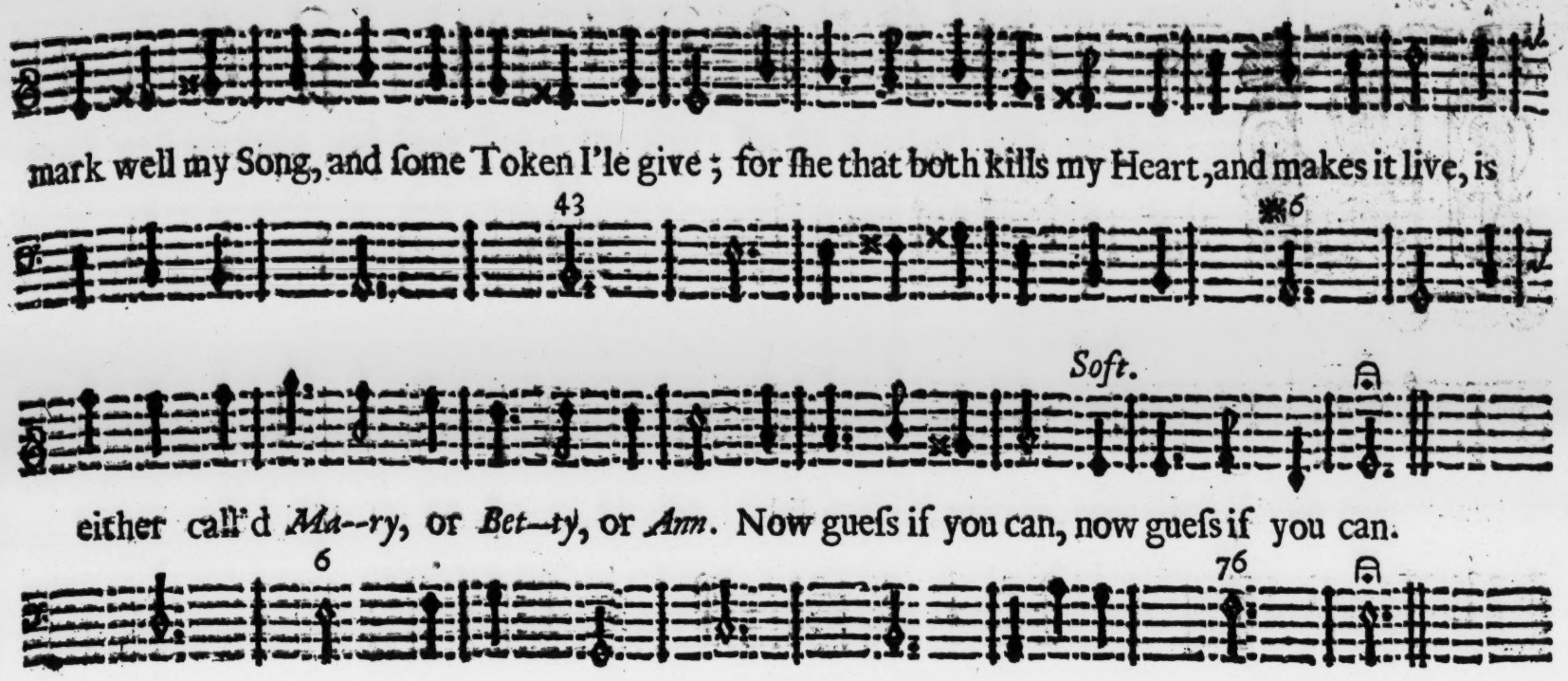
Thou deareſt of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's ſide:
In matters of State let grave Reaſon be ſhown,
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
Nor ſhould a coy Beauty be counted ſo rare,
For Scandal can blaſt both the Chaſt and the Fair.
Moſt fierce are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roſes are ſweeteſt when put to the Still.



II.

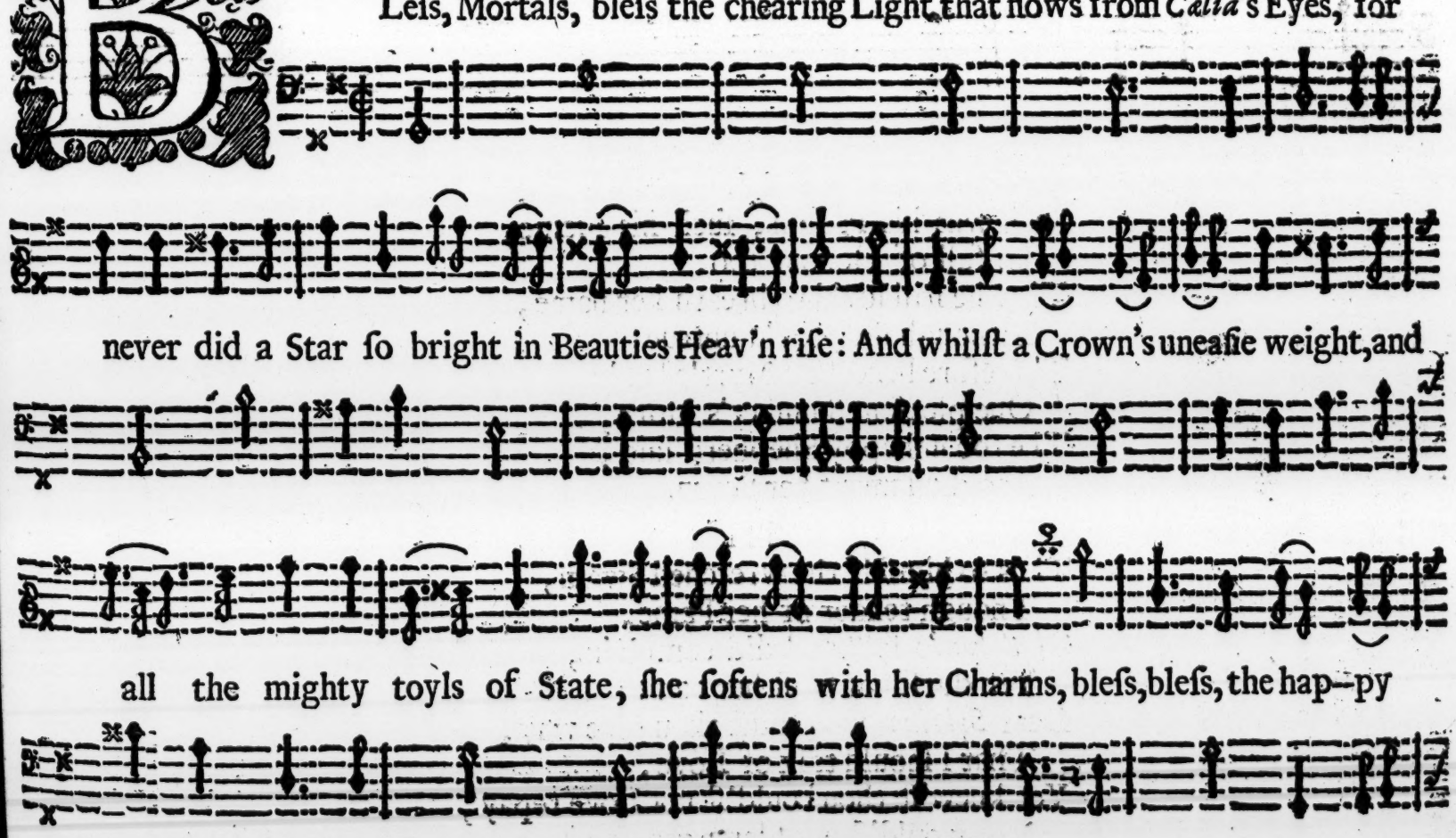
Kind Nature will her hate oppoſe;
And though ſhe does not love,
My Paſſion I will ſo diſcloſe,
As ſhall her pity move.
Thence from that Pity with new Fire,
Although her Heart were Stone,
I'le melt it into chaſt Deſire,
And Coyn it in my own.





II.

Her Stature is tall, and her Body is ſlender,
Her Eyes are moſt lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I ſay no more, but I ſay no more.

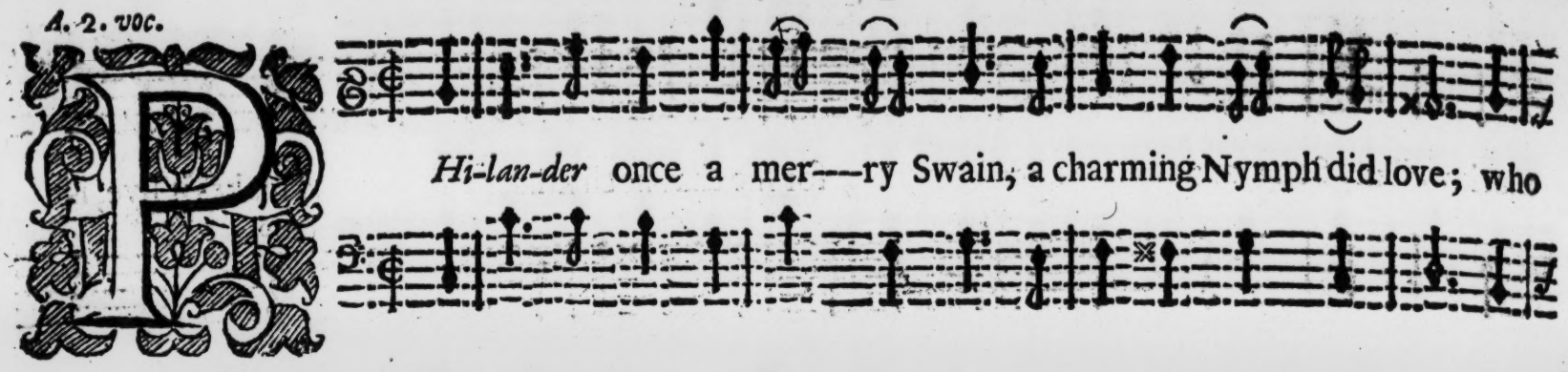


Dr. *Blow.*

II.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,
And oft his Joys renew;
And yet how few in Kings approve
What they themſelves purſue.
The murmering Crowd themſelves afford
The Pleaſures they deny their Lord,
Though Love is Empire's Dower,
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

A. 2. voc.



II.

Such was his Paſſion, ſuch his Flame,
So full of Honour too,
That he ſtill lov'd to breath her name,
Although ſhe prov'd untrue:
Therefore beneath a Myrtle ſhade,
One pleaſant Summer's Morn,
The too unhappy Shepherd laid,
And did lament her Scorn.

III

Thus to himſelf the wretched Swain,
Though tender of her Fame,
Of *Sylvia*'s falſhood did complain,
Yet durſt not blaſt her name:
Dear *Sylvia!* why didſt thou give way,
That I ſhould talk of Love,
Yet knew'ſt thou could'ſt not Love repay,
Nor would'ſt my Flame remove?

IV.

When in its Youth my Paſſion was,
'Twas eaſie to remove;
But now 'tis grown to ſuch a paſs,
The Task too hard will prove:
For in my Heart the love of you
Too deeply rooted is;
'Twas the firſt Grief I ever knew,
Yet is my greateſt Bliſs.

An AYRE *on a Ground.*

HIgh State and Honours to o--thers im--part, but give me your

Heart; that Treaſure, that Treaſure a---lone, I beg for my own: So gen--tle a Love, ſo

frequent a Fire, my Soul does inſpire; that Treaſure, that Treaſure alone, I beg for my

own. Your Love let me crave, give me in poſ---ſeſ--ſing ſo matchleſs a Bleſ--ſing, that

Empire is all I would have, loves my Petition, and all my Ambition. If e're you diſ--co--ver ſo

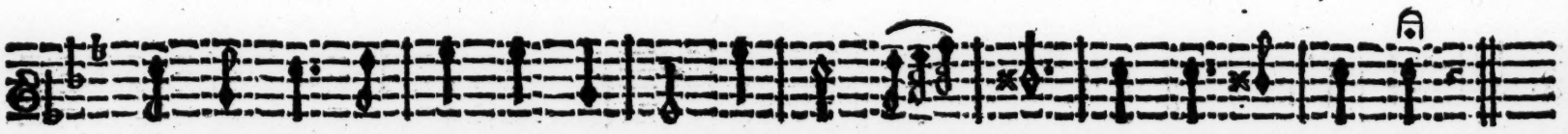
faithful, ſo faithful a Lover, ſo re--al a Flame, I'le dye, I'le dye, I'le dye, ſo give up my Game.

Mr. *Abel.*

On a LADY *dreſſing by a Glaſs.*

A. 2. voc.

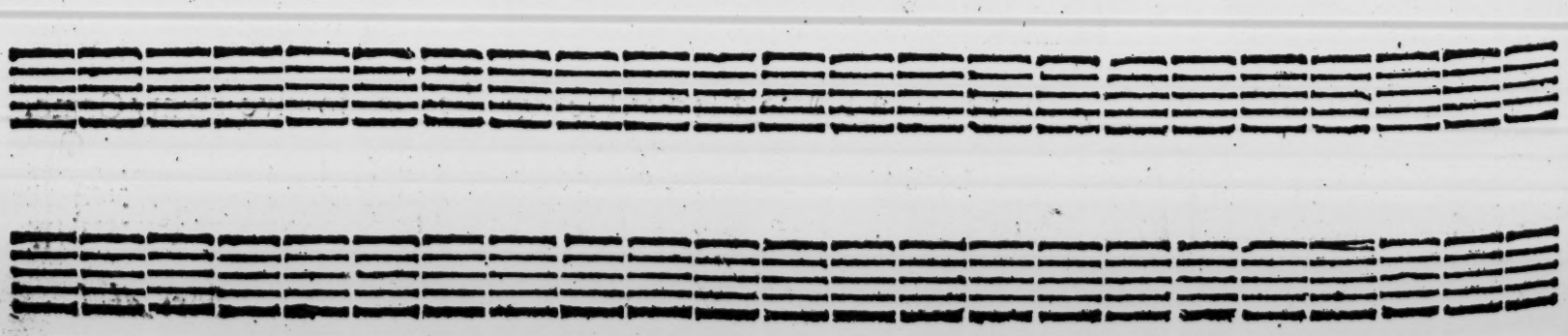


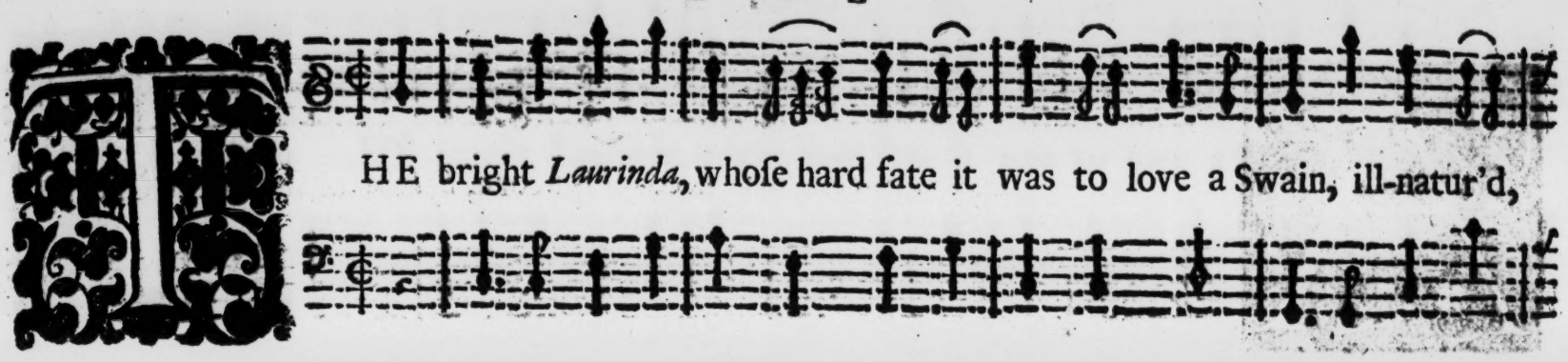


Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

Narciſſus ſeeing of his lovely Face,
Doated ſo much he dy'd in's own Embrace;
If Man did ſo, what will not Woman do,
When ſhe ſurveys what Men admire and woo?
Then lay aſide your Glaſs, let me now adviſe you,
'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men deſpiſe you.





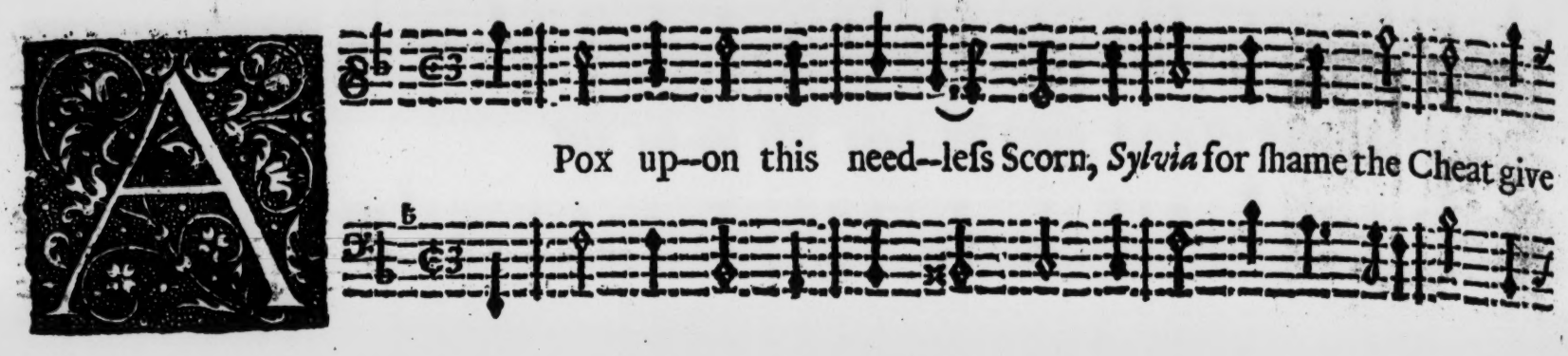
Capt. *Packe.*

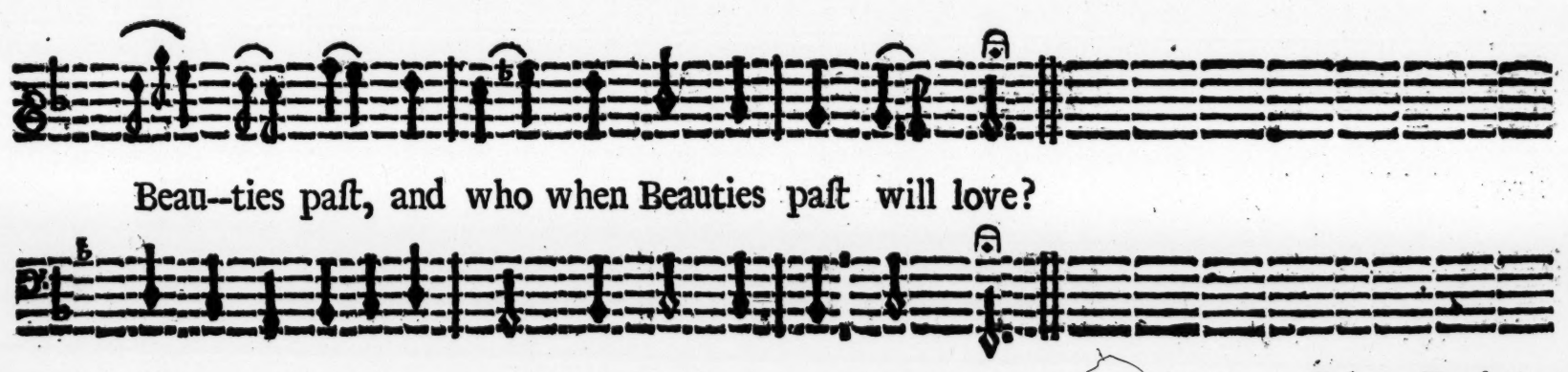
II.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring,
To no ſoft Tale would lend an Ear,
But careleſs ſit and ſing:
Or if a moving Story wrought
Her frozen Breaſt to a kind thought,
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amintor thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

Long thus ſhe kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes,
A thouſand Youths did daily dye
Her Beauties Sacrifice:
'Till Love at laſt young *Cleon* brought,
The object of each Virgin's thought,
Whoſe ſtrange reſiſtleſs Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her bleſt as thoſe above.





Capt. *Packe.*

II.

When Age thoſe Glories ſhall deface,
Revenging all your cold diſdain,
And *Sylvia* ſhall neglected paſs,
By every one admiring Swain:
And we can only pity pay,
When you in vain too late ſhall burn;
If Love increaſe, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia!* who will make return?

III.

Then haſt my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conſpire;
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raiſe our Charms of Pleaſure higher;
And when Embracing we ſhall lye,
Cloſely in ſhades on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World whilſt we defie,
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.



H! what can mean that ea--ger Joy, Tranſports my Soul when you ap---pear? ah *Strephon!* you my Thoughts employ, with all that's Charming, all that's dear. When you your pleaſing Sto----ry tell, a ten--der--neſs in-----vades my Parts; And I with Bluſh--es own, I feel ſomething too mel--ting at my Heart.

Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

Each ſight my Reaſon does ſurpriſe,
And I at once both wiſh and fear;
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle Stories there.
Take, take that Heart that needs would go,
But Shepherd, ſee it kindly us'd;
For who ſuch Preſents would beſtow,
If this, alas! ſhould be abus'd?

Draw out the Minutes twice as long, ſwift Night, and run in debt to

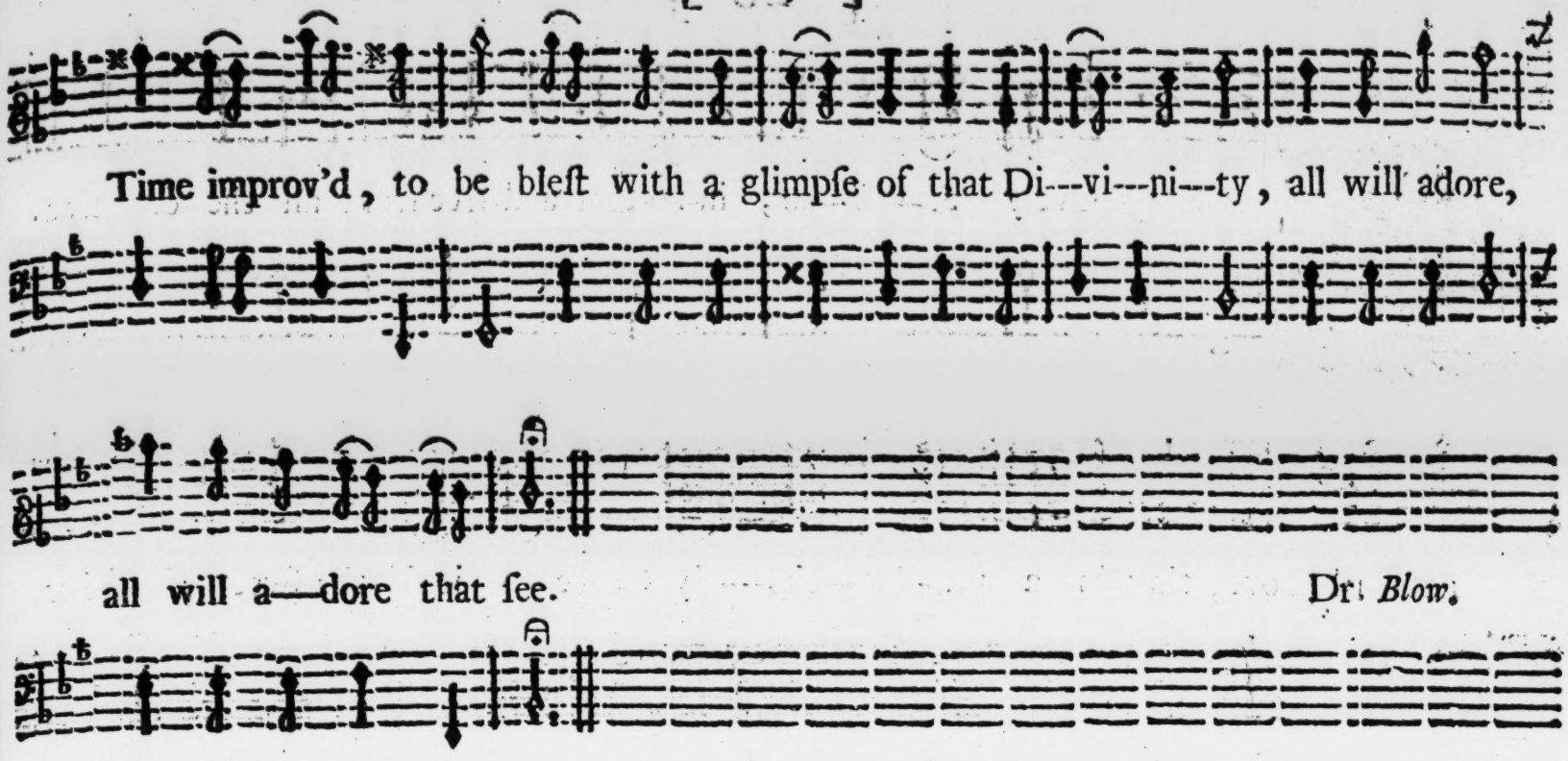
day; Loves Ene---my, thou ſoft-pac'd robber of Delight, how thou doſt ſteal a-

way. *Clo-rin-da*, bid Time ſtop his full ca--rier, whiſper a gen--tle Charm in--to his Ear;
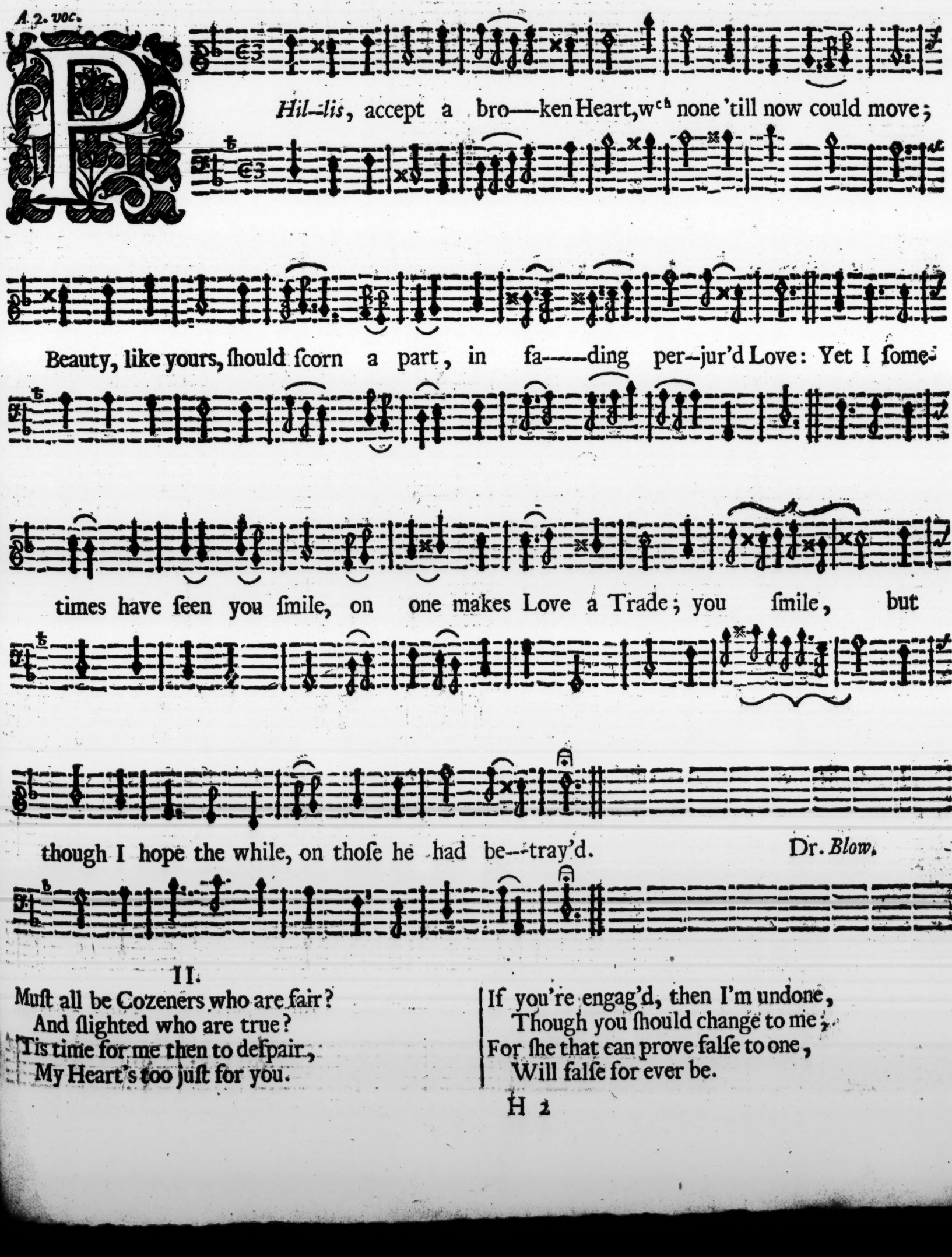
tell him, 'tis you, tell him, 'tis you that's here. Sure nothing's Charm-proof

'gainſt that Tongue, thoſe Eyes, that grate--ful Meen of yours; one look from you, from

you, will Fa---ther Time ſurpriſe, he'l loſe his Minutes, Hours. And well for him; 'tis



A. 2. voc.



II.

Muſt all be Cozeners who are fair?
And ſlighted who are true?
'Tis time for me then to deſpair,
My Heart's too juſt for you.

If you're engag'd, then I'm undone,
Though you ſhould change to me;
For ſhe that can prove falſe to one,
Will falſe for ever be.

LOvely *Se---li---na*, in-no-cent and free from all the dangerous

Arts of Love, thus in a me---lan---cho----ly Grove en---joy'd the ſweetneſs of her

Pri-----va------cy ; 'till en--vious Gods de---ſign----ing to un---do her, diſ-

patch'd the Swain not un------like then to woo her. It was not long

e're the deſign did take; a gen--tle Youth born to perſuade, deceiv'd the too too ea---ſie

Maid; her Scrip and Garlands ſoon ſhe did forſake, and raſh----ly told the Secrets of her

Heart, which the fond Man would e------ver----more im----part. Falſe *Flori-*

mel, joy of my Heart, ſaid ſhe, 'Tis hard to love, and love in vain, to love, and not be

lov'd a--gain; and why ſhould Love and Prudence dif-----a---gree? Pi--ty ye Pow'rs that

ſit at eaſe a---bove, if e're you know what 'tis to be in Love. Dr. *John Blow.*

PHil--lis, whoſe Heart was un--con--fin'd and free, as Flow'rs on

Meads and Plains; none boaſted of her being kind, 'mongſt all the languiſhing and am'rous

Swains: No Sighs or Tears her Heart could move, to pi---ty or re-turn their Love.

Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

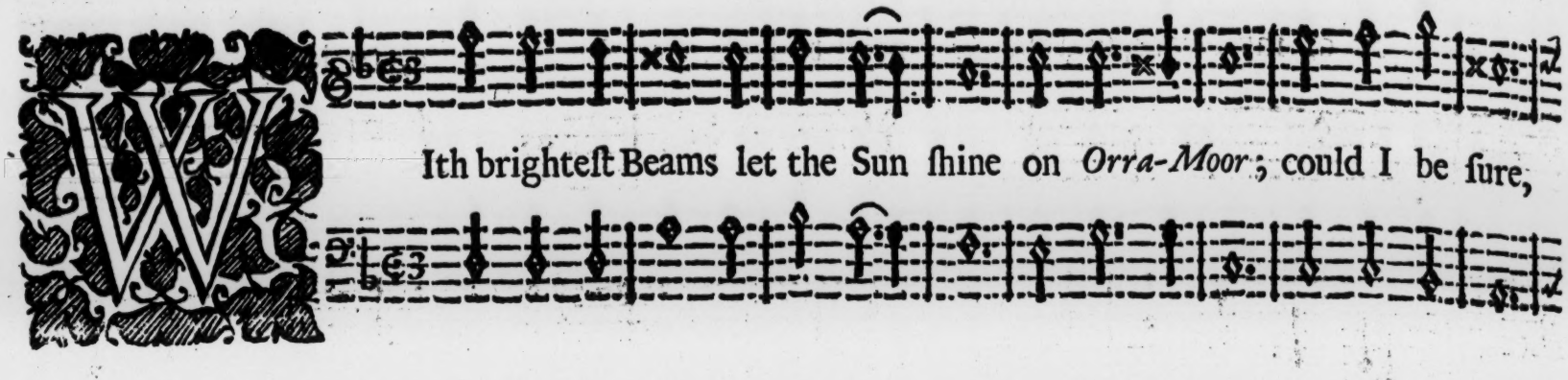
II.

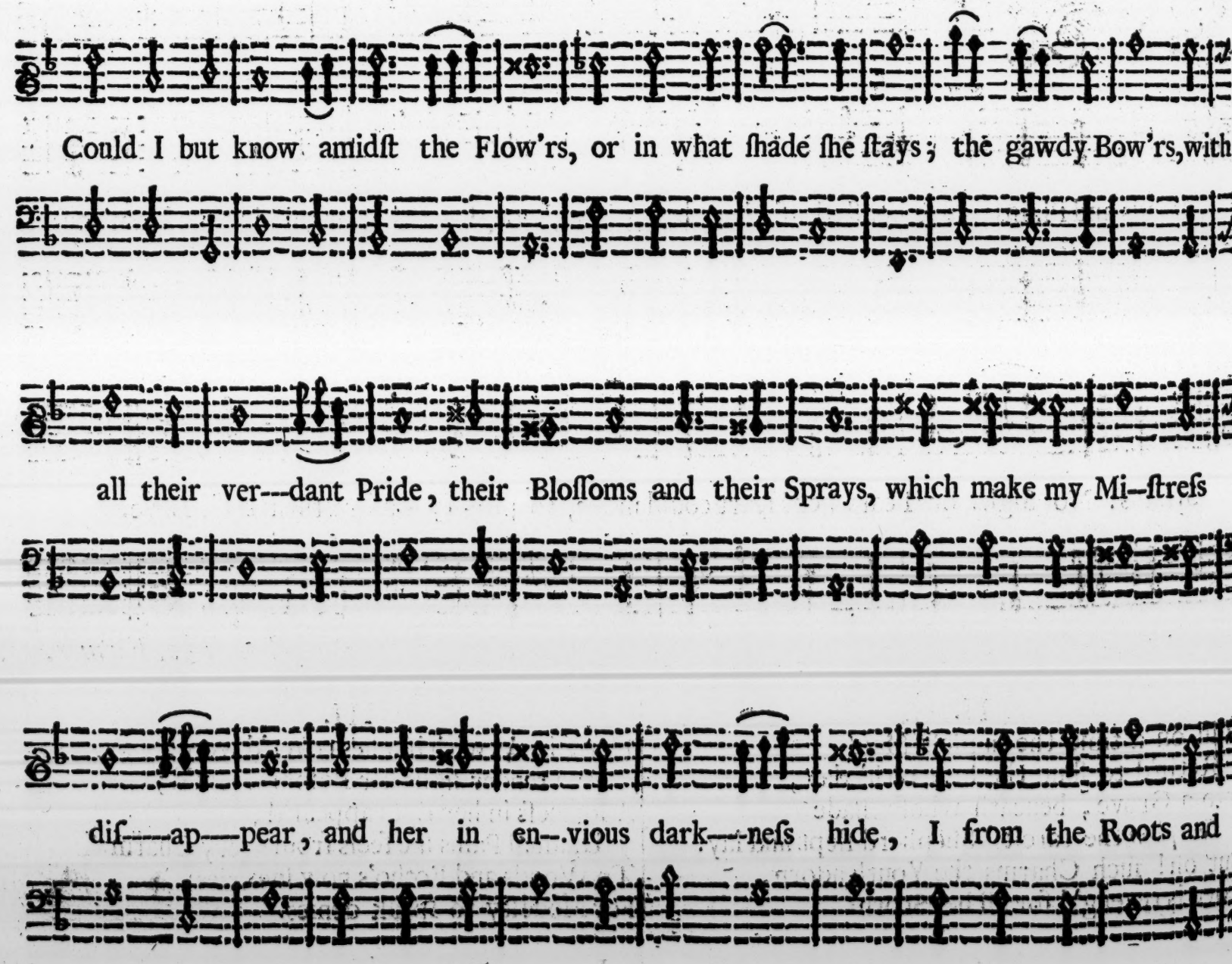
'Till on a time the hapleſs Maid
Retir'd to ſhun the heat o'th' day,
Into a Grove, beneath whoſe ſhade
Strephon the careleſs Shepherd ſlept and lay.
But oh! ſuch Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

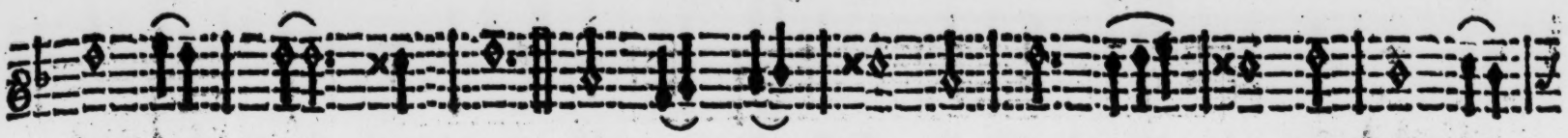
III.

Her Cheeks with bluſhes cover'd were,
And tender ſighs her Boſom warm'd;
A ſoftneſs in her Eyes appear'd,
Unuſual Pains ſhe feels from every Charm.
To Woods and Eccho's now ſhe cries,
For Modeſty to ſpeak denies.

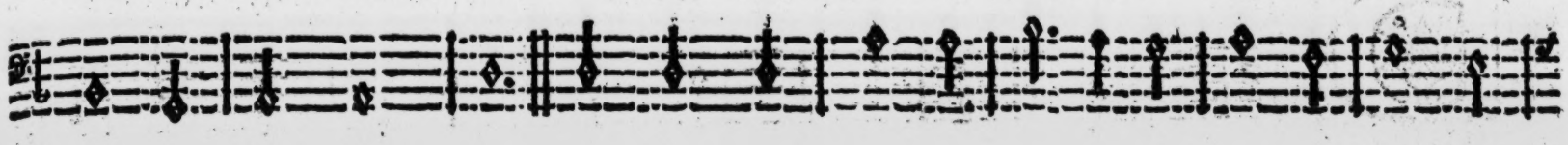
ORRA-MOOR, a *Lapland* Song.



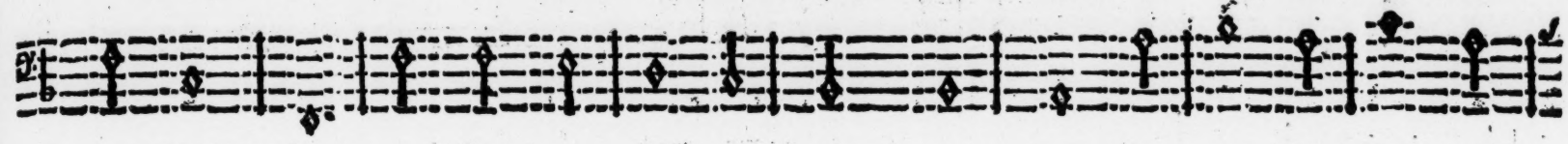




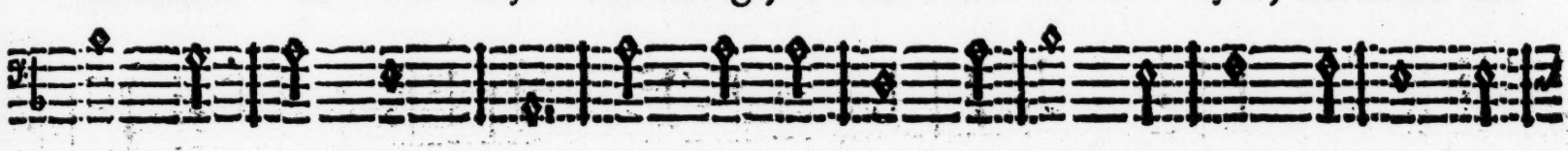
Beds of Earth would tear. Up--on the Raft of Clouds I'd ride, which un--to



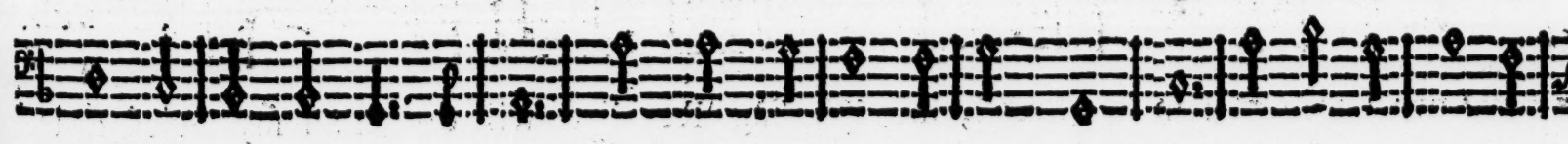
Or---ra fly; of Ra--vens I would bor--row Wings, and all the fea--ther'd



In--mates of the Sky. But Wings, a--las! are me de--ny'd, the Stork and

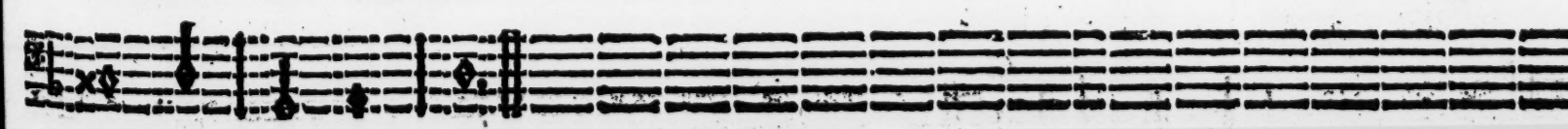


Swan their Pinions will not lend: There's none who un--to *Or---ra* bring, or will by that kind



Conduct me befriend.

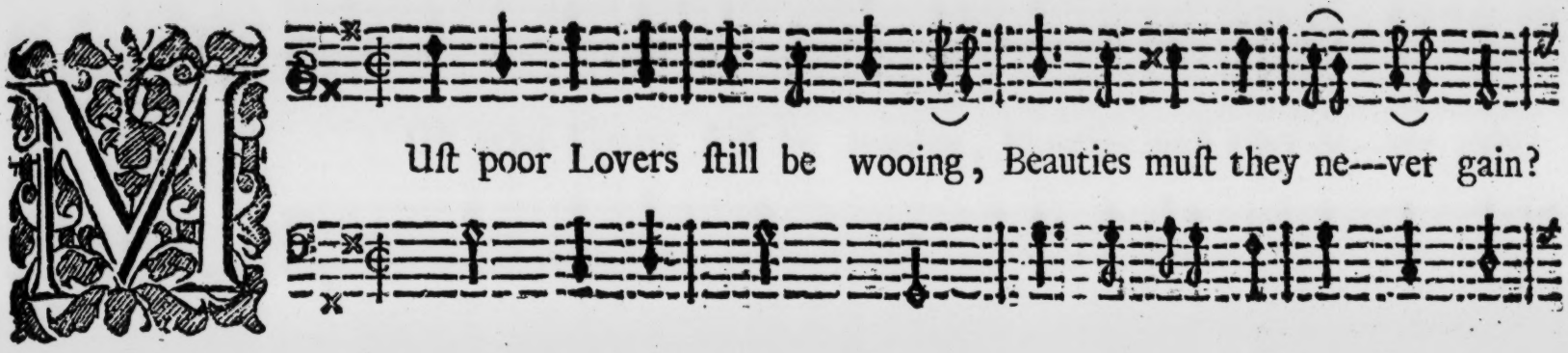
Dr. *Rogers:*



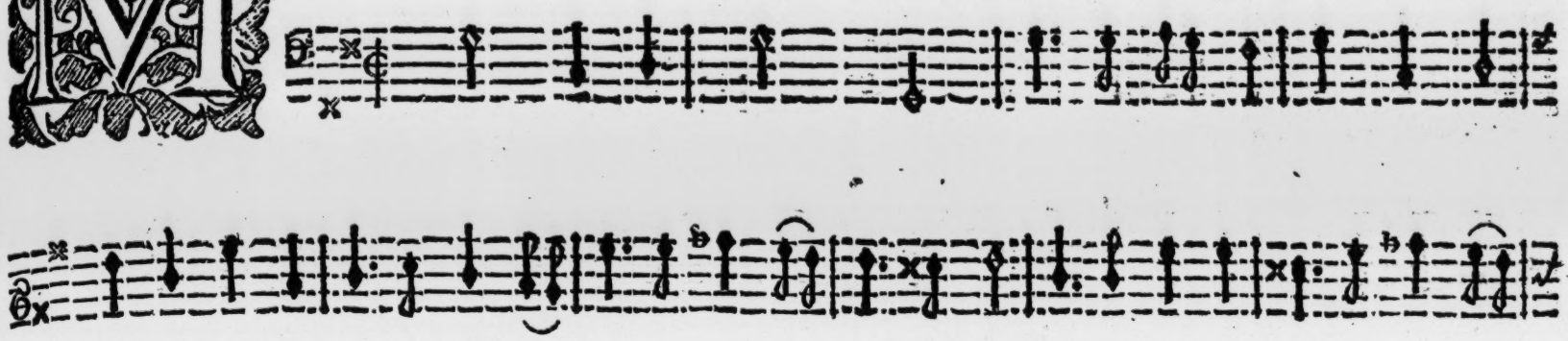
BEar witneſs now you ſilver Streams, and pleaſing ſhady Groves; whoſe Harmony and Solitude can ſweeten harmleſs Loves: How loud the Eccho's of my Sighs do ring, for her whoſe Scorns can me no comfort bring? Ye Pow'rs above, grant ſhe may love, and feel thoſe Pangs which I al--rea--dy know. For if Love once dwell in her Breaſt, for if Love once dwell in her Breaſt, ſuch pleaſing Re---lief will drown all my Grief, and make me a Lover that's bleſt. Mr. *Baniſter.*

II.

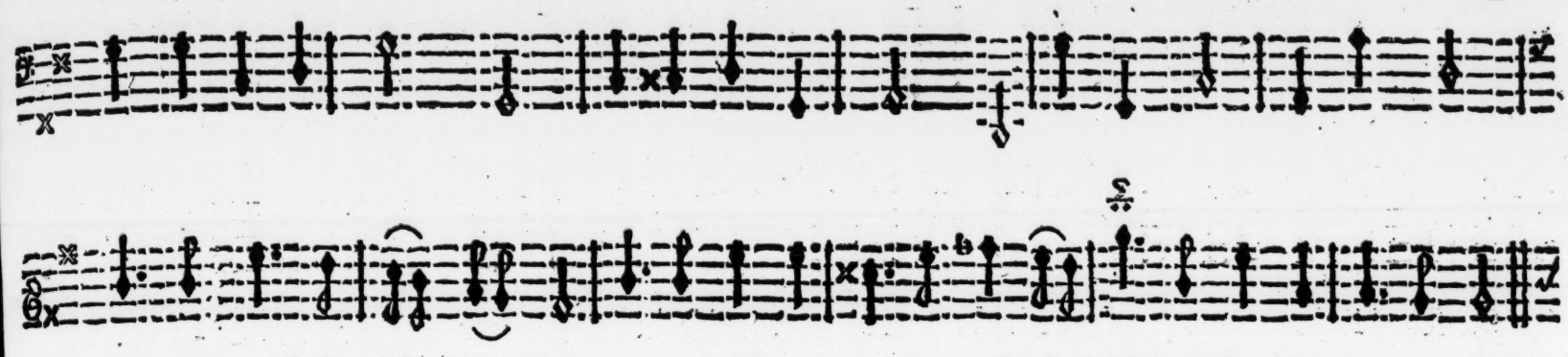
Fly Eccho's, fly, and in your gentle murm'ring Whiſpers bear
My Languiſhing and deep Complaints to my dear *Phillis* ear;
Tell her, oh tell her, 'tis for her I dye,
And ask her, when ſhe'l leave off Cruelty?
Oh powerful Love! come from above,
And in her chaſt Heart go take up thy ſeat:
For if Love once dwell in her Breaſt,
Such pleaſing Relief
Will drown all my Grief,
And make me a Lover that's bleſt.



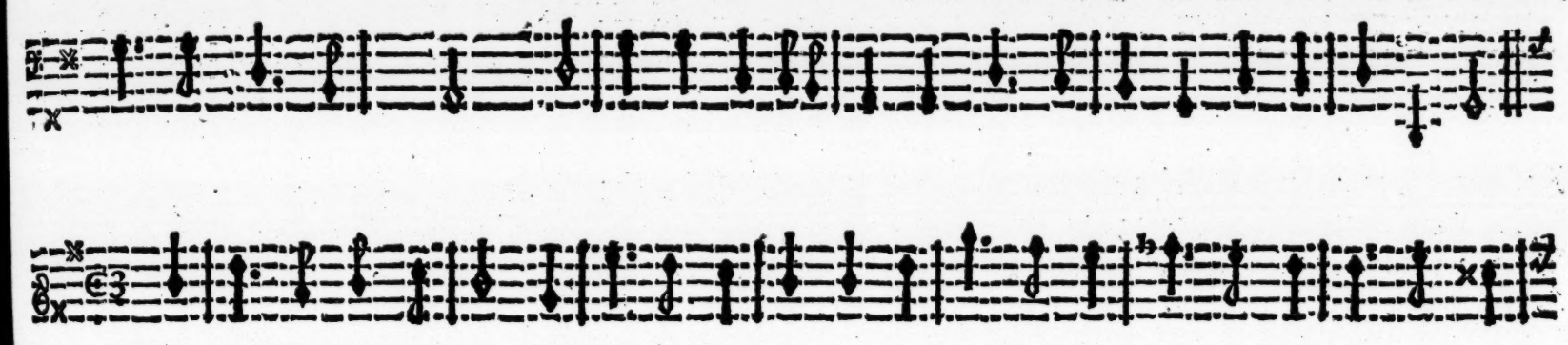
Uſt poor Lovers ſtill be wooing, Beauties muſt they ne---ver gain?



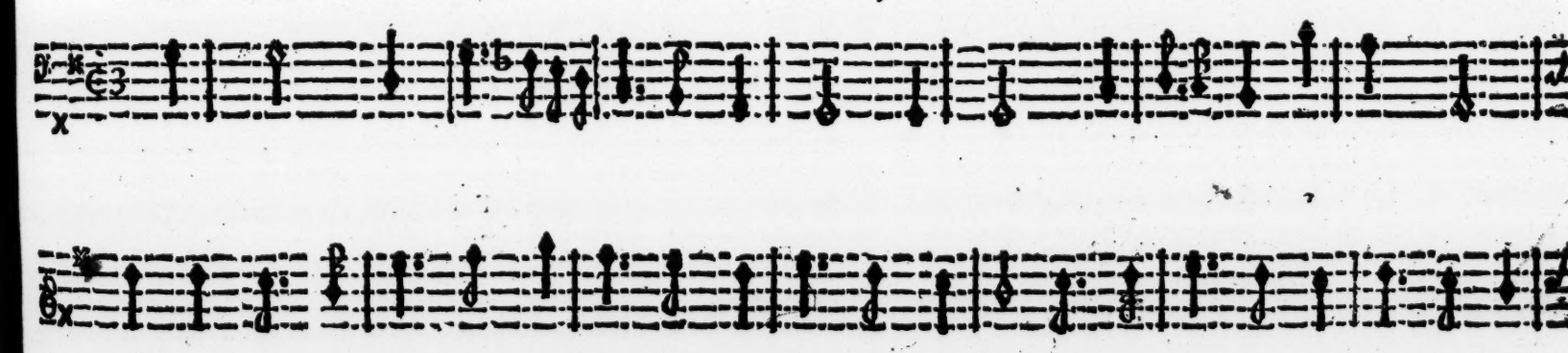
Muſt they always be purſuing, never, never, to obtain? Can you glory in our dy--ing?



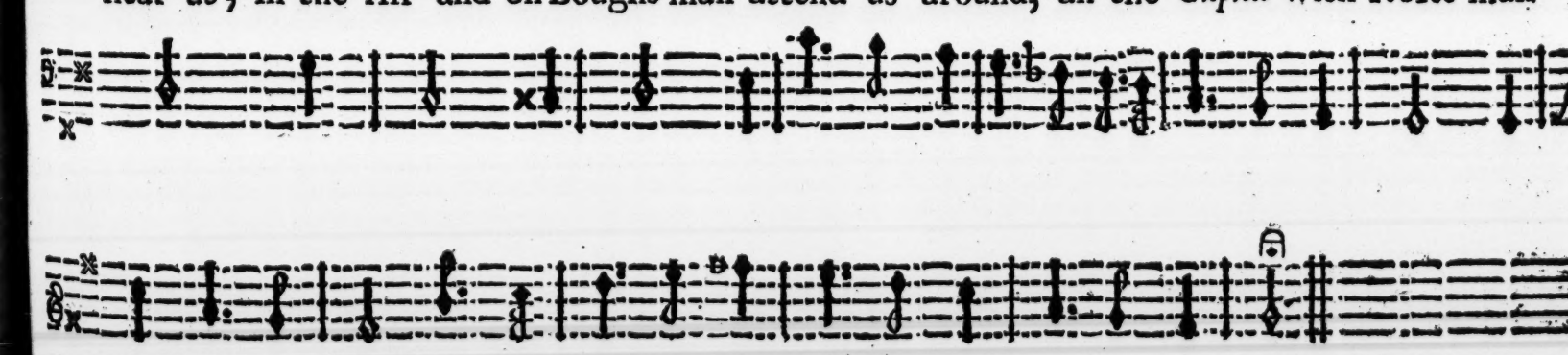
bleeding Wounds ſhould pi-ty move; can you glo-ry in de-ny-ing? yield at laſt, and crown our Love.



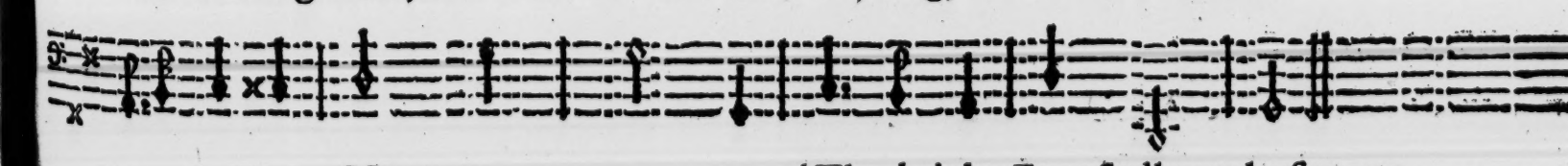
Then all the lit-tle Gods of Love that are near us, and all the ſweet Birds of the Grove that can



hear us; in the Air and on Boughs ſhall attend us around, all the *Cupids* with Roſes ſhall



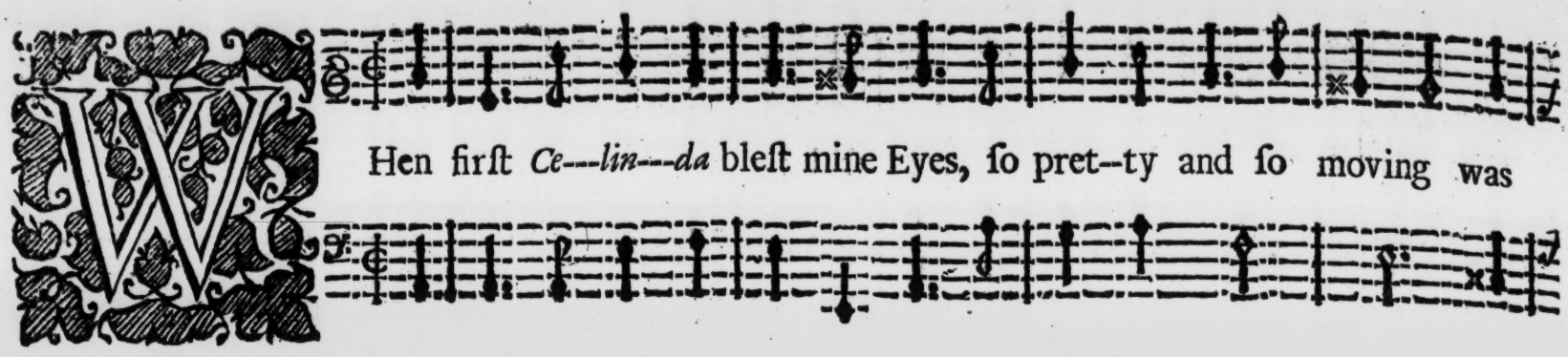
co-ver the ground, whil'ſt our am'rous Birds chanting, the Eccho's reſound.



II.

Then with Myrtle Wreaths ſurrounded,
Underneath cool Shades we lye;
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
There both killing, we'l both dye.

Thy bright Eyes ſhall gently fire me,
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;
And thy charming Looks inſpire me,
With new Themes of Poetry.
Then all the little Gods, *&c.*



Iſaac Blackwel.

II.

As in a Dream, my Spirits all
  Did to my Heart retire;
Which like a ſtubborn City Wall,
  Kept out the happy Fire:
My Heart and Eyes are now awake,
  And all my Dreams are true;
And Love, to puniſh my miſtake,
  Does all my thoughts purſue.

III.
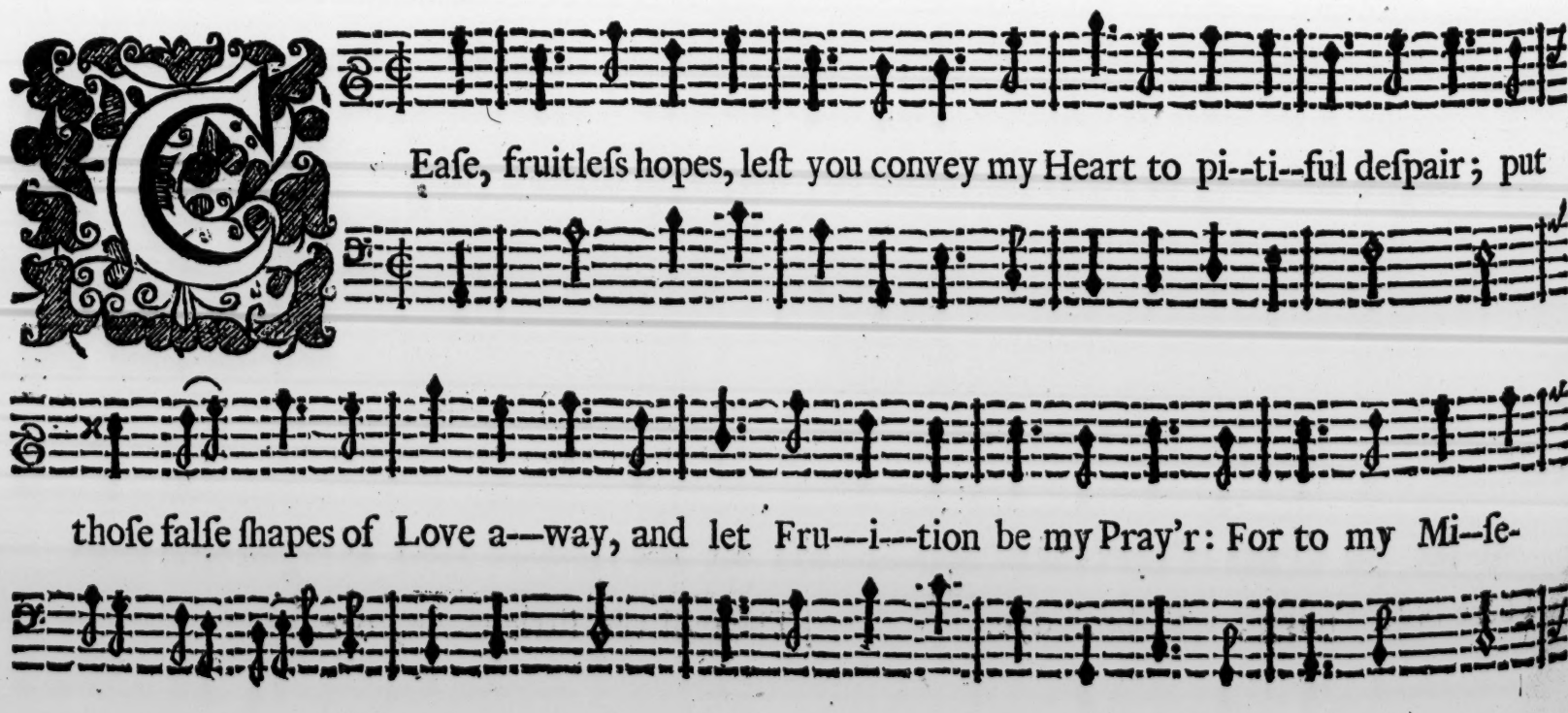
At ſecond view I was amaz'd,
  And griev'd, but troubled moſt;
And on that Paradiſe I gaz'd,
  Which I ſo lately loſt.
When that Seraphick Face I view,
  Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs;
The beſt remembrance does renew,
  Of thoſe ſhort happy Hours.

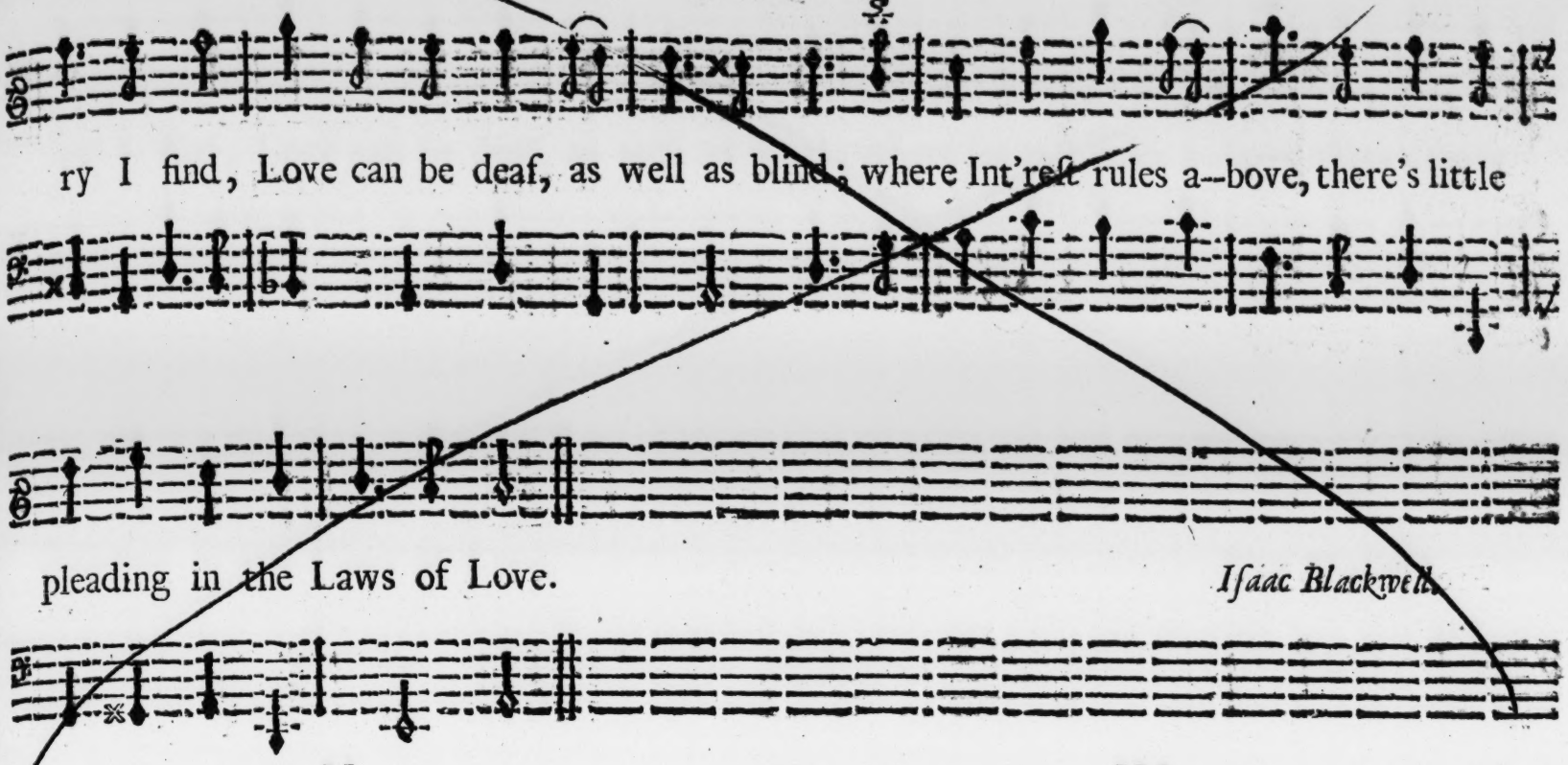
IV.

Bleſt be the Hours that let me know,
  Earth had ſo rich a Treaſure;
I'le live and revel here below,
  And ſwim in Seas of Pleaſure:
I'le banquet all my Senſes here,
  And treat my Soul with Bliſſes;
Muſick and Wit ſhall feed my Ear,
  And Beauty give me kiſſes.

V.

Heav'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou haſt,
  And when I hear thee chanting;
I hear, I ſee, I ſmell, I taſt,
  But there's one Senſe ſtill wanting.
From the rare virtue of which Senſe,
  All Senſes have depending;
Love did at firſt from that Commence
  A Pleaſure without ending.





II.

How ſtrange a Vaſſal is her Fate,
To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;
Love that's conſtrain'd oft turns to hate,
And makes the Union but in vain:
Yet Love is Mercenary made,
And Marriage turns into a Trade;
Where Int'reſt muſt expreſs
The meaſure of true Love and Happineſs.

III.

Affection ſhould be brave and free,
And where it doubly pays its Charms;
It gains more by Civility,
Than all the glitt'ring force of Arms.
We ſtill obey what is above,
As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;
But equal in Command
Do often ſtruggle for the upper hand.



II.

Thus when *Adonis* got the Stone,
To Love the Boy ſtill made his moan;
Venus the Queen of Beauty came,
And as he ſlept, ſhe cool'd his Flame:
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

A. 2. voc.



Happy is the Country life, bleſt with Content, good Health, and Eaſe;

Free from factious Noiſe and Strife, we on---ly Plot our ſelves to pleaſe: Peace of Mind the

Days delight, and Love our welcom Dream at Night.

Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

Hail green Fields and ſhady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that ſtill run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is ſecure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no ſnare.

A. 2. voc.



NOW ev'ry place freſh Pleaſure yields, let all our Ap-pe-tites be free;

let us en---joy the verdant Fields, this is Dame *Nature*'s Ju---bi---lee.

Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

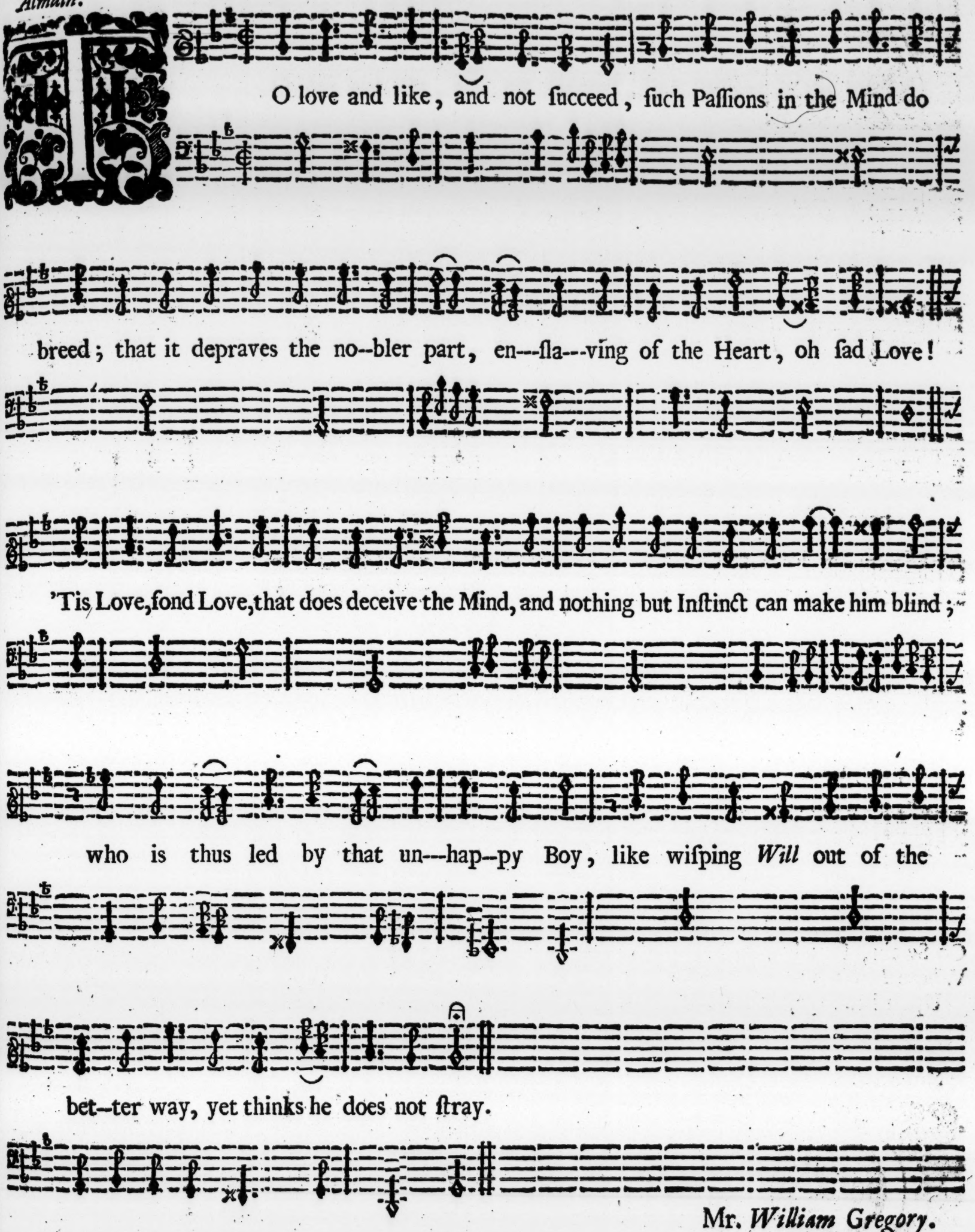
With Garlands made of ſweeteſt Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound we'l dance and ſing;
So blithly will we paſs the Hours,
As to promote the growing Spring.

III.

The *Sylvan* Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns,
Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice;
The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lawns,
Loudly in Eccho's ſhall rejoyce.

CORIDON *and* PHILLIS, *or the* Cautious Lover.

Almain.



Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

Whoſe blind Intrigue when once obey'd,
'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd
To the falſe Dictates of a Foe,
Who like a Friend does ſhow,
Or like *Jove.*
So *Coridon* a harmleſs loving Swain,
Who willingly his *Phillis* would obtain;
But durſt not venture to diſcloſe the ſmart,
That Love, by an unlucky poyſon'd Dart,
Had ſhot into his Heart.

Courant.

Second Part.



T-length in muſing what to do, Love undertook to ſhew the way to woo; in nothing elſe can he di--rect or guide. When met, draw near with courtly pace, kiſs her ſoft Hand, ad--mire her comely Face; dye if thou can'ſt, at laſt like Death appear, then kiſs a---gain and ſmile, and ne---ver fear. Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

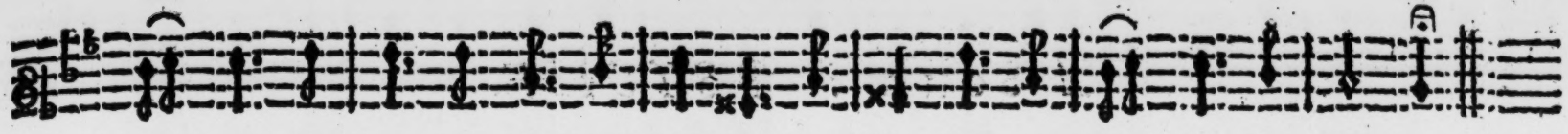
Go Swain, ſays he, and trace the way,
Where *Phillis* is accuſtomed to play
Upon her Pipe, but would not be eſpy'd.
He jealous of th' Advice receiv'd,
Thought unkind Love had him once more deceiv'd;
But in deſpair not fearing Fortune's blaſt,
Deſign'd to meet his *Phillis* at the laſt.

Saraband.

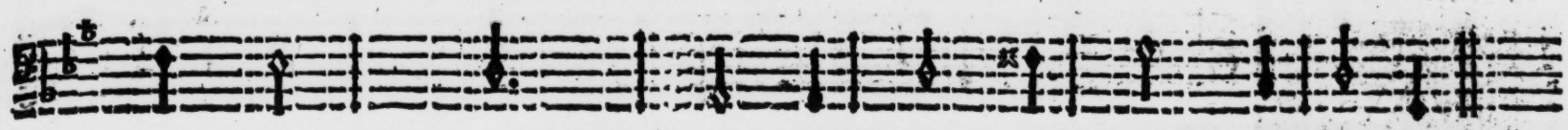
Third Part.



O---ri---don met *Phil--lis* fair cloſe by a Ri--ver ſide, walking up---on the Bank for to ſee the Stream glide: O but fair Swain! ſhe ſaid,



who e're dif--co--vers that we walk thus a--lone, will conclude we are Lovers.



Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

She bluſh'd, he ſmiling ſaid, well met my deareſt Dear,
Thrice happy *Coridon*, thus to meet ſuch Joys here:
What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd;
But if Truth once appear, ſure it cannot be aſham'd.

III.

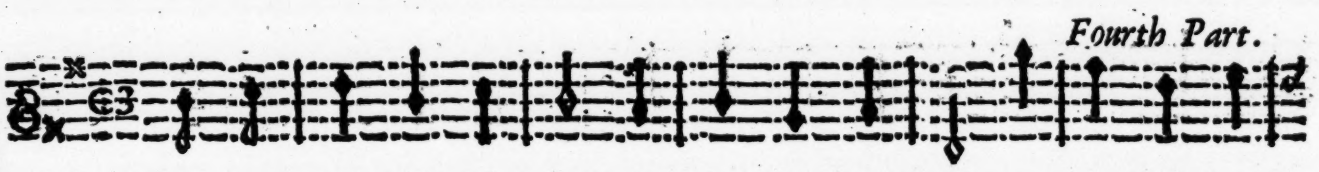
If *Coridon* ſhould prove a Traytor in his Zeal,
To make his *Phillis* fond, and her Paſſions ſhould reveal:
Unhappy ſhe'd appear, more than all the Nymphs beſide,
To yield unto a Swain at the firſt time that ſhe's try'd.

IV.

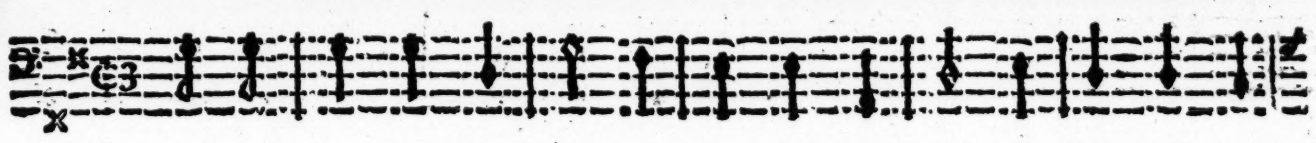
Let not fair *Phillis* fear, falſe Thoughts dare enter
Into this Breaſt of mine, where true Love has his Center;
For could I ſuſpect any falſe concluſion,
I would firſt tell my Nymph, that my Ends were deluſion.

Figg. *Fourth Part.*



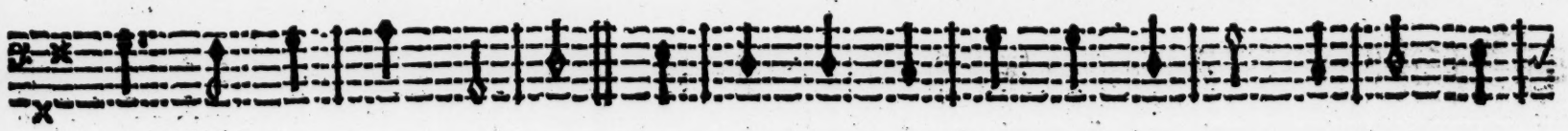


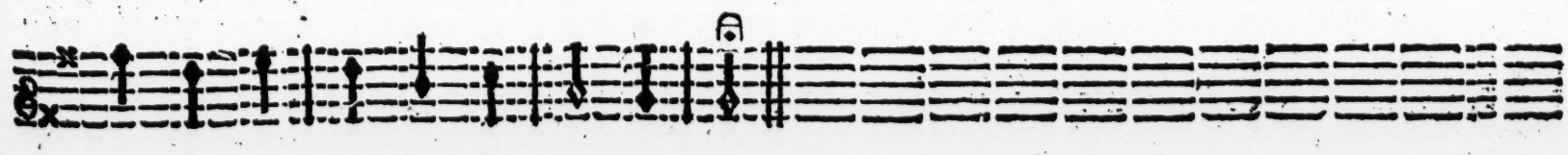
Hen we'l joyn hand in hand, and walk o're the Down, make Chaplets of



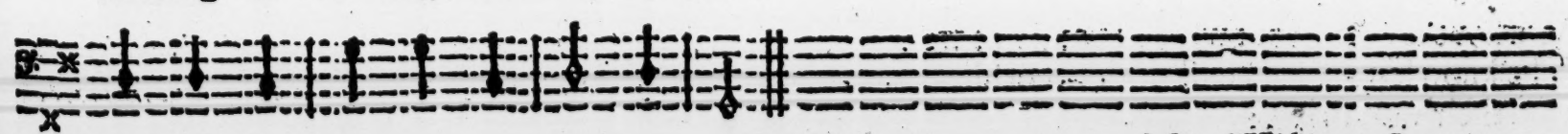


Ro--ſes our Heads to crown: The Ci----ty may boaſt of her rich At--tire, that's





nothing to lo--ving with true de--ſire.



Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

Let the Joys of the Court in pomp us excell,
Our Rural Delights ſhall pleaſe us as well;
No Jealouſie here ſhall diſturb our Minds,
While we ſing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

III.

When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care,
The Rich and the Great may therein have ſhare;
But we in our Love from that ſhall be free,
And none ſhall more happily live than we.

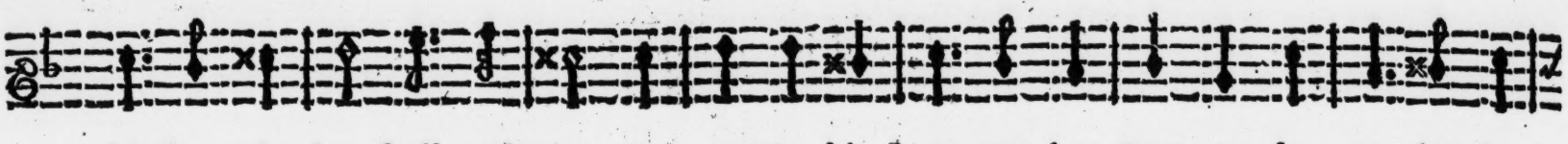
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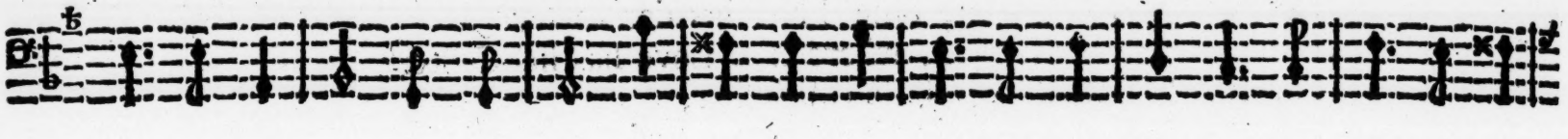
When thou with thy Pipe ſhalt good Muſick make,
Then we with our Feet will true Meaſures take;
And thus will we ſpend the day in Delight,
And be no leſs pleaſant when it is night.

A SONG *in* PSYCHE.

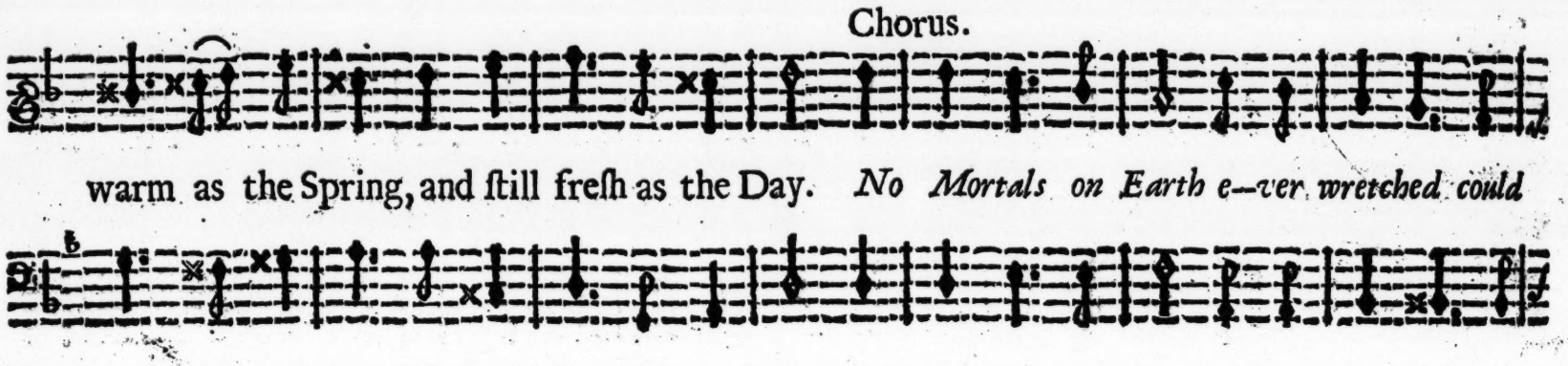
A. 2. voc.



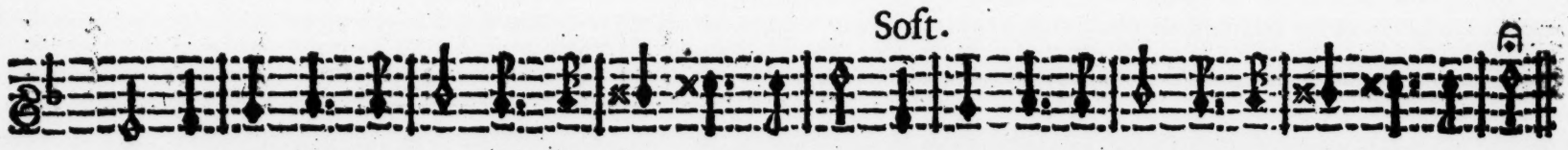




Chorus.



Soft.



Mr. *Matthew Lock.*

II.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,
Without it each Brute were as happy as we;
The knowledge Men boaſt of does nothing but vex,
And their wand'ring Reaſon their Minds do perplex.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,*
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in love.

III.

Love Sighs and his Tears are mixt with Delights,
But were he ſtill peſter'd with Cares & with Frights;
Should a thouſand more Troubles a Lover invade,
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,*
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

IV.

Then loſe not a Moment, but in pleaſure employ it,
For a Moment once loſt will always be ſo;
Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,
And puſh on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,*
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

HOW long d'ye mean to torture me, in Love's hot ſcorching Flame? *Cloris*, what time ſhall I get free, from Love's fan—ta—ſtick Dreams? Never that ſad Infer—nal ſound, does dai—ly reach mine Ear; and e—ver racks that bleeding Wound, which for your ſake, which for your ſake I bear.

II.

That I do love, *Cloris*, you know,
My Grief to you I tell;
My over-fondneſs of you, ſhows
That I have lov'd too well:
And in requital of my Love,
You blaſt me with a breath;
The wounds you gave will fatal prove,
Each frown pronounce, each frown pronouncing (Death.

III.

It grieves my Heart to ſee you chuſe
My Rival in my room;
And unconcern'd tell him the news,
On me you've paſt your Doom.
My injur'd Ghoſt when e're I dye,
Shall never let you reſt;
But hovering in the Air ſhall fly,
And ſteal, and ſteal into your Breaſt.

IV.

Thus I torment my ſelf, and doubt,
That you unconſtant are;
You know true Love is ne're without
Great Jealouſies and Fears.
Then pardon the diſtracted Thoughts,
Of one you know is true;
One Love has in ſubjection brought,
And made a Slave, and made a Slave to you.

V.

If you have any pity left,
Then ſhew it now, and ſave
Him who deſpairs of finding reſt,
And do'nt you dig my Grave:
For if I dye through your neglect,
Pray write this on my Tomb;
My Judge being fair, I did expect
A favourable, a favourable Doom.

VI.

And ſince you did my Woes procure,
I'le try if Torments can
Increaſe my Flame, or help to cure
A Love-diſtracted Man.
I'le find ſome ſure, yet ſpeedy way,
To end my Miſery;
Too long my Ruine I delay,
And yet ſeem loth, and yet ſeem loth to dye.

VII.

I'le place my ſelf on *Caucaſus*,
And there I'le lend ſuch Groans,
Shall ſcare the damn'd *Prometheus*,
With my ſad frightful Tones.
I'le make the Vultures quit their Prey,
And feed upon my Breaſt;
For through this means perhaps I may
Find hopes of having, find hopes of having Reſt.

A SONG *upon a* Ground.

SHE loves, and ſhe con----feſ----ſes too, there's then at

laſt no more to do; the hap----py Work's en---tire---ly done, en---ter the

Town w^ch thou haſt won: The fruits of Conqueſt now, now, now begin, *I-o*, Tri----

umph, en--ter in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be re-

mains there ſtill an E---ne---my! Bold *Honour* ſtands up in the Gate, and would yet ca-

pi---tu---late. Have I o'recome all re----al Foes, and ſhall this Phantome me op-

poſe? Noi-ſy nothing ſtalking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou

made, thou emp-ty cauſe of ſo-----lid Harms? But I ſhall find out Counter

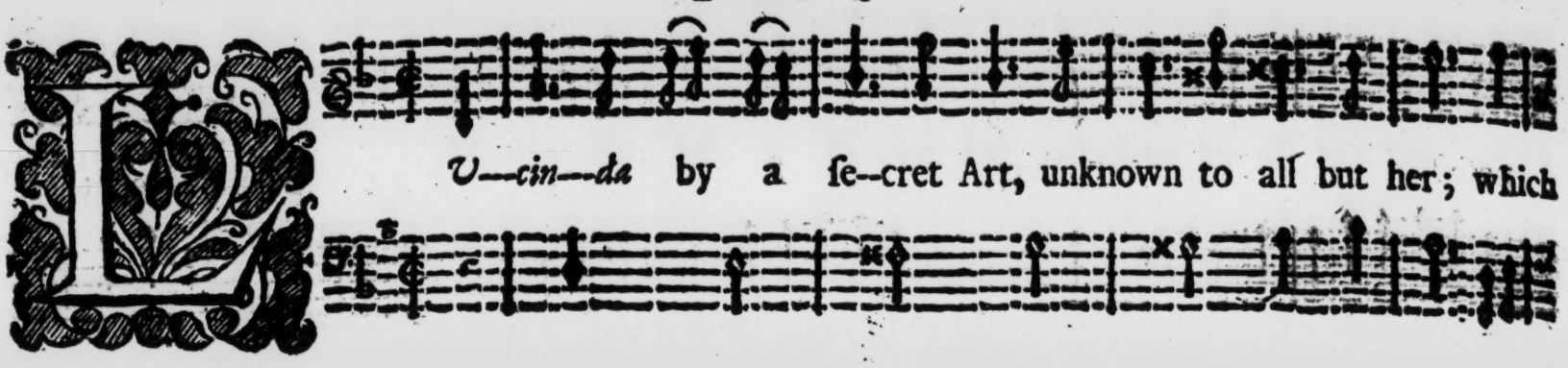
Charms, thy Ai-----ry Devilſhip to remove, from this Cir-----cle here of

Love: Sure I ſhall rid my ſelf of thee, by the Night's ob-ſcu--ri-ty, and ob-

ſcu-----rer ſe---cre---cy. Un-like to ev'----ry o-ther Spright, thou at-

tempt'ſt not Men to affright, nor appear'ſt, nor appear'ſt, but in the Light.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At firſt his Priſon how to brook,
With difficulty's taught:
But with kind tender uſage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e're he found abroad.

From ſilent Shades, and the *E--li--zium* Groves, where ſad de--par--ted

Spi--rits mourn; there Loves, from Chryſtal Streams, and from that Coun---try,

where *Jove* crowns the Fields with Flowers all the year, poor ſenceleſs *Beſs*, cloath'd in her Rags and

Fol--ly, is come to cure her Love---ſick Me--lan--cho--ly: Bright *Cyn--thia* kept her

Re---vels late, while *Mab* the Fairy-Queen did dance; and *O-----be----ron* did ſit in

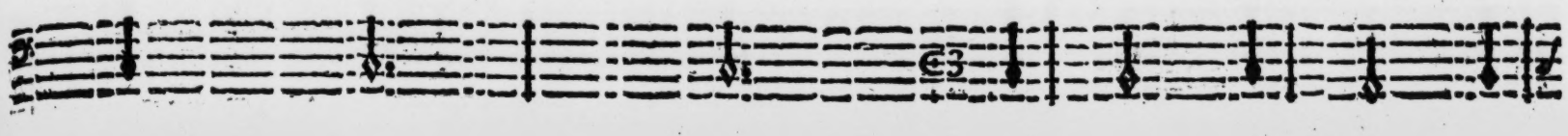
State, when *Mars* at *Ve---nus* ran his Lance. In yon--der Cow--ſlip lies my Dear, en-

tomb'd in li---quid Gems of Dew; each day I'le wa--ter it with a Tear, its fa--ding

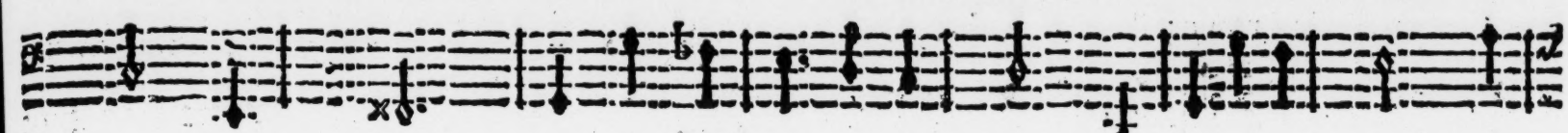
Bloſſom to re----new: For ſince my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor
Beſs for his ſake a Gar--land will make, my Mu---ſick ſhall be a Groan. I'le
lay me down and dye; with-in ſome hollow Tree, the Rav'n and Cat, the Owl and Bat, ſhall
war---------ble forth my E-----le-------gy. Did you not ſee my Love as he paſt
by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will ſcorch up your Hearts.
Ladies, be--ware ye, leſt he ſhould dart a glance that may en-------ſnare ye. Hark!
hark! I hear old Cha--ron bawl, his Boat he will no lon--ger ſtay; the Fu--ries laſh their
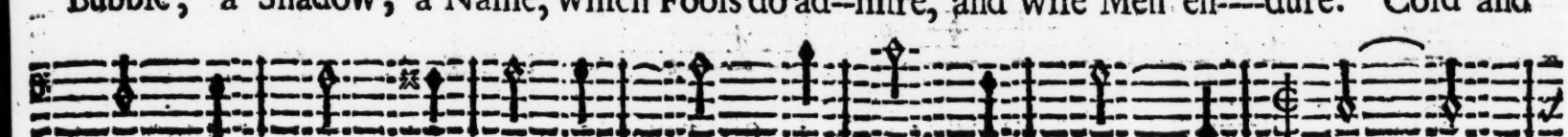


Whips, and call, Come, come a--way, come, come a--way: Poor *Beſs* will re--turn to the



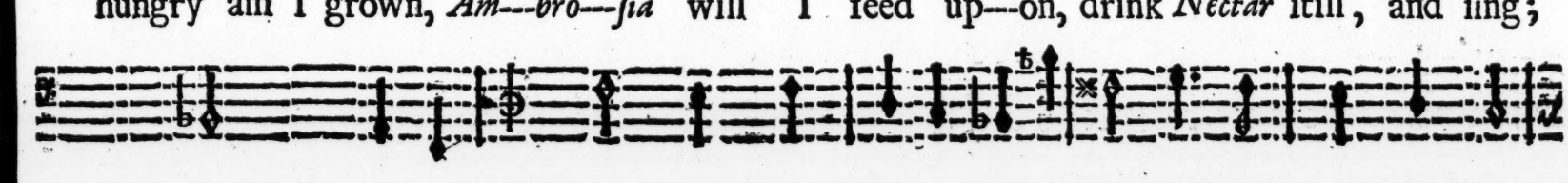
place whence ſhe came, ſince the World is ſo mad, ſhe can hope for no Cure; for Love's grown a

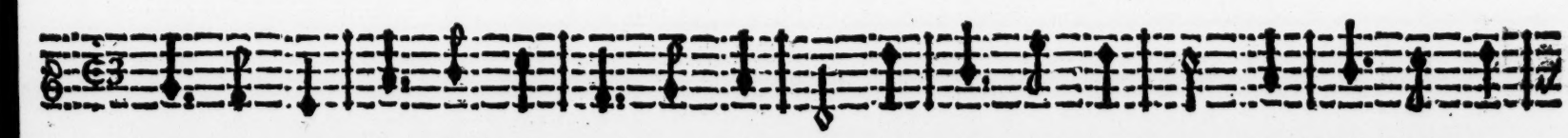


Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad--mire, and wiſe Men en---dure. Cold and

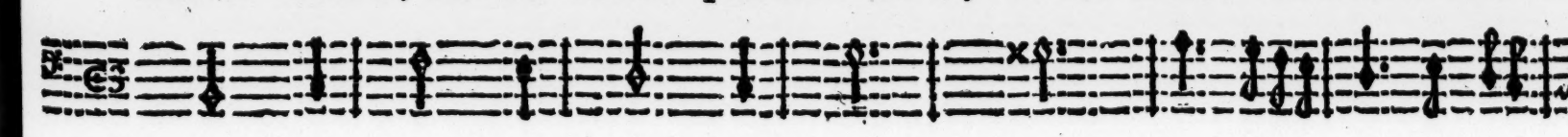


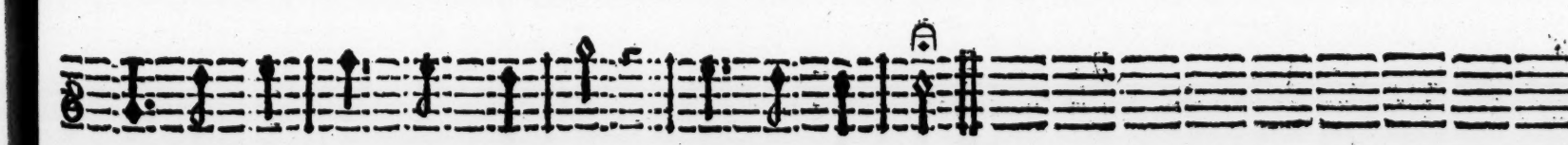
hungry am I grown, *Am---bro---ſia* will I feed up---on, drink *Nectar* ſtill, and ſing;



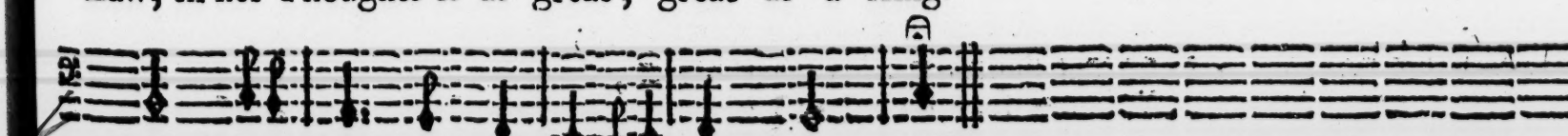


who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And *Beſs* in her Straw, whil'ſt free from the

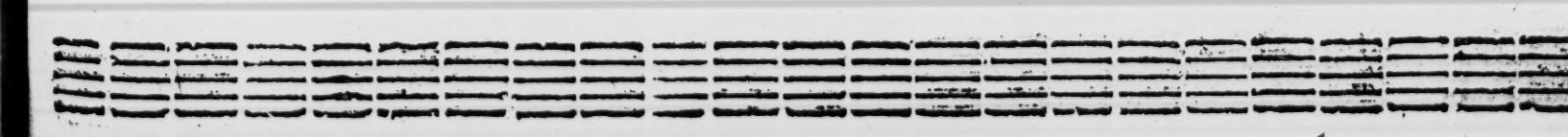


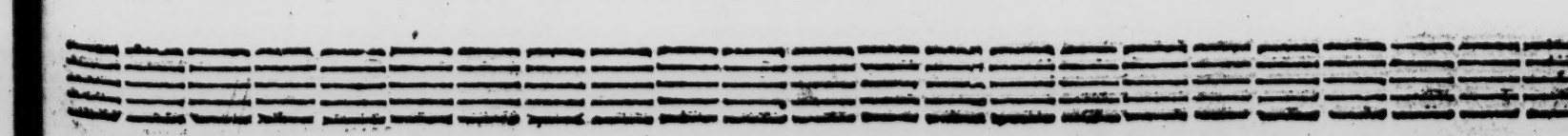


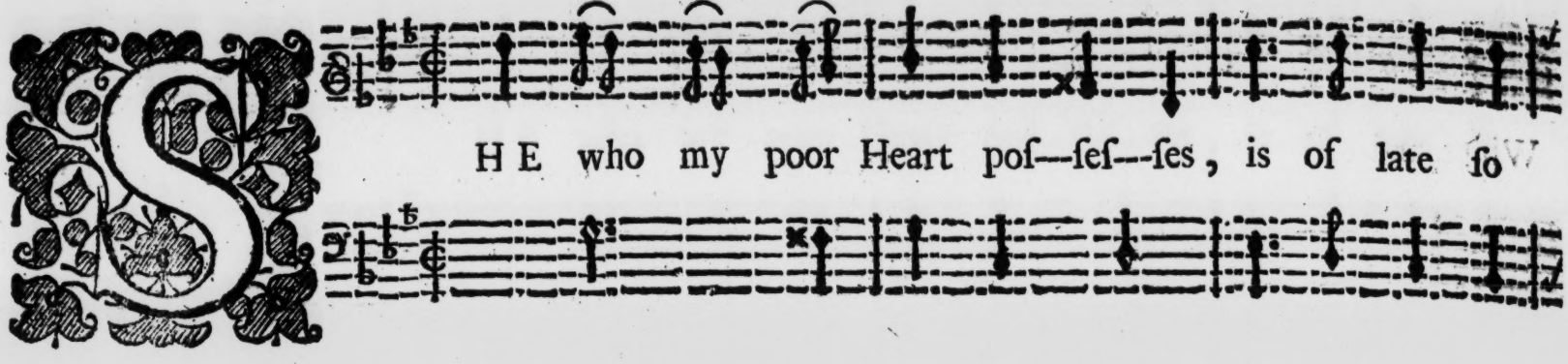
Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.

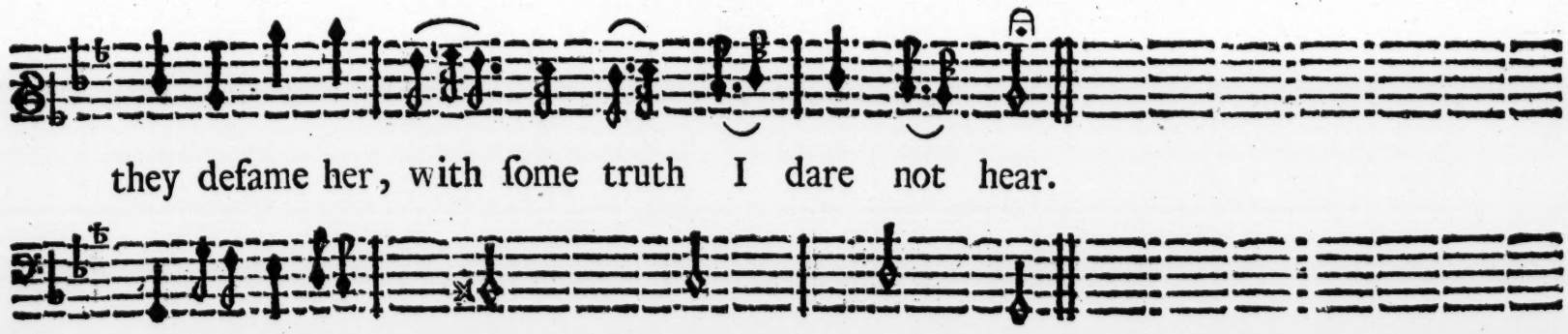


Mr. *Henry Purcell.*





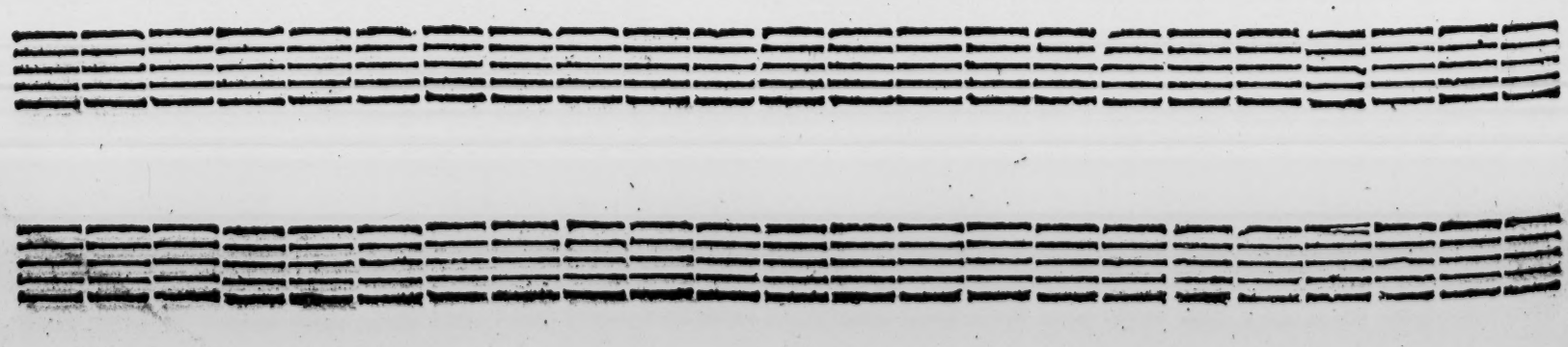




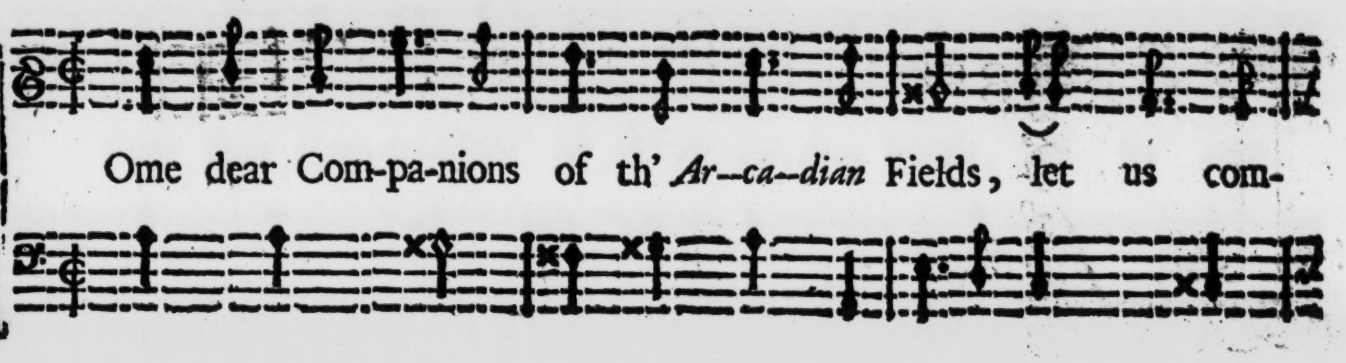
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,
If ſhe but the thing deny;
Soon ſhe makes me leave my Railing,
And I give my Tongue the lye:
You whoſe skill in Love is greater,
Say what Charms compells my Fate;
Say what makes me love her better,
Whom I fear I ought to hate.











II.

Beauty your Empire now is in its wain,
We'l never more
Your Shrines adore,
Since you delight t' aboſciate with diſdain:
Had you been kind, we would have worſhip'd ſtill,
But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

III.

So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
Themſelves abuſe,
And Power loſe,
Their ſtrength depending on their Subjects love:
For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
All hate that Government that's too ſevere.

A SONG to a Ground. *The words by* John Turner *Esq;*

LET each gallant Heart, untouch'd with Love's Dart, prepare for his

ſe---cret Alarms; that ſlug--giſh Repoſe wherein now thou art, affords far leſs

nu-me-rous Charms: For the Warfare of Love yields a thouſand times more Sweets and De-

lights, than your dull, your dull Peace be--fore; than your dull, your dull, dull

Peace before. Long Torment 'tis ſure we muſt calm---ly en--dure, be---fore the dear

Prize we ob--tain; yet ſtill the hard Toil is part of the Cure, and ſuch Pleaſures we

find in our Pain: That the warfare of Love yields a thouſand times more bliſsful Delights, than your

dull, your dull Peace before; than your dull, your dull, dull Peace be--fore.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

A. 2. voc.

Amon, turn thine Eyes on me, gaze not ſo on cer--tain Ru--ine;

but be warn'd by my undoing, 'tis an Angel's Face you ſee. That bright thing ſo like a Woman,

is in--deed a fla--ming Creature; which de-ſcen-ded to un-do Man, but partakes not

of his Nature; which de-ſcen-ded to un--do Man, but partakes not of his Nature.

Mr. *William Turner.*

O H *Love!* how juſt and how ſe--vere thy mighty Godhead is? *Phi-*

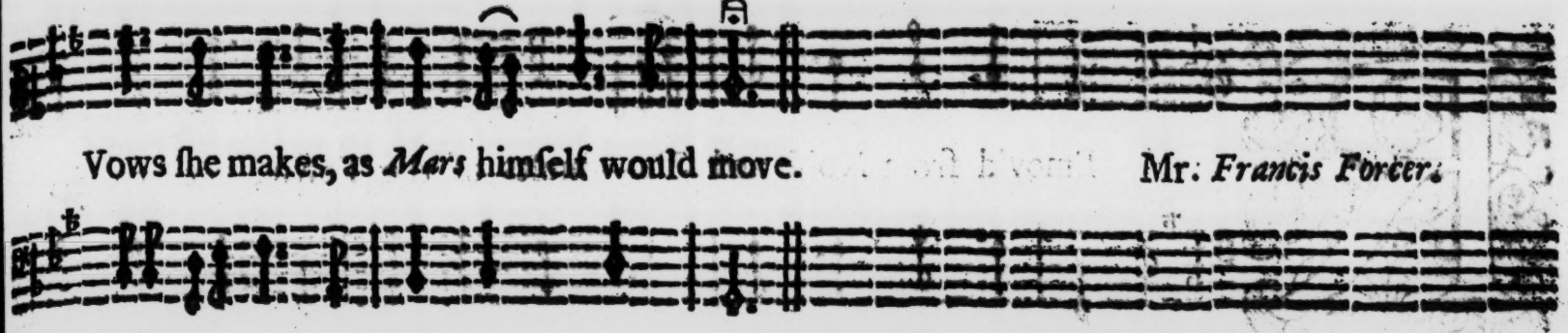
lo--clea now ſheds ma--ny a Tear, who did thy Laws deſpiſe: Succeſsleſs Love, a-

las! requires that Tribute from her Eyes; and ſhe who ral---lied o-thers Fires, wrapt

in her own, now dies. Up--on a Bed of ſweeteſt Flow'rs, careleſs ſhe lies her

down; in Sighs ſhe ſpends the te---dious Hours, in Tears her Eyes does drown: Pen-

ſive ſhe lies fair as the Queen, ſoft as the God of Love; to whom at length ſuch



Vows ſhe makes, as *Mars* himſelf would move. Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

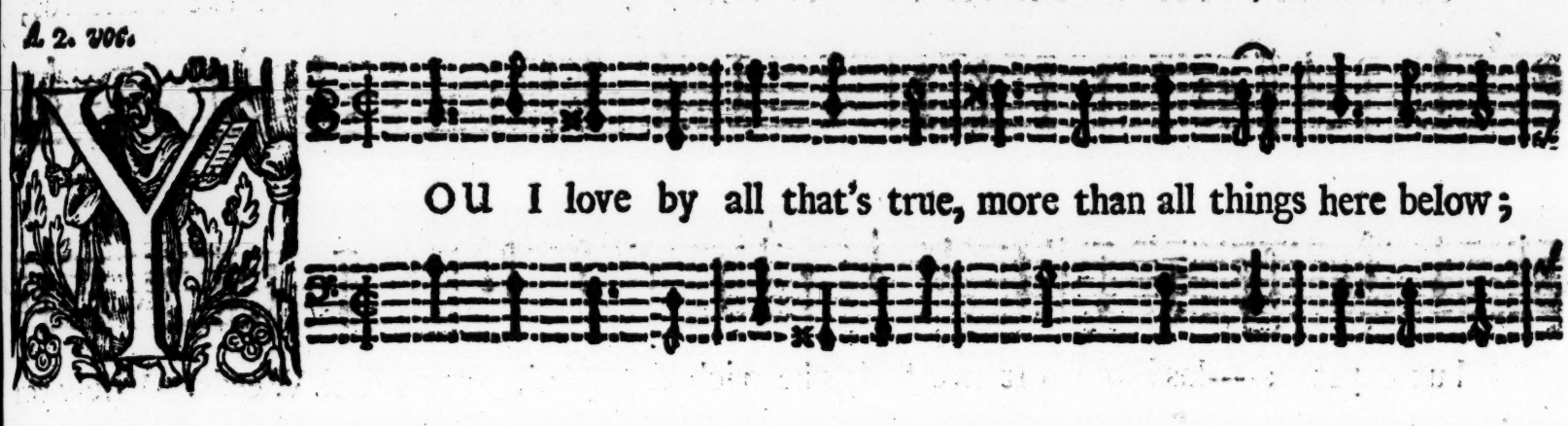
II.

Spare, O ſpare a tender Maid,
Who never knew thy Power;
Till by a faithleſs Swain betray'd,
In vain ſhe did Adore:
Encreaſe theſe Flames, that ſoon they may
This wretched Frame conſume;
And not to torment by delay,
But quickly ſeal my Doom.

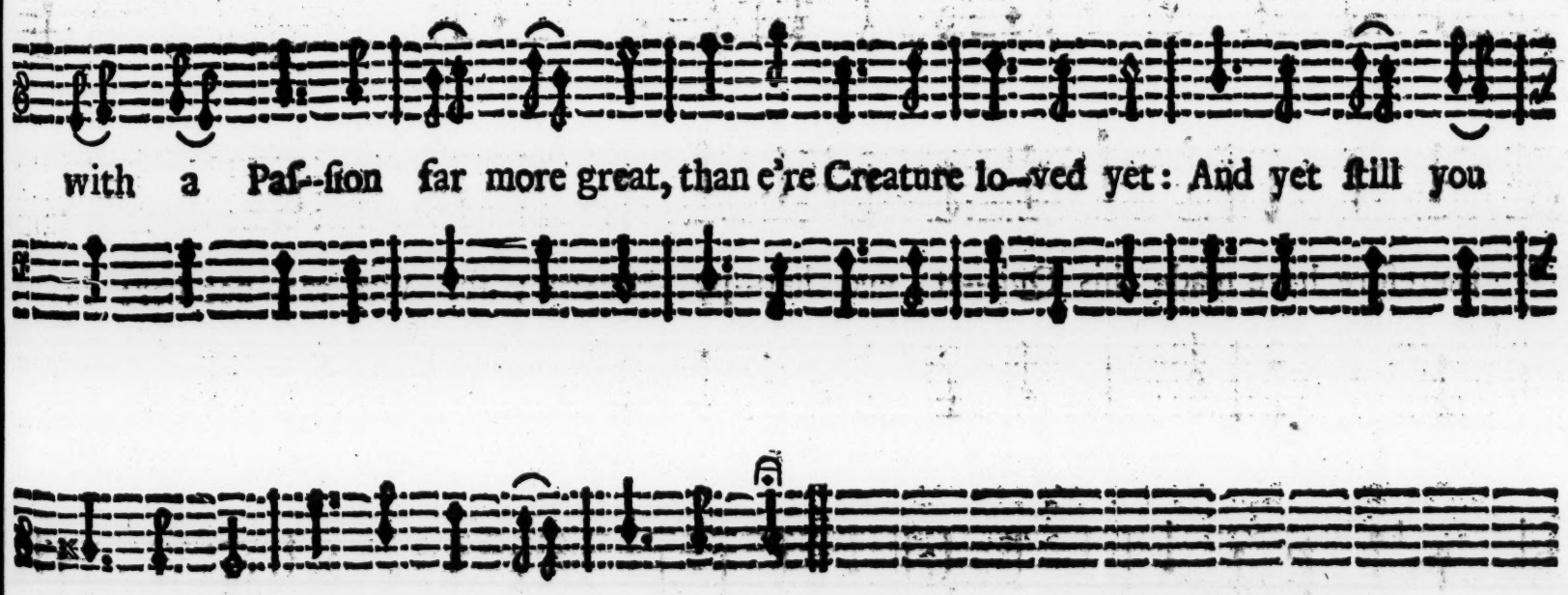
III.

Or if for paſt Offences,
Muſt linger out my days,
In Torments conſtant, 'till I dye,
The Murderer I'le praiſe:
Deaf to my Vows, falſe to his own,
Perjur'd although he be;
Yet patiently I ſtill ſubmit,
To ſuffer Heaven and thee.
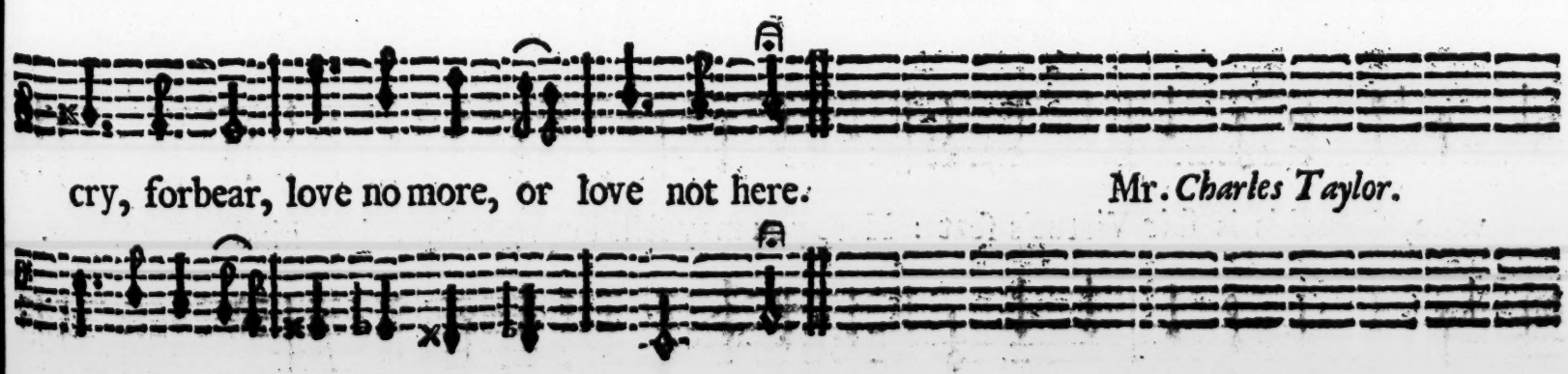
A. 2. voc.



OU I love by all that's true, more than all things here below;



with a Paſ-ſion far more great, than e're Creature lo-ved yet: And yet ſtill you



cry, forbear, love no more, or love not here. Mr. *Charles Taylor.*

II.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you.

REmov'd from Noiſe and Tu---mults of the Town, yet to its

Neighbourhood ally'd; the Mu--ſes here--to--fore of fam'd Renown, choſe in the Country

to re--ſide: For Ci--ties are to Arts a friend, and ev'-----ry Science there exceeds;

but yet a---las! too oft we find, the richeſt Soyl o'regrown with Weeds. Wiſely you

therefore have made this Qui--et, and hap--py Retreat; for Vice can--not here in-

vade, ſince this is fair Virtue's ſeat: Here you may ſtill improve in ev'ry kind of skill, ſe-

cure from the fol--lies of Love, and all the oc---ca--ſions of Ill. Happy Nymphs, whoſe

ear--ly Age, Ver--tue does ſo well en--gage; Vertue's the moſt plea--ſant way,

for her Joys have no Al--lay: No Remorſe, no Diſcontent, can diſturb the In--no--cent.

But here you ſit, and here you ſing, and make here perpetual Spring; hap--py as the
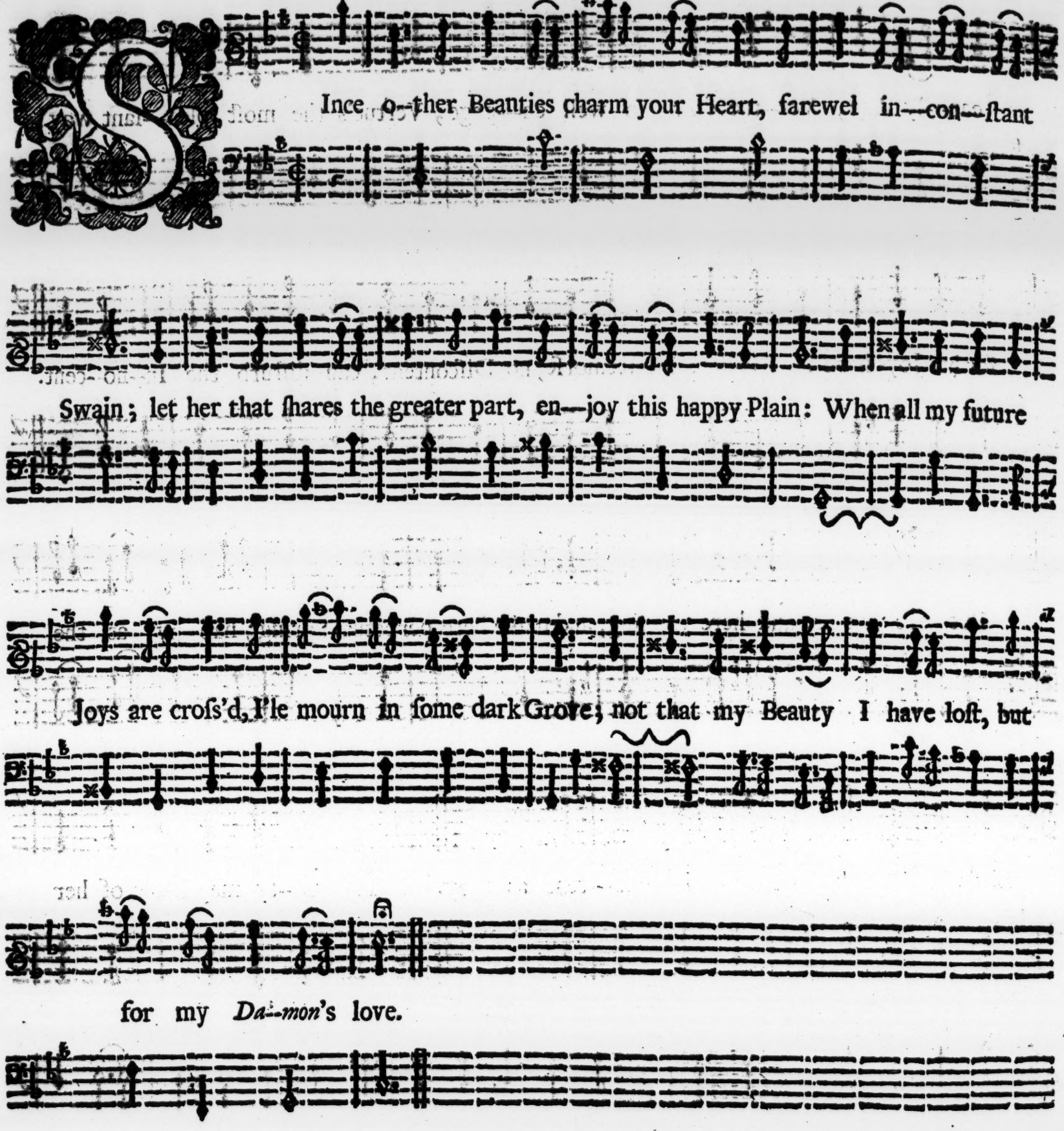
Birds in *May*, becauſe as in---no--cent as they. The Ci--ty may boaſt of her

Beauties, ſo may the Court, but give me the Nymph that to neither does much re--ſort; the

one and the o--ther are dan-ge-rous Rocks for to harm us; but here we may ſport, and

they can neither hurt nor alarm us.

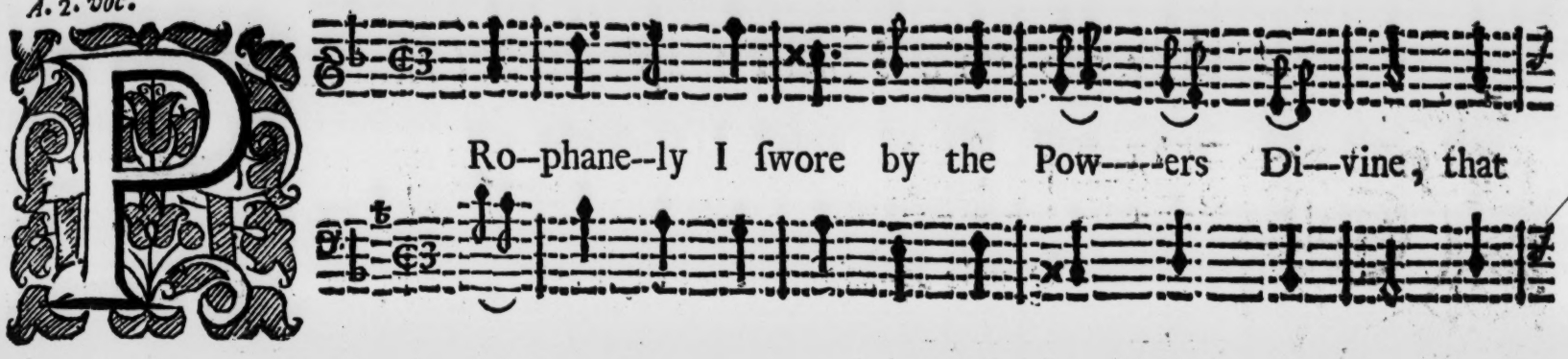
Mr. *Francis Forcer.*



II.

The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,
And wrap my Body round;
I'le gather Leaves to make my Bed
Upon the mossy Ground:
To every Spring and ecchoing Grove,
My mournful Song shall be,
Beauty was thrown away (for Love,)
On vain Inconstancy.

A. 2. VOC.



Mr. *Charles Taylor.*

II.

But Love, like the Brave, no ſooner ſubdu'd
His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd
Such exceſſes of Joy,
My Fears to deſtroy:
Now in Freedom I reign,
All proud of my Pain;
Such Raptures of Bliſs my Senſes perſuade,
'Tis in love, 'tis in love, our Pleaſures ne're fade.

A DIALOGUE *between* Daphney *and* Amintas.

Daphney.

O pale *A--min--tas* does thy Looks appear, as if thy Doom drew

Amintas.

near; whence do thy Sorrows flow? From Diſcontent, the plague of Pow'rs below; I'me wea-

Daph.

ry of this World, and would a---no--ther know. Can this poor World find no re-

lief, to cure thy melancholy Grief? nor tempting hopes of Happineſs draw hear, that may con-

Amin.

tain thy Wiſhes here? The World in all its Pomp and State, is but a Lot--te--ry of Fate,

where Fortune blindly does beſtow, Favours on him to whom ſhe ne're did owe; where Fondlings

Daph.

me-rit-leſs as wiſe, enjoy the Prize, and Fate her E--qui--ty denies. *Fortune* a Cheat un-

to our Hopes, is ſent to ſteal a---way the Bleſſing of Content, de--pen--ding on our

Amin.

Fraud, re--news our Care, and brings us to de--ſpair; But few re--pine at Fate,

Daph.

who happy are. Alas poor Swain! thoſe who you daily ſee, that ſeem far happier than

thee, more Troubles undergo, in all they think or do, and to the World leſs happy are than we.

Amin. *Daph.* *Amin.*

Then to be hap-py, is to be content, 'Twas ſo by Heav'n meant: But I am troubled.

Daph.

No, it muſt not be, I'le charm a---way thy Grief with Har--mo--ny, all

Amin.

Trouble muſt be baniſh'd hence: Then *Daphney* try thy In---flu--ence.

LET Mu--ſick, let Mu---ſick, let Mu---ſick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from

LET Mu--ſick, let Mu---ſick, let Mu---ſick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from

harm; let helpleſs Trouble live a---lone, let Envy make her moan;

harm; let helpleſs Trouble live a--------lone, let En--vy make her moan;

let helpleſs Trouble live a--lone, let En---vy, let En--vy make her moan, while

let helpleſs Trouble live a--lone, let En---vy make her moan, while

all thoſe Bleſſings we purſue, ſtill wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our

all thoſe Bleſſings we purſue, ſtill wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our

Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

Iſaac Blackwell.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



Hilſt our Flocks feed up--on the Plains, let us re------tire to

Hilſt our Flocks feed up--on the Plains, let us re--tire to

ver----dent Groves; and to each other in gen---tle Strains, chant o're the

verdent Groves, and to each o--ther in gen--tle Strains, chant o're the Sto-

Sto---ry of our Love: There Heav'n will di------ſpence ſuch myſtick Influence up-

ry of our Love. There Heav'n will diſpence ſuch myſtick Influence up--on thy

on thy Lyre, as ſhall in--------ſpiré all the Pſaphonick Quire, to

Lyre, as ſhall in----ſpire all the Pſaphonick Quire, all the Pſaphonick

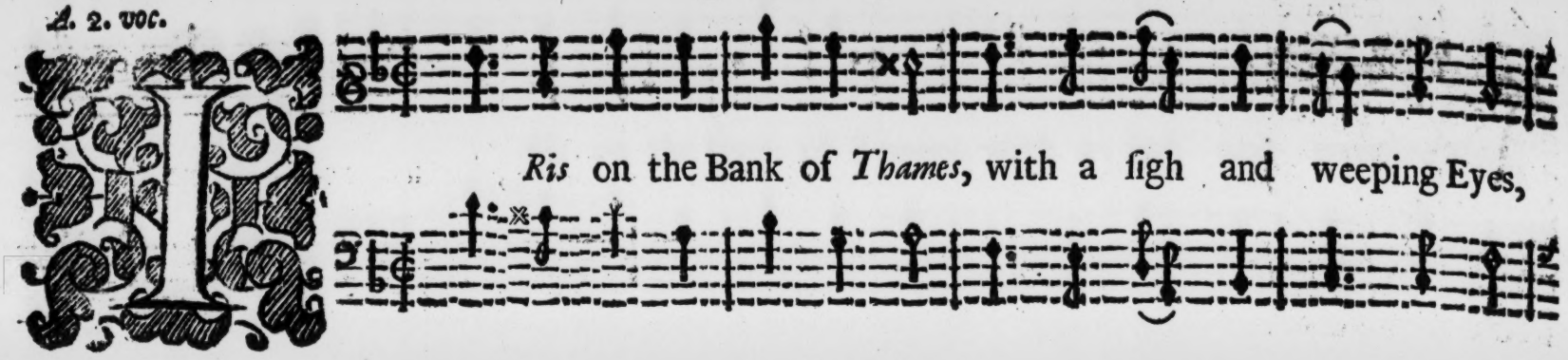
ſing how we ſhall here thus live, thus love E---ter--nal---ly. Mr. *Ja. Hart.*

Quire, to ſing how we ſhall here thus live, thus love E---ter--nal---ly.

II.

There the Winds ſhall in Conſort blow,
And murmer on the Leaves a Baſs,
Whilſt the glad *Druids* in Dance below,
Singing ſhall ſanctifie the place:
There each hollow Tree
An Organ-Pipe ſhall be,
And from their Womb
Such ſounds ſhall come,
As to perſuade the World, that Oaks may be
Enchanted with our ſofter Harmony.

A. 2. voc.
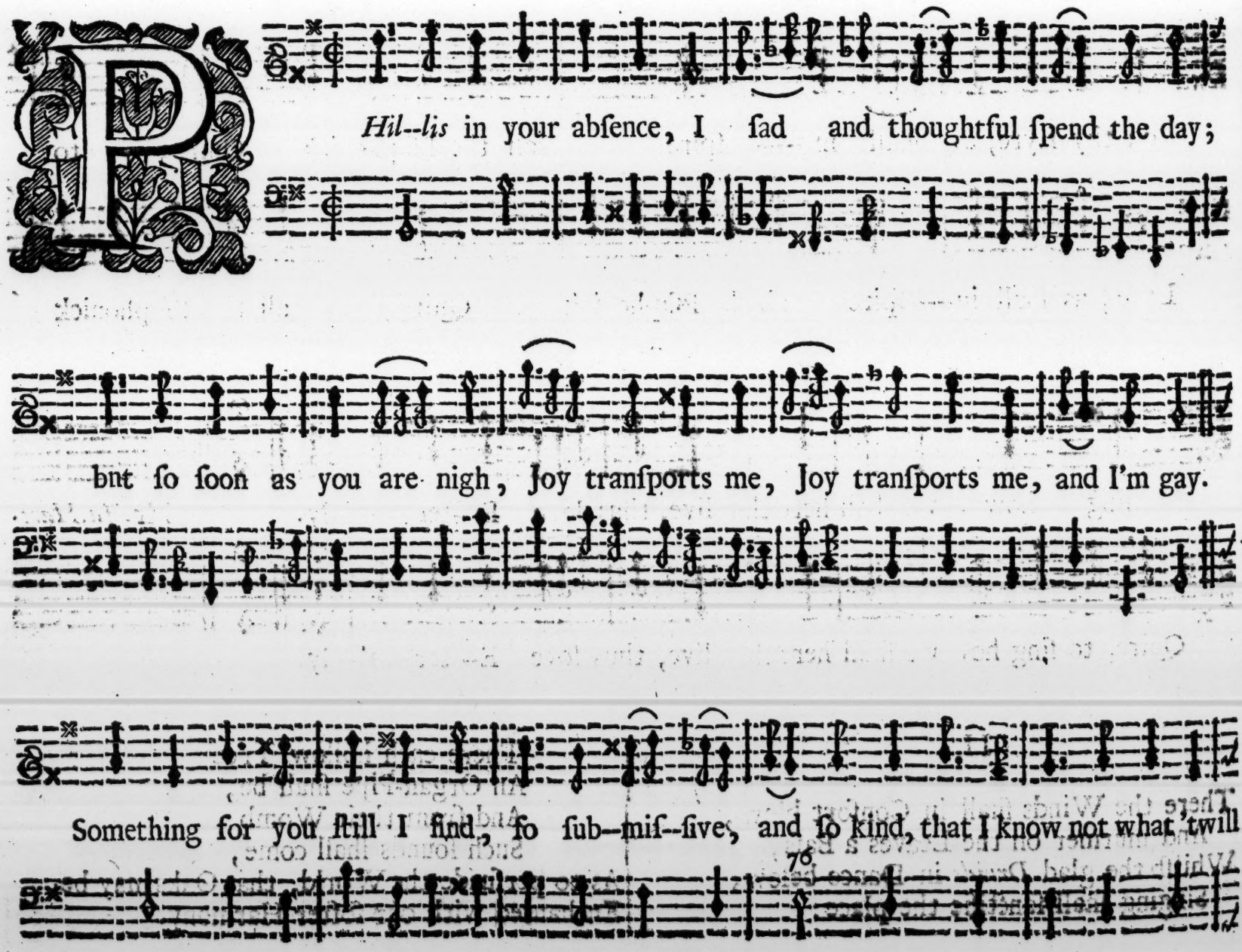


Tho. Tudway.

II.

Though a thouſand times they ſwear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they ſay is common Air,
All they promiſe but Deceit,
None were ever conſtant yet.

III.

Wiſely then preſerve your Heart
From ſuch Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its return of hate,
And your Repentance comes too late.



prove; but a raſh a--ſpi--ring Swain, whom re--ſpect did not re--ſtrain, would al-

rea----dy call it Love.

Tho. Tudway.

A. 2. voc.

SEE what a Con--queſt Love has made! beneath the Myrtle's

a--mo--rous Shade the char--ming fair *Co---rin---na* lies, all mel--ting in De-

ſire, quenching in Tears thoſe fla--ming Eyes that ſet the World on fire.

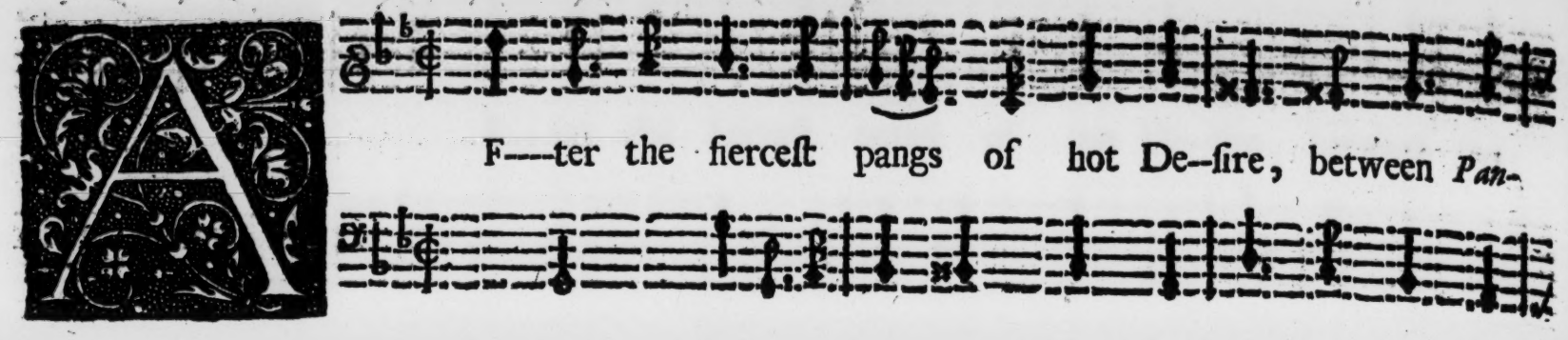
Tho. Tudway.

II.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
The Youth by chance ſtood by, and knew
For whom thoſe Chryſtal Streams did flow;
And though he ne're before
To her Eyes brighteſt Rays did bow,
Weeps to, and does Adore.

III.

So when the Heav'ns ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gawdy Light appear,
Each craggy Rock and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep,
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardeſt Marbles weep.



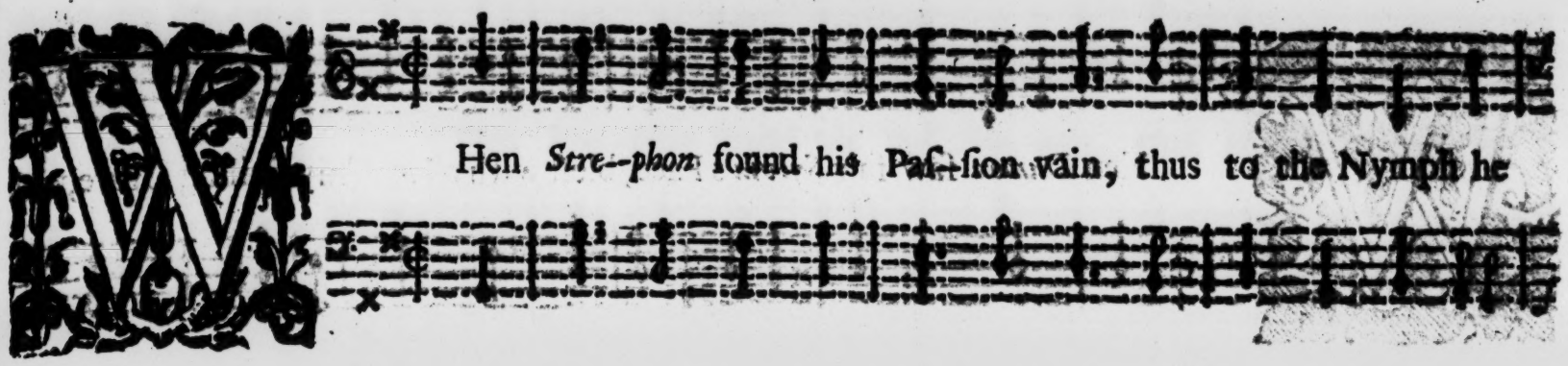
Tho. Tadway.

II.

When with a ſigh the fair *Panthea* ſaid,
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all
The braveſt Warriours ſooneſt fall!
Then with a kiſs ſhe gently rais'd his Head,
Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly ſhe
More lov'd the Combate than the Victory.

III.

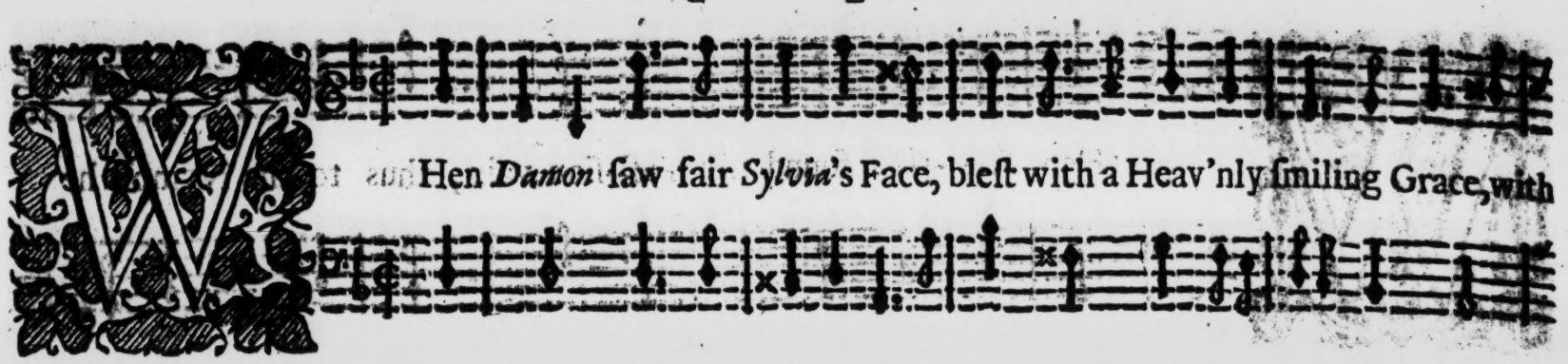
Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his ſtrength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War,
Nor ceaſes 'till the noble Prize he bore;
Ev'n her ſuch wond'rous Courage did ſurprife,
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dyes.



Henry Purcell.

II.

See how the Blood springs from each Vein;
The sad effects of your Disdain;
Can'st thou behold this Purple Flood,
And not shed Tears when I shed Blood?
Now, now at last more kind appear,
Grim Death I do not, do not fear;
But oh! your Charms I cannot bear:
But oh! &c.



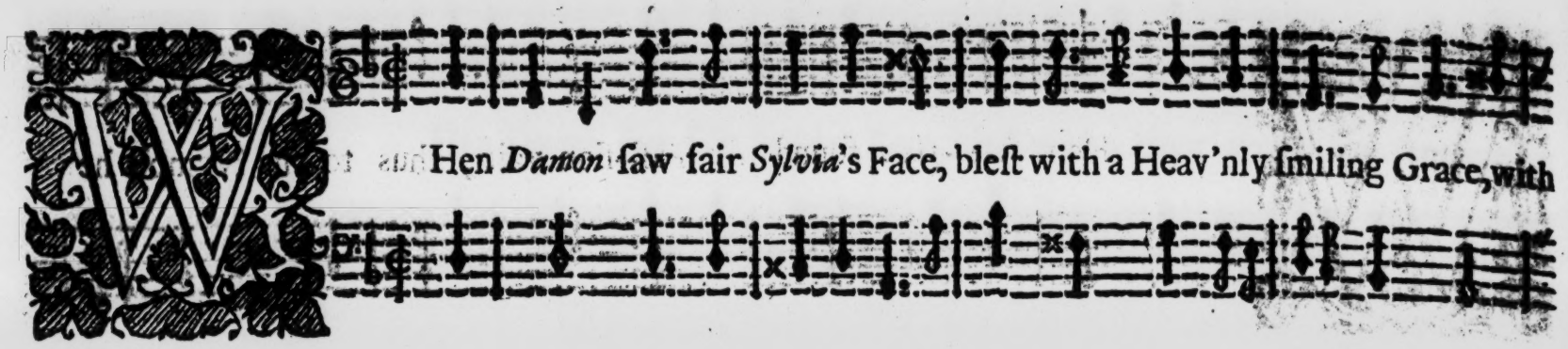
Encourag'd, he the Nymph implores,
With Fruits and Flow'rs her Pow'r adores;
His fearful Tongue ſcarce Love implies,
But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:
Yet oft a Sigh or Bluſh do ſhow
What he would, would not have her know.

When alone he repair'd to the murmuring Fountains
Repeating his Cares to the ſigh-giving Mountains,
All the *Wood-Nymphs* and *Sylvans* with pity reply'd,
Such Love, happy *Damon*, can ne're be deny'd.

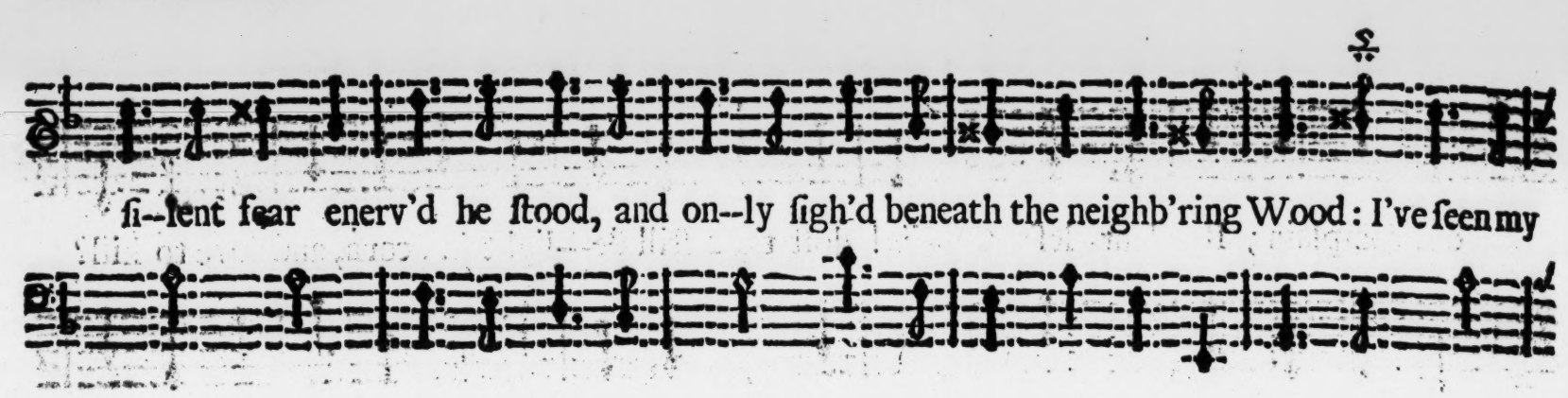
THough *Sylvia* lov'd, too well ſhe knew with Pride the Vict'ry to purſue,
ſhrouding her Smiles, diſplay'd her Charms, and kept the Slave beneath her conq'ring Arms; yet
oft a---lone ſhe ſigh'd and cry'd, and curs'd the Bones of Female Pride. Then ſhe
vow'd with a Bluſh, from thy Death I'le reprieve thee, my Beau--ty too fa---tal no
longer ſhall grieve thee; all my Scorn and Diſ--dain ſhall in Triumph be led, by
Smiles that ſucceed o're the frowns that are fled. *Iſaac Blackwell.*

Thus bleſt beneath cool Myrtles, they
Youth's flow'ry Vernal paſs away;
And Gods of Love renew their Fires,
And point their Darts at their enflam'd Deſires:
The Flow'rs ſpring up where *Sylvia* moves,
And Birds ſtill ſerenade the Groves.

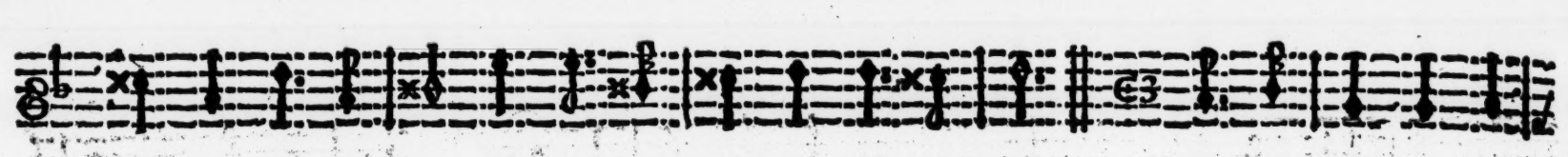
So may *Sylvia* live long, and ſo happy be ever,
The Sunſhine of Love let not Jealouſie ſever;
When all hate, fear, & ſcorn, ſhall in triumph be led,
By ſmiles that ſucceed o're the frowns that are fled.



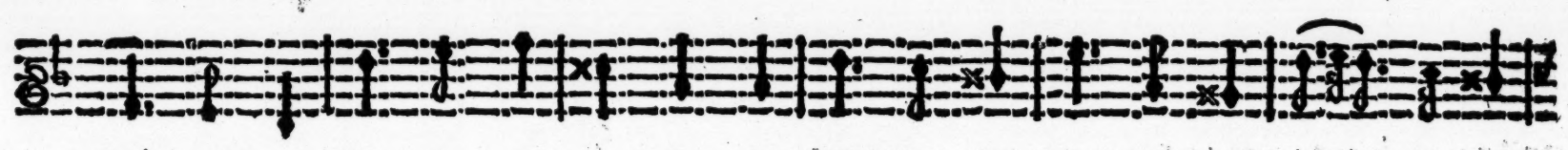
WHen *Damon* ſaw fair *Sylvia*'s Face, bleſt with a Heav'nly ſmiling Grace, with
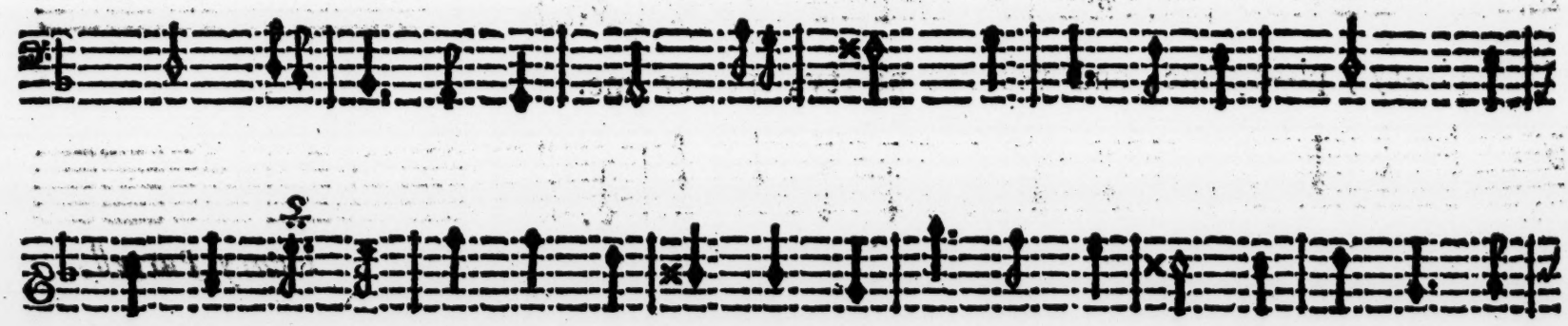


ſi--lent fear enerv'd he ſtood, and on--ly ſigh'd beneath the neighb'ring Wood: I've ſeen my



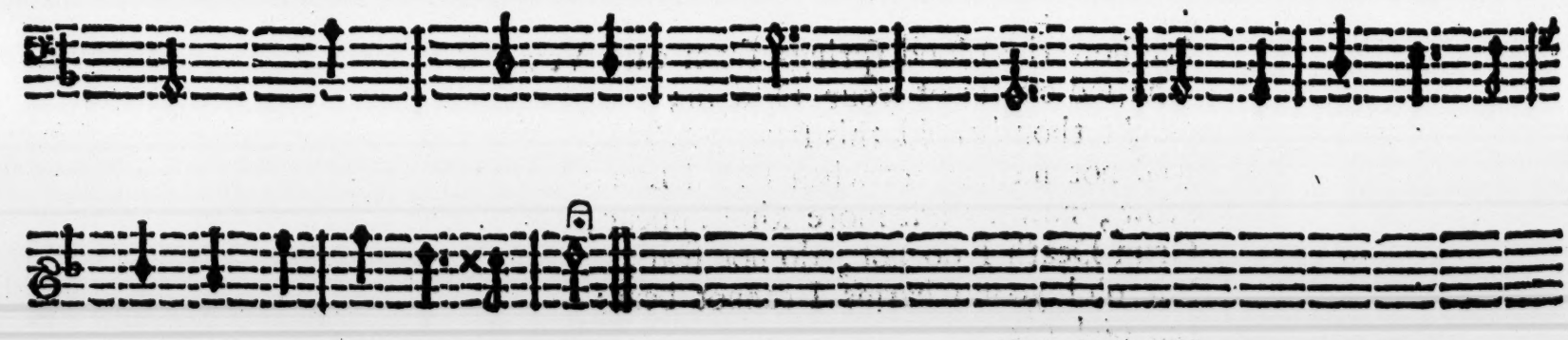
Ruine, 'tis too late, Beauty's tranſcendent o're my Fate. To the Eccho's he



ſigh'd with a Ge--nius ſo mo--ving, ſo fainting, ſo dy--ing, ſo zea--lou--ſly

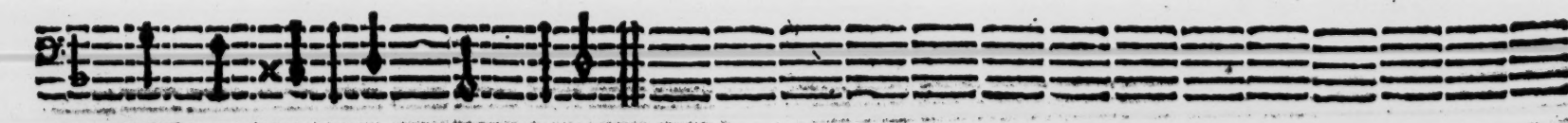


loving, that the Wood-Nymphs and *Sylvans* with pi----ty reply'd, Such love, hap--py



Damon, can ne're be de--ny'd.

Iſaac Blackwell.



Encourag'd, he the Nymph implores,
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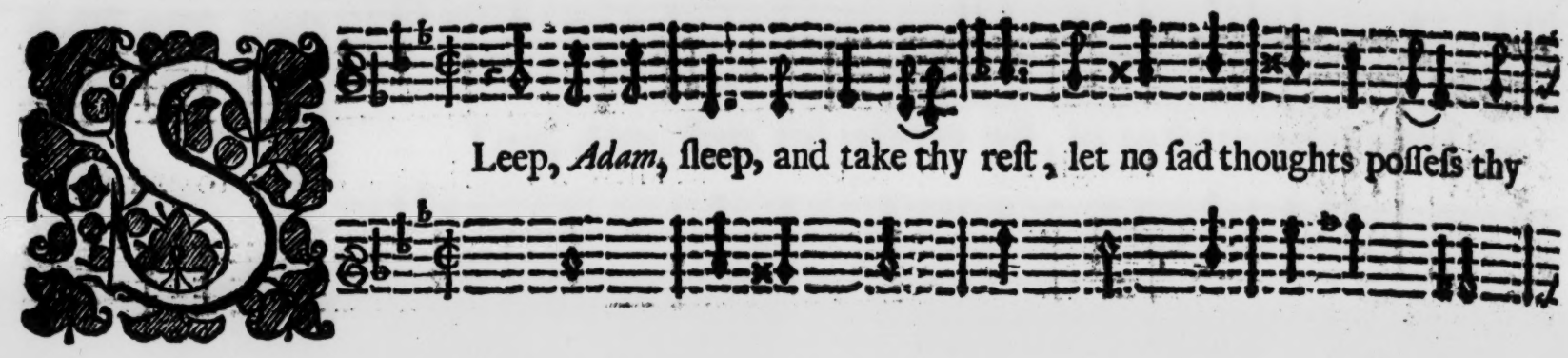
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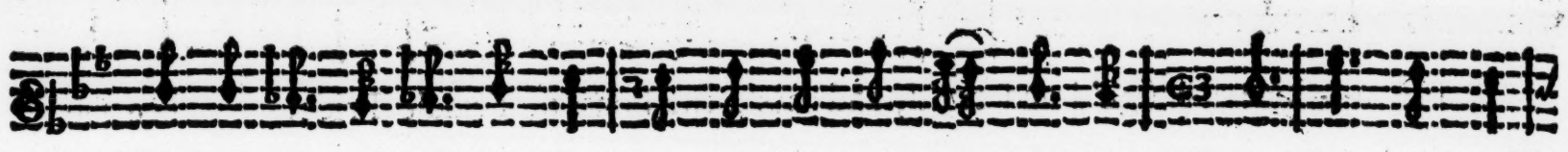
Iſaac Blackwell.

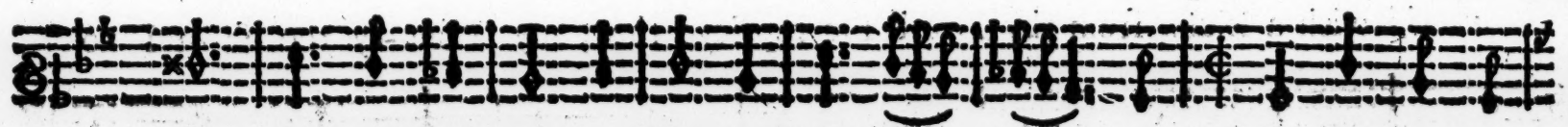
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And Gods of Love renew their Fires,
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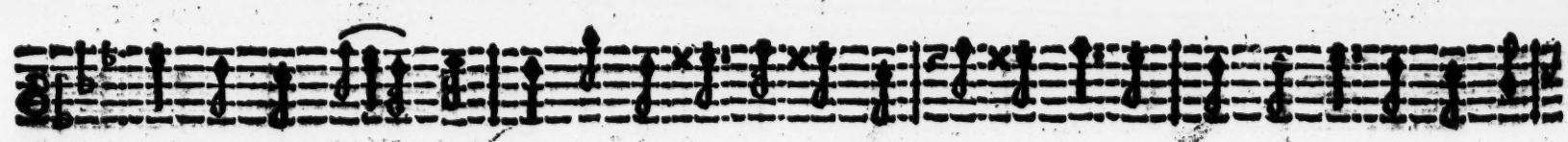
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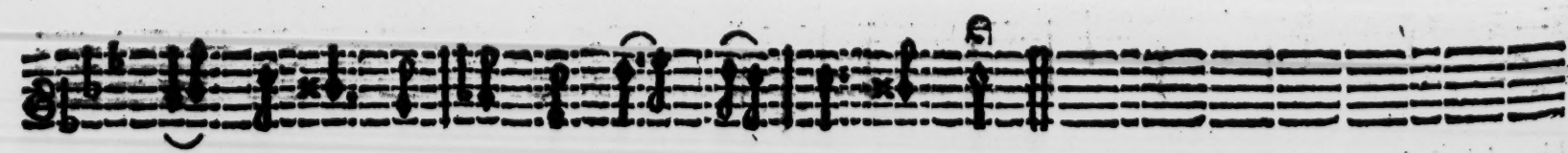












Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

FAin would I *Clo--ris* e're I dye, bequeath you ſuch a Le-ga-cy, that

you might ſay when I am gone, None hath the like: My Heart alone were the beſt Gift I could be-

ſtow, but that's al---rea---dy yours you know. So that 'till you my Heart re---ſign, or

fill with yours the place of mine, and by that Grace my Store re--new, I ſhall have nought worth

giving you; whoſe Breaſt has all the Wealth I have, ſave a faint Carcaſe and a Grave: But

had I as many Hearts as Hands, as many Lives as Love has Fears, as ma-----ny Lives as

Years have Hours, they ſhould be all and on---ly yours. Dr. *John Blow.*

TELL my *Strephon* that I dye, let Ec--cho's to each o---ther tell;

'till the mournful Accents fly to *Strephon*'s Ear, and all is well: But gently break the

fa----tal Truth, and ſwee---ten ev'---ry ſad-----der Sound; for *Strephon* ſuch a

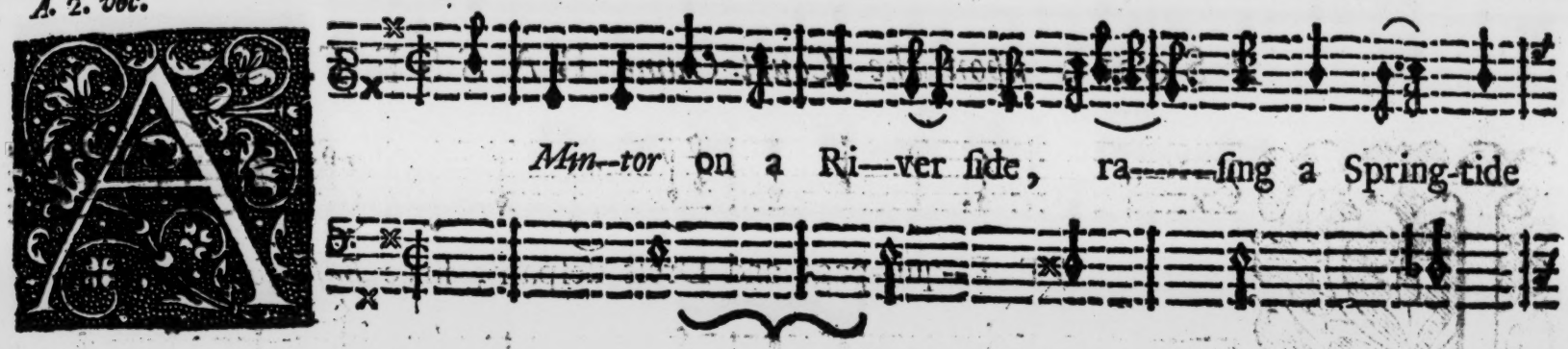
ten--der Youth, the gentleſt word too deep will wound. No, Fountains Eccho's all be

dumb; for ſhould I coſt my Swain a Tear, I ſhould re--pent me in the Tomb, and grieve I

bought my Reſt ſo dear.

Dr. *John Blow.*

A. 2. voc.



Dr. *John Blow.*

II.

Eccho confined to a Grove,
  Being unable to return,
Theſe fatal words, in hopeleſs Love,
  I burn, repeated thrice I burn:
Birds in his Grief did bear a part,
Whilſt Sighs kept ſoft Time in his Heart;
He mourning, ſung in a ſoft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, falſe, and fair.

III.

Whilſt in this Agony he lay,
  A Tear did ſteal from either Eye,
Down his pale Cheeks, which did betray,
  Aminor waited but to dye.
Whilſt Death ſate heavy on his Eyes,
And he look'd like Love's ſacrifice;
He dying, ſung in a ſoft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, falſe, and fair.

A SONG *upon the Court-Game* BASSET.

LET E--qui--page and Dreſs deſpair, ſince *Baſ--ſet* is come

in; there's no--thing can en---gage the Fair, but Mo---ney and more---in.
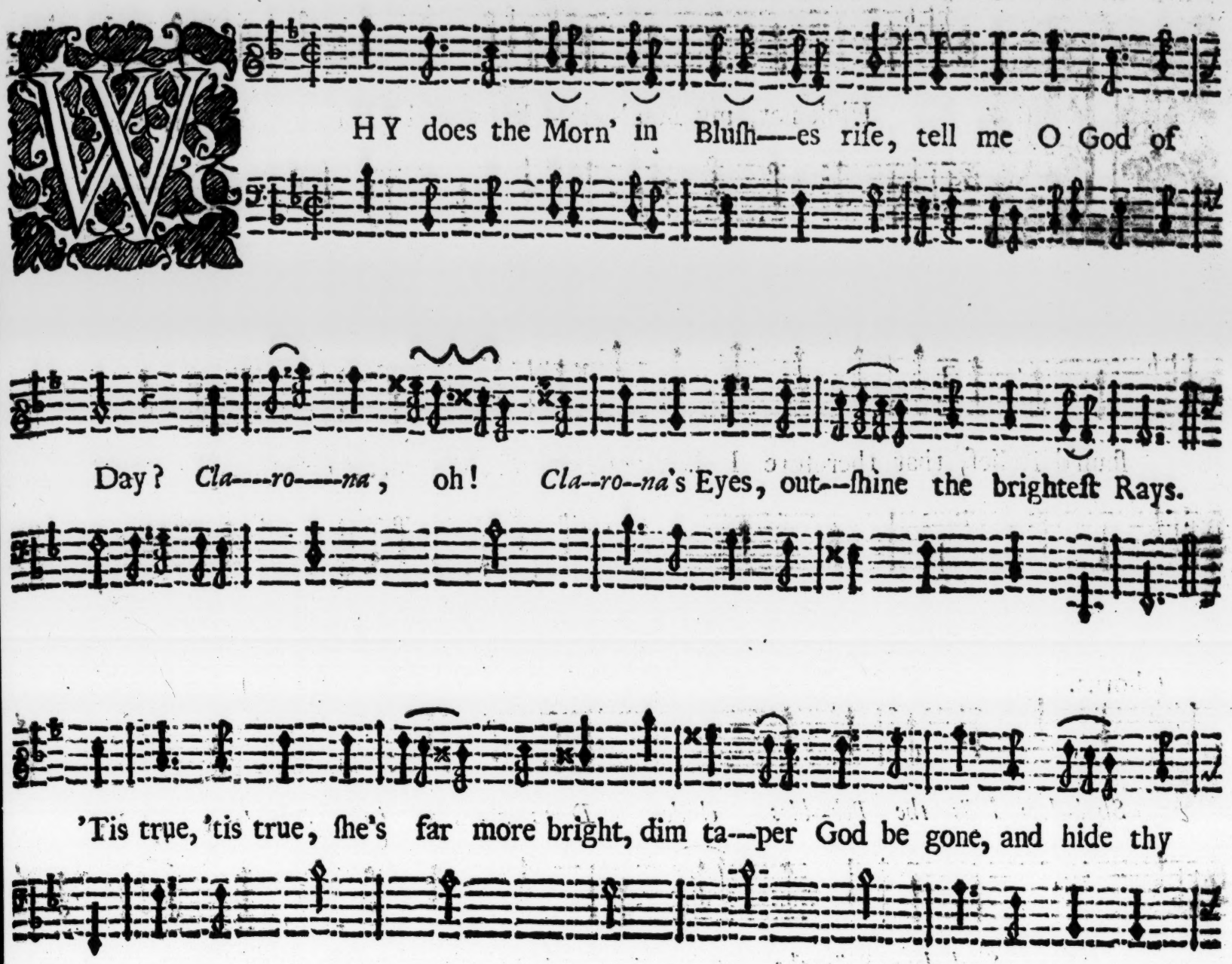
Is a---ny Counteſs in diſtreſs, ſhe flies not to the *Beau*; 'tis Coney on---ly

can re---dreſs her Grief with a *Rou--leau.*

Dr. *John Blow.*

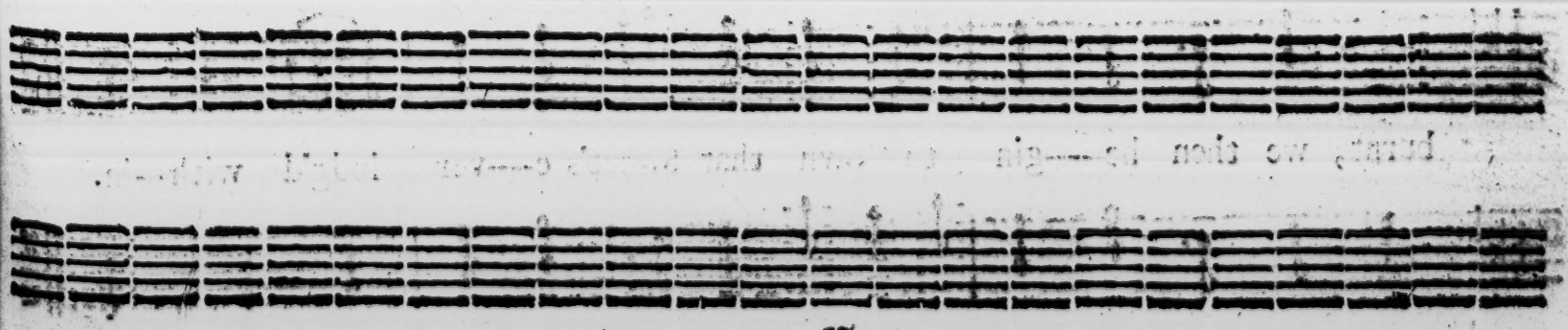
II.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
Poor Love is bought and ſold;
And that which ſhould be a free Trade,
Is all engroſs'd by Gold:
Ev'n Sence is brought into diſgrace,
Where Company is met;
It ſilent ſtands, or leaves the place,
While all the Talk's *Baſſet.*



II.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
And woo'd the Gods with Faſts and Pray'rs,
Celeſtial Crowns to gain:
Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I purſue
The endleſs ſearch of Joys above,
But find out Heav'n in you.



A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

THink not, my Soul's de---light and grief, becauſe my Sorrows

ſhun'd Relief, that therefore I had none at all, or ſhort, or Su--per--fi--cial.

Chorus.

Shal--low Rills the Peb--bles chide, Deeps a---way in ſi----lence glide;

Shal--low Rills the Peb---bles chide, Deeps a-----way in ſi------lence

ſhal----low Rills the Peb--bles chide, Deeps a----way in ſi----lence glide.

glide, Deeps a----way in ſi---lence glide, Deeps a---way in ſi---lence glide.

Spices and Gums in ruff Diſguiſe, may court in vain regardleſs Eyes; 'till bruis'd and

burnt, we then be----gin to own that Sweet's e---ver lodg'd with---in.

Chorus.

Heart, when bro---ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee;

Heart, when bro---ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee; Heart, when

Heart, when bro---ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee.

bro---ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee.

Yet then fair In---fi---del, if thou be-lieve, that Love a---lone did make me

grieve; and on---ly ſay, Thou for---ry art that thou had'ſt mine, not I thy Heart.

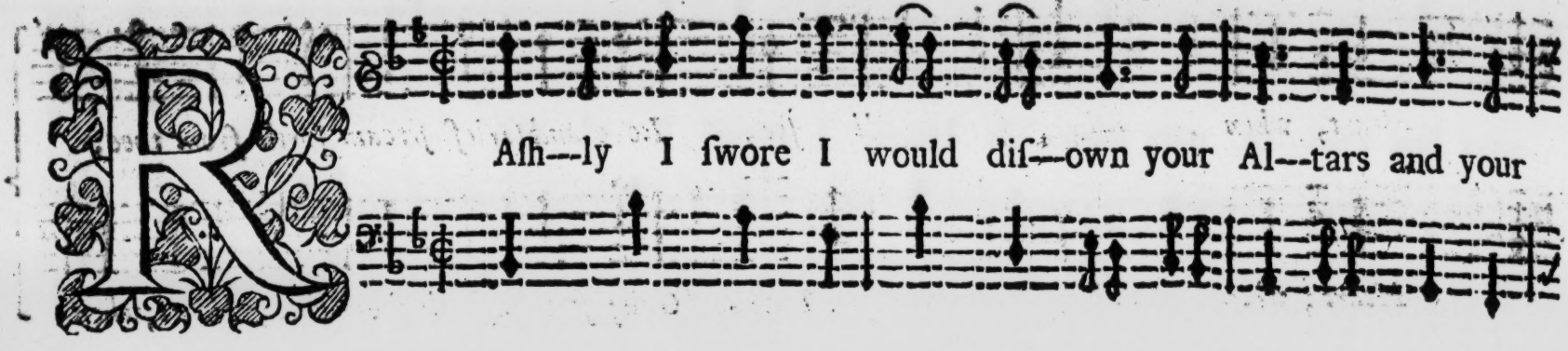
Chorus.

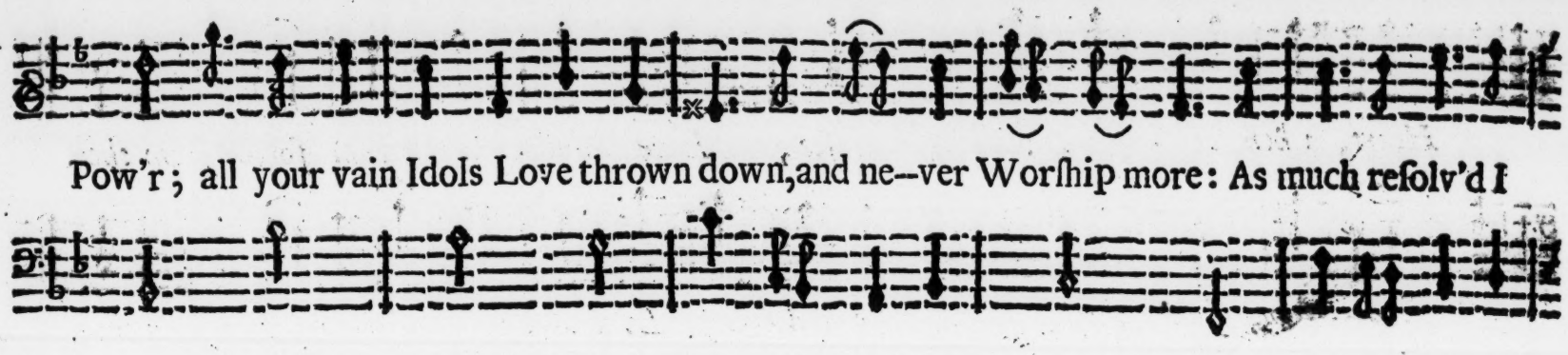
That a juſt Re-ward ſhall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a juſt Re-

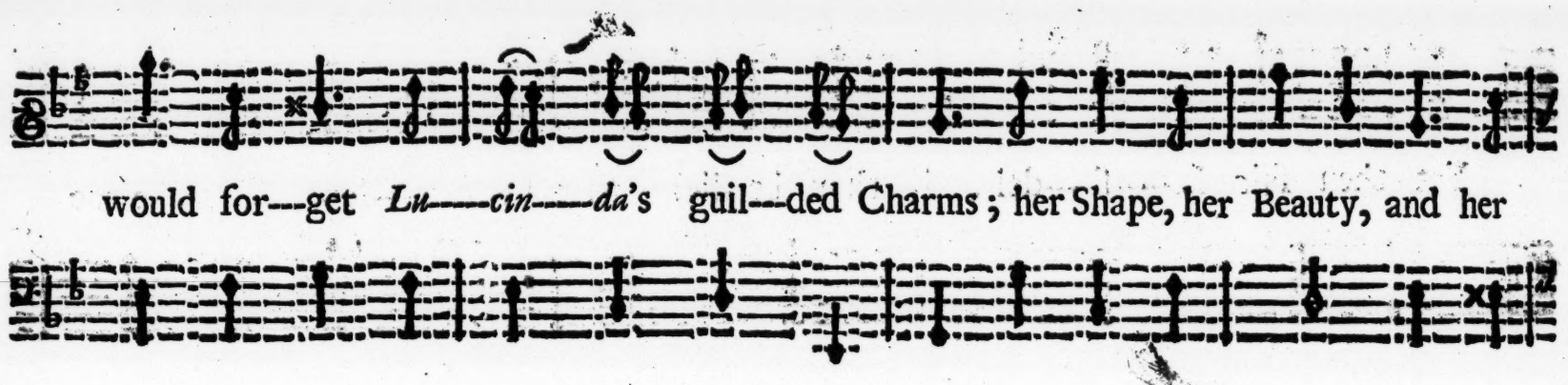
That a juſt Reward ſhall be for Love, for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a juſt Reward ſhall

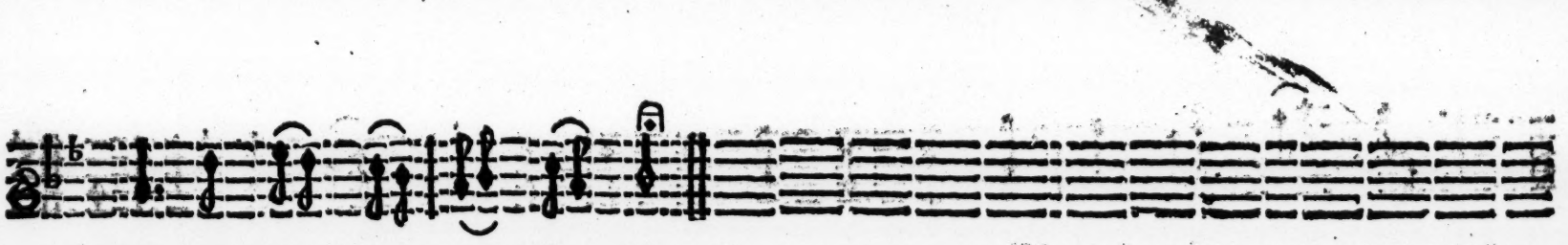
ward ſhall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee. James Hart.

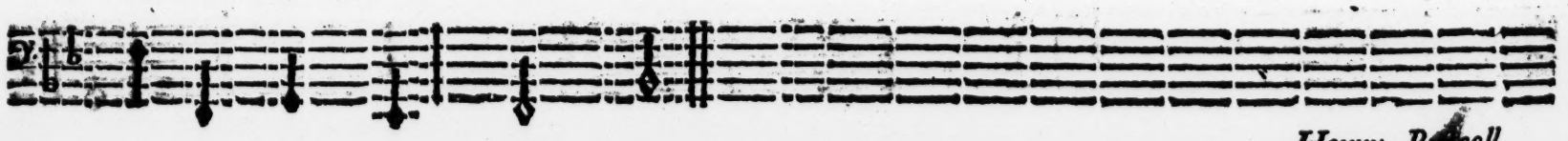
be for Love, Grief and Death for thee.







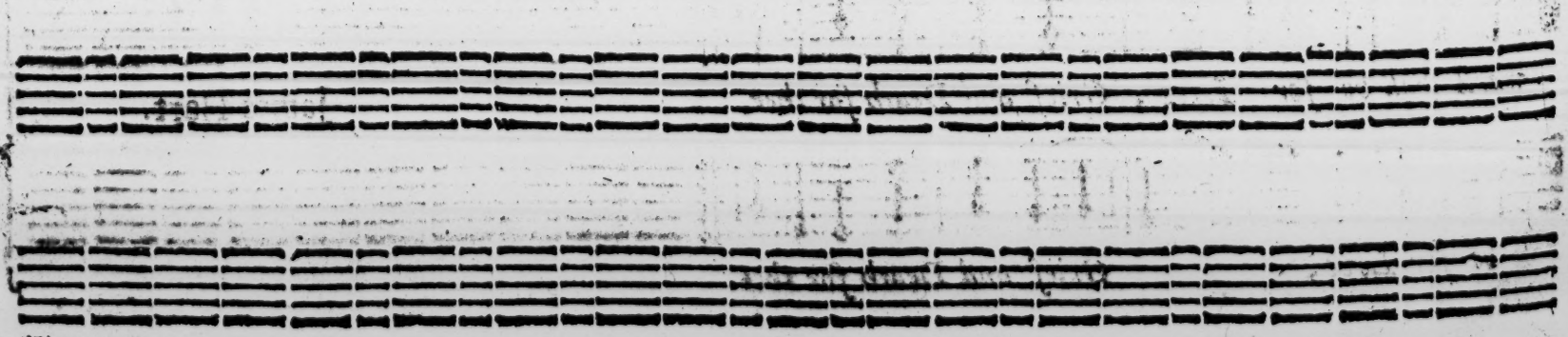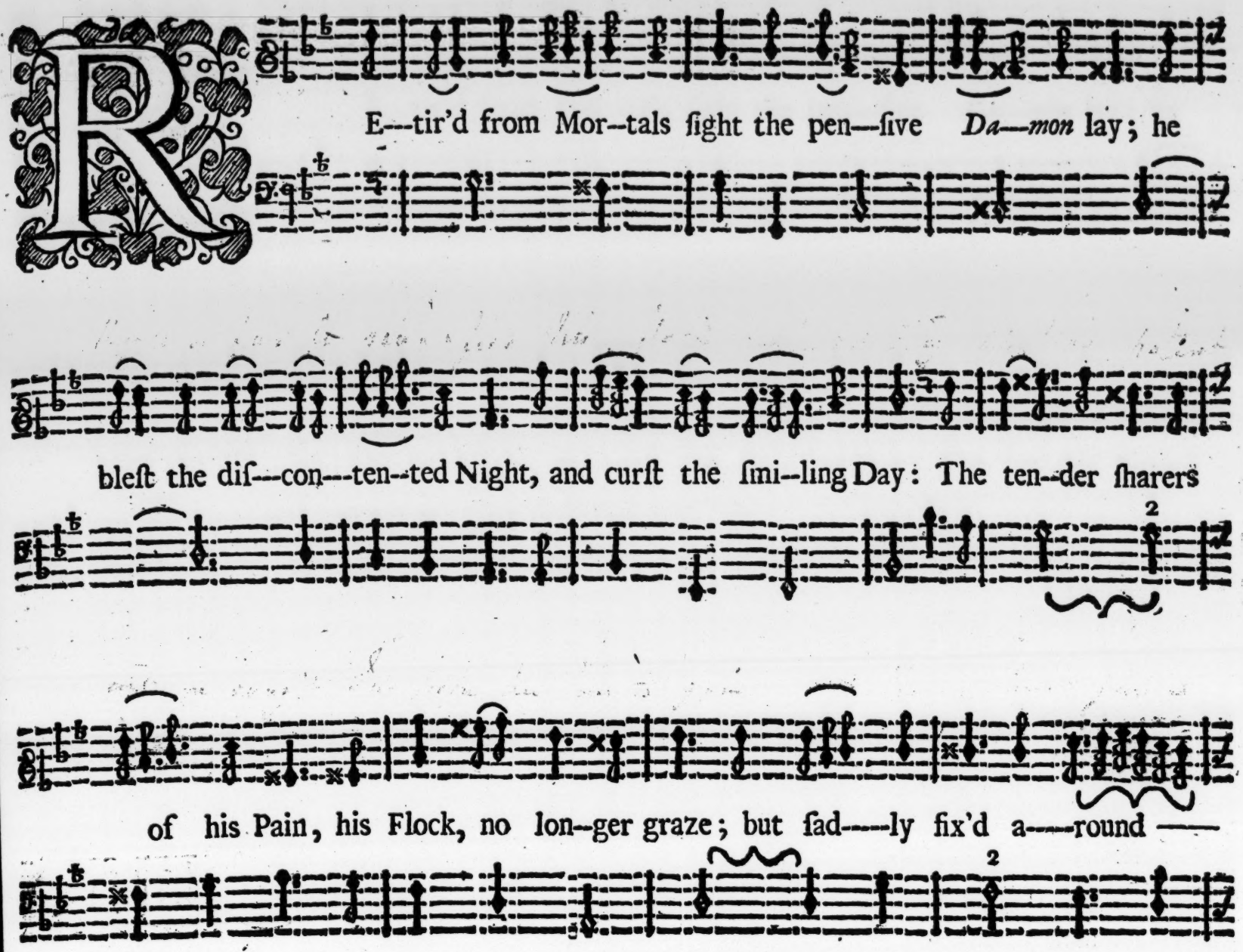




Henry Purcell.

II.

But vain are our weak Vows, when Love
Does feed the active Fire;
And treacherous Sighs his Agents prove,
To make it blaze the higher:
In vain Preſervatives are us'd
To any other part,
When the Infection has diffus'd
Its ſelf unto the Heart.





II.

He heard the Muſick of the Wood,
And with a ſigh, reply'd;
He ſaw the Fiſh ſport in the Flood,
And wept a deeper Tide:
In vain the Summer's Bloom came on,
For ſtill the drooping Swain
Like *Autumn* Winds was heard to groan,
Out-wept the Winter's Rain.

III.

Some Eaſe (ſaid he) ſome Reſpit give;
Why, mighty Pow'rs! ah! why
Am I too much diſtreſt to live,
And yet forbid to dye!
Such Accents from the Shepherd flew,
Whilſt on the Ground he lay;
At laſt ſo deep a Sigh he drew,
As bore his Life away.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

GO, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re-----turn; go, per--jur'd Man, and if thou e're

GO perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re-----turn; go, perjur'd

re-----turn, re--turn to ſee the ſmall re---main--der of my Urn;

Man, and if thou e're re--turn, and if thou e're re---------turn to

and if thou e're re---turn, re--------turn, re-----turn to

ſee the ſmall remainder of my Urn; and if thou e're re----turn, re----turn,

ſee, to ſee the ſmall re-----main---der of my Urn. When thou ſhalt

to ſee, to ſee the ſmall re--main--der of my Urn. When thou ſhalt

laugh, ſhalt laugh at my Re-li--gious Duſt, and ask where's now,

laugh, ſhalt laugh at my Re--li--gious Duſt, and ask where's now the

where's now the co--lour, form, and truſt of Woman's Beauty? And per-

co---lour, form, and truſt of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude

haps with rude, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours w^ch the Virgins ſtrew'd:

hands, and perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours w^ch the Virgins ſtrew'd. Know I've pray'd to

Know I've pray'd to Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my Aſhes up;

Pity, that the Wind may blow my A---ſhes up; know I've pray'd to

know I've pray'd to Pity, that the Wind may blow my Aſhes up,

Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my A---ſhes up, and ſtrike thee Blind; that the

may blow my A---ſhes up, and ſtrike thee Blind. Dr. *John Blow.*

Wind may blow my A--ſhes up, and ſtrike thee Blind.

A DIALOGUE *betwixt a* Shepherd *and* Shepherdeſs, *ſung in the Play of the* Duke *of* Guiſe.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

TELL me *Thirſis*, tell your Anguiſh, why you Sigh, and why you Languiſh;

when the Nymph whom you Adore, grants the Bleſſing of Poſ--ſeſ--ſing, what can Love and

Shepherd.

I do more? what can Love, what can Love and I do more? Think it's Love be-

yond all meaſure, makes me faint a-way with Pleaſure; ſtrength of Cordial may deſtroy,

Shepherdeſs.

and the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing kills me with exceſs of Joy. *Thirſis*, how can

I be--lieve you? but confeſs, and I'le forgive you; Men are falſe, and ſo are

you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a

Soft.

Creature to en--joy, and yet be true; to enjoy, and yet be true, and yet be true.

Shepherd.

Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ-ſeſ-ſing, ſtill de---ſi---ers, fit for Love's Im-

perial Crown; e---ver ſhi--ning, and re---fi---ning, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus together.

Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ-ſeſ-ſing, ſtill de--ſires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial

Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ---ſeſ---ſing, ſtill deſires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial

Crown; e--ver ſhining, and re--fi--ning, ſtill the more 'tis mel——ted down.

Crown; e--ver ſhining, and re--fi--ning, ſtill the more 'tis, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.

In Recitative Muſick.

NOR com'ſt thou yet, my ſlothful Love! nor yet *Le-an-der!* Oh my *Le-*

an--der! can'ſt thou for--get thy He---ro? *Le---an--der*, why doſt thou ſtay, who holds thee?

Cruel! what hath be----got de--lay? Too ſoon a----las! the Roſey---fin--ger'd Morn' will

chaſe the darkſom Night. Ah me! I burn and dye in this my languiſhing Deſires. See!

ſee! the Taper waſts in his own Fires, like me; and will be ſpent before thou come. Make haſt then

my *Le-an-der*, prethee come. Behold the Winds and Seas deaf and enrag'd; my Impreca-

tions have in part aſſwag'd their Fu--ries paſt; but thou more deaf than they, more merci-

leſs, torments me with delay. If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar, ſuch high delight thou

tak'ſt, why didſt thou more incite my hot De-ſires with faithleſs Lines, flatt'ring me with Promiſe,

That when the Winds became leſs high, and Shores had ſome repoſe, if I did but the friendly Torch ex-

poſe to be thy guide, thou would'ſt not fail to come? The Shores have Peace, the Winds and

Seas are dumb, thy *He-ro* here attends thee, and the Light invades the Horrour of the

ſable Night; come quickly then, and in theſe Arms appear, that have been oft thy chiefeſt

Calm, thy Sphear. Wretch that I am! 'tis ſo, you Gods! 'tis ſo! whilſt here I vent to

Heav'n and Seas my woe, he at *A---by---dos* in a new-er Flame, forgets that e're he

heard poor *Hero*'s name. Ah! lighter than Bloſſoms, or the fleeting Air that ſheds them;
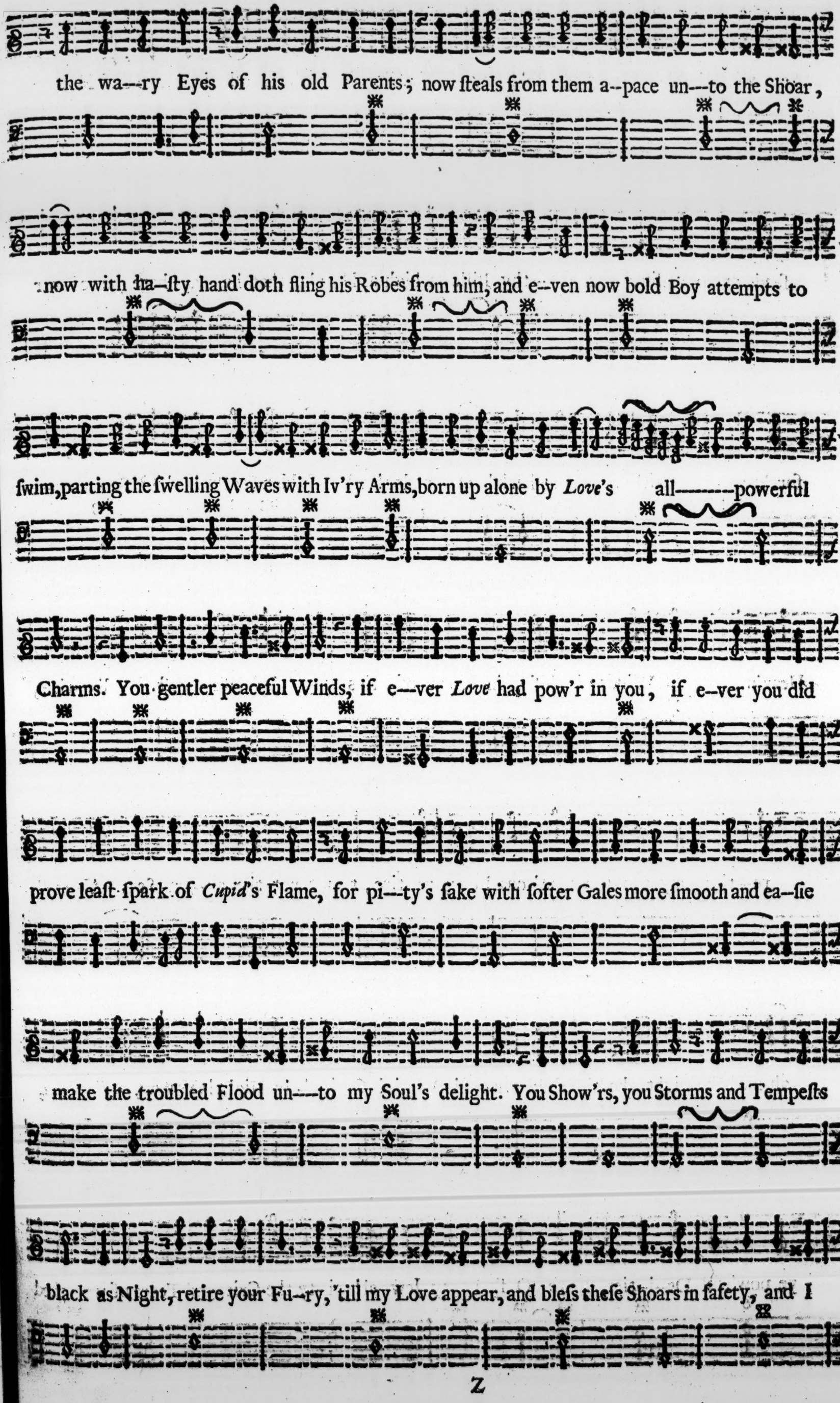
How! O how can'ſt thou repair thy broken Faith! Is this the dear reſpect thou bear'ſt to Oaths and

Vows, thus to neg---lect both *Ci---the---re----a* and her *Nun!* Is this th'in-vi-o--la-ble Band of

Hy--men! This that knot, before the ſacred Al-tar made of Sea-born *Venus!* Heav'ns lend your

aid, and arm your ſelves in Thunder! Oh! but ſtay, what vain Fears tranſports thee, *He--ro*, a-

way with jealous Fu--ry? *Le-an-der*'s thine, thou his; and the poor youth at home lamenting is


the wa--ry Eyes of his old Parents; now ſteals from them a--pace un---to the Shoar,
now with ha--ſty hand doth fling his Robes from him, and e--ven now bold Boy attempts to
ſwim, parting the ſwelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms, born up alone by *Love*'s all-------powerful
Charms. You gentler peaceful Winds, if e---ver *Love* had pow'r in you, if e--ver you did
prove leaſt ſpark of *Cupid*'s Flame, for pi---ty's ſake with ſofter Gales more ſmooth and ea--ſie
make the troubled Flood un---to my Soul's delight. You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempeſts
black as Night, retire your Fu--ry, 'till my Love appear, and bleſs theſe Shoars in ſafety, and I

here with--in theſe Arms en---fold my on--ly Treaſure; then all in Rage and Horror

ſend at plea--ſure the fro---thy Billows high as Heav'n, that he may here be e--ver

forc'd to dwell with me. But hark! O wonder! what ſudden Storm is this? Seas menace

Heav'n, and the Winds do hiſs, in ſcorn of this my juſt Re--queſt. Re--tire,

re---tire, my too too vent'rous Love, re--tire, tempt not the an--gry Seas. Ah me!

ah me! the Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O dead--ly Night! *Neptune, Æ--o--lus,*

ye pow'rful De--i--ties, ſpare, O ſpare my Jew--el! pi--ty the Cries and Tears of wretched

He--ro! 'Tis *Le--an--der* truſts you with his Love and Life, fair *Le--an--der*, Beau--ty

of theſe Shoars. See! ſee the baſh--ful Morn, for ſor--row of my ſad Laments, hath

torn through cloudy Night a paſſage to my Aid, and here beneath amidſt the horrid

Shade, by her faint Light, ſomething methinks I ſee re--ſem--bling my Soul's Joy. Wo's me!

'tis he! drown'd by th'im--pe--tuous Flood. O diſmal Hour! curſt be theſe Seas, theſe

Shoars, this Light, this Tow'r! In ſpite of Fates, dear Love, to thee I come, *Le--an--der's*

Bo--ſom ſhall be *Hero's* Tomb.

Mr. *Nic. Lannier.*

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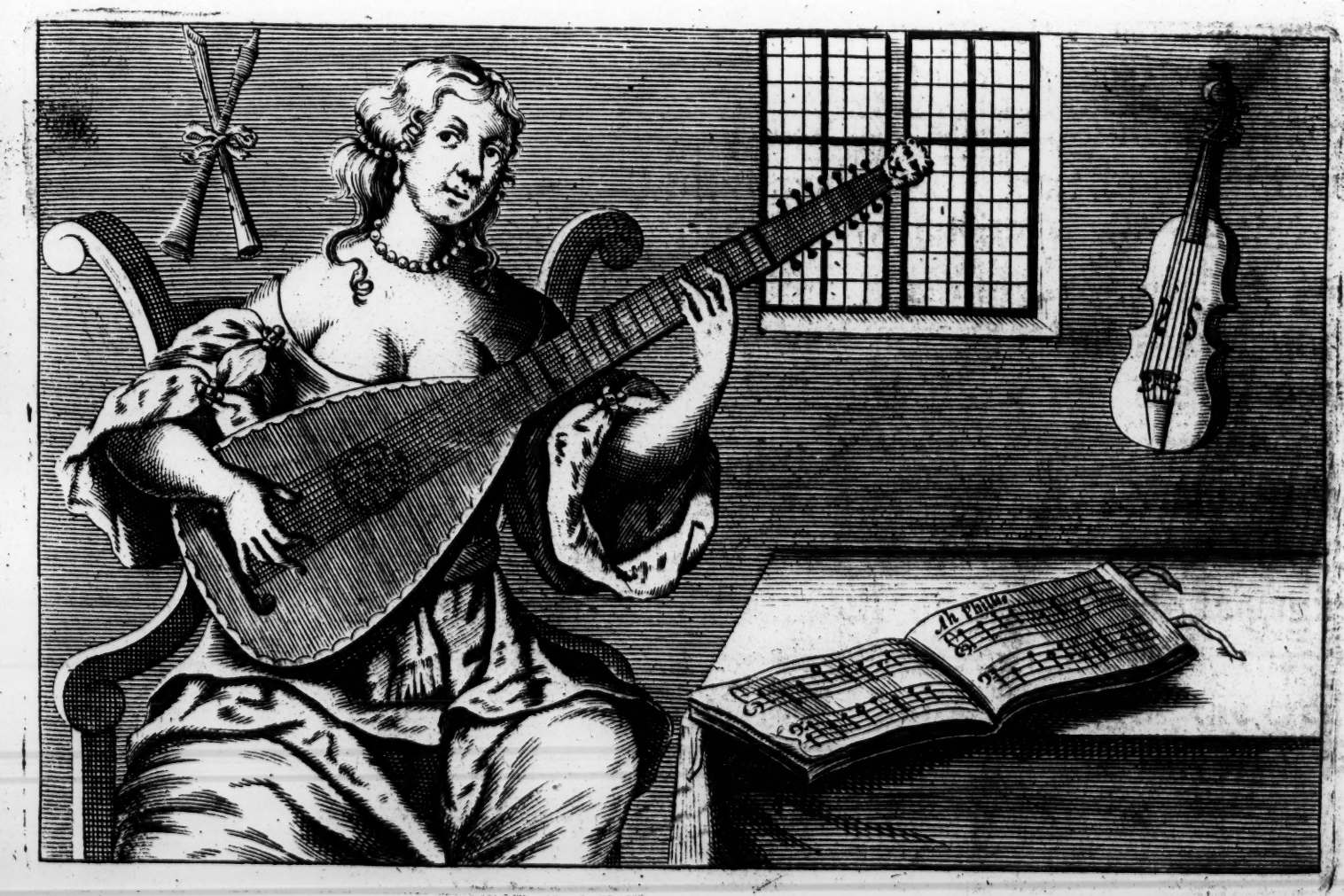
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TO ALL LOVERS and UNDERSTANDERS OF MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Fifth Book of *New Songs* and *Ayres* had come ſooner (by three Months) to your hands, but the laſt dreadful Froſt put an Embargo upon the Preſs for more than ten Weeks; and, to ſay the truth, there was a great unwillingneſs in me to undertake the pains of publiſhing any more Collections of this nature: But at the requeſt of Friends, and eſpecially Mr. *Carr*, who aſſiſted me in procuring ſome of theſe Songs from the Authors, I was prevailed with: Yet indeed the greateſt Motive was, to prevent my Friends and Country-men from being cheated with ſuch falſe Ware as is daily publiſhed by ignorant and mercenary perſons, who put Muſical Notes over their Songs, but neither minding *Time* nor right places, turn Harmony into Diſcord: Such Publications being a Scandal and Abuſe to the Science of *Muſick*, and all Ingenious Artiſts and Profeſſors thereof. This I conceive I was bound to let my Reader underſtand; and that in what hitherto I have made public of this nature, my pains and care has ever been not only to procure perfect Copies, but alſo to ſee them true and well printed: But now I find my Age, and the Infirmities of Nature, will not allow me the ſtrength to undergo my former Labours again, I ſhall leave it to two young Men, my own Son, and Mr. *Carr*'s Son, who is one of His Majeſty's Muſick, and an ingenious perſon, whom you may rely upon, that what they publiſh of this nature, ſhall be carefully corrected and well done, my ſelf engaging to be aſſiſting to them in the overſeeing the Preſs for the future, that what Songs they make public be good and true Muſick, both for the credit of the Authors, and to the content and ſatisfaction of the Buyers; which that they may never be otherwiſe, is the deſire of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt faithful Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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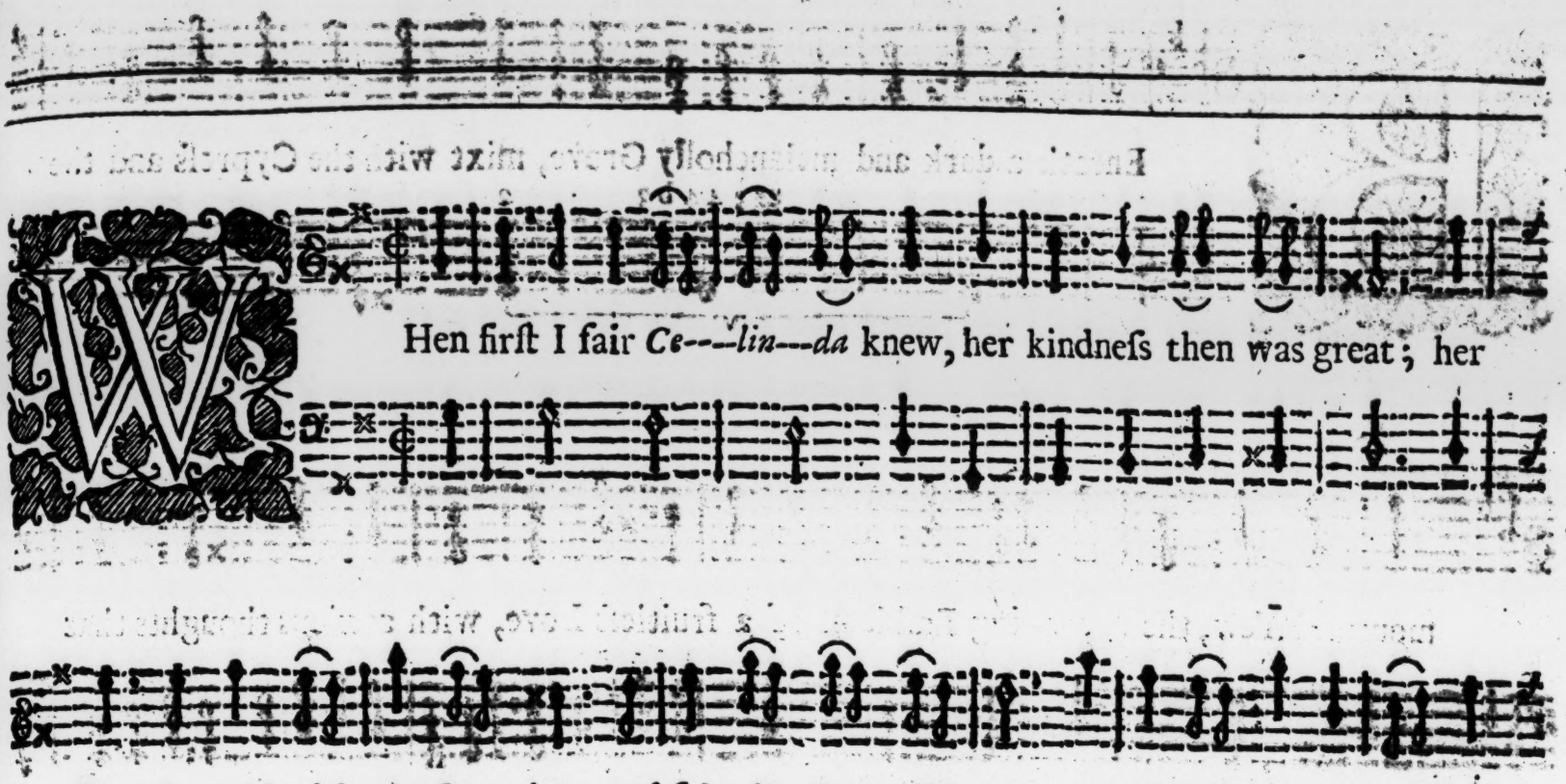
Y

You happy Youths, whose hearts are free 18

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+ by Purcell



II.

But, ah! at laſt I grew too bold;
Preſt by my growing Flame,
For when my Paſſion I had told,
She hated ev'n my Name.
Thus I that cou'd her Friendſhip boaſt,
And did her Love purſue,
Am taught Contentment at the coſt
Of Love and Friendſhip too.

Beneath a dark and melancholly Grove, mixt with the Cypreſs and the

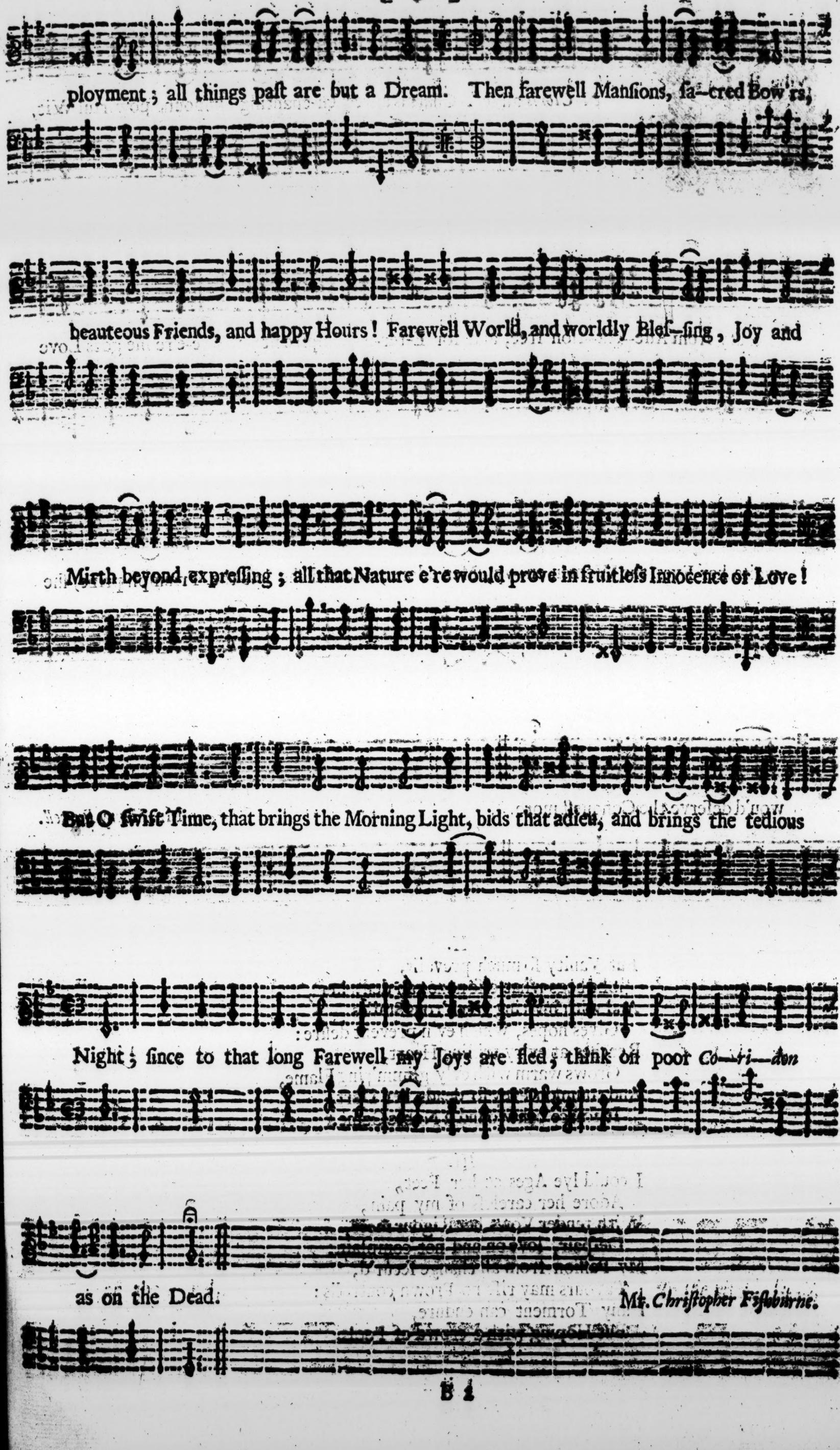
mournful Yew, the grow--ing Emblems of a fruitleſs Love, with anxious thoughts that

did paſt Acts re--new, the painful Shepherd lay, and thus his Muſe in--vi--ted him to ſay:

Why ſhould Plea--ſure ſo de--light us in its falſe fan--ta--ſtick Name? Why ſhould Fraud

from Truth in---vite us? What's the End on't? What's the Aim? All our Acts of

paſt Enjoy--ment glide and leave us, like a Stream: Preſent Time's the beſt Em-


ployment; all things paſt are but a Dream. Then farewell Manſions, ſa--cred Bow'rs,
beauteous Friends, and happy Hours! Farewell World, and worldly Bleſ--ſing, Joy and
Mirth beyond expreſſing; all that Nature e're would prove in fruitleſs Innocence or Love!
But O ſwift Time, that brings the Morning Light, bids that adieu, and brings the tedious
Night; ſince to that long Farewell my Joys are fled; think on poor Co--ri--don
as on the Dead.
Mr. Chriſtopher Fiſbourne.

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Night; ſince to that long Farewell my Joys are fled; think on poor *Co—ri—don*

as on the Dead.

Mr. *Chriſtopher Fiſbirne.*

IN *Cloris* all ſoft Charms agree, en-chanting Humour, pow'rful Wit,
Beauty from Affe--cta--tion free, and for E-ter-nal Empire fit; where-e're ſhe goes Love
waits her Eyes, the Women en--vy, Men adore; tho did ſhe leſs the Triumph prize, ſhe
wou'd deſerve the Conqueſt more.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

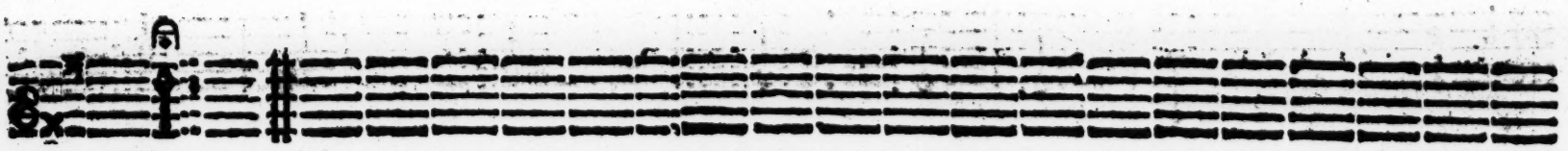
II.

But Vanity ſo much prevails,
She begs what elſe none can deny her,
And with inviting treach'rous Smiles
Gives hopes, which ev'n prevent deſire:
Reaches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
Grows warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame,
And common Prey ſo deads her Dart,
It ſcarce can wound a Noble Game.

III.

I could lye Ages at her Feet,
Adore her careleſs of my pain,
With tender Vows her Rigour meet,
Deſpair, love on and not complain:
My Paſſion from all change ſecur'd,
Favours may riſe no Frown controlls:
I any Torment can endure,
But Hoping with a crowd of Fools.





II.

No burning Hope or cold Deſpair,
  Dull Groves or purling Streams,
Sighing and talking to the Air
  In Love's fantaſtick Dreams,
Can move my Pity or my Hate,
  But Satyriſt I'le prove,
And All ridiculous create
  That ſhall pretend to love.

III.

Love was a Monarch once 'tis true,
  And God-like rul'd alone,
And though his Subjects were but few,
  Their Hearts were all his own:
But ſince, the Slaves revolted are,
  And turn'd into a State,
Their Int'reſt is their only care,
  And Love grows out of date.

Quench theſe Flames! the mi-ſe-ra-ble ſtate I'm in re--lieve before it

be too late: Some Love return, and make me bleſt, richer than all the Treaſure of the Eaſt.

Oft in my Face my Mind's Diſeaſe ap---pears: My ſilent Brows, my ſi---------lent ſor-
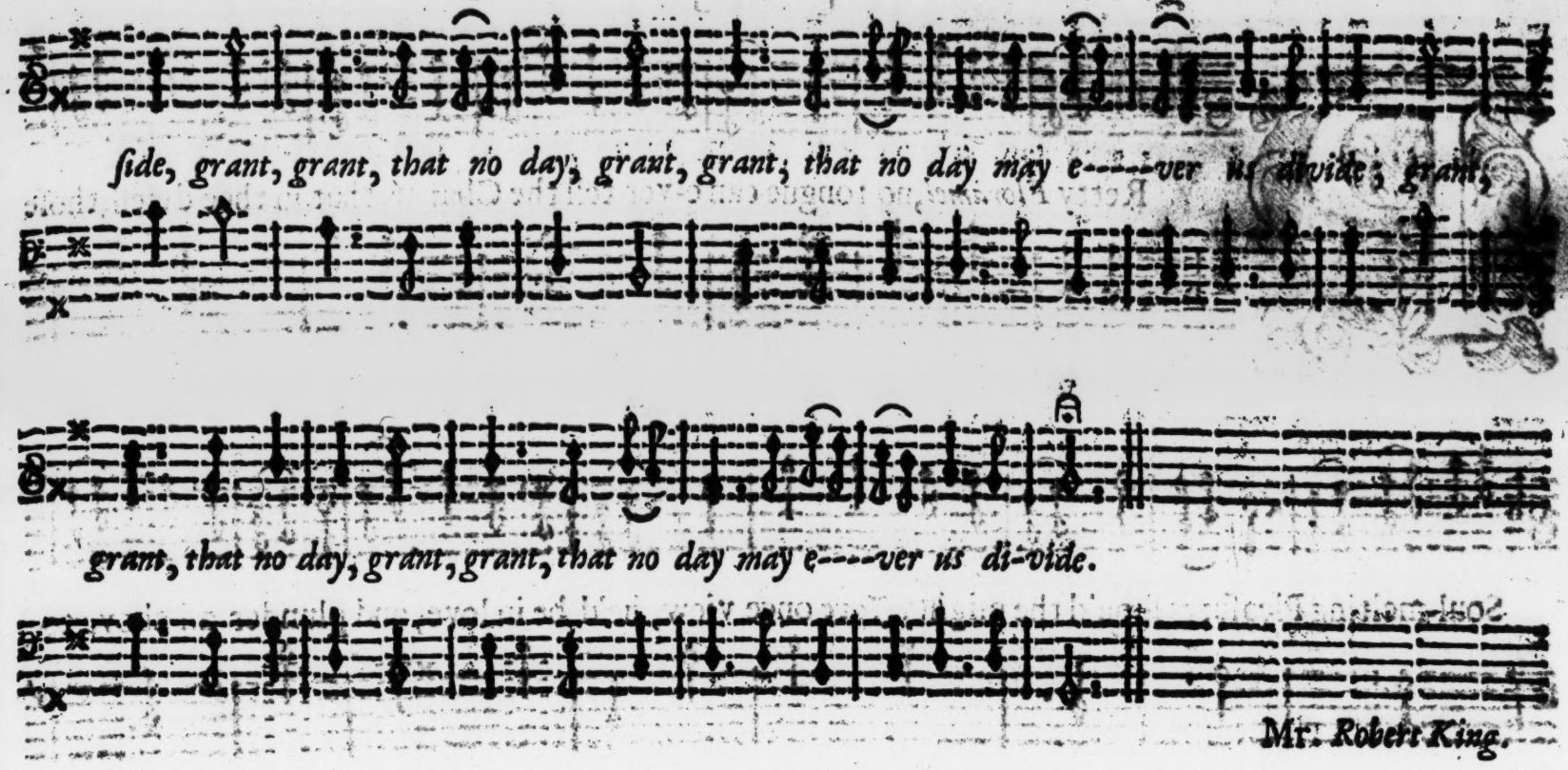
row ſhows it ſelf in Tears. In lonely Caves, obſcur'd with Woods, the ſtones I move to

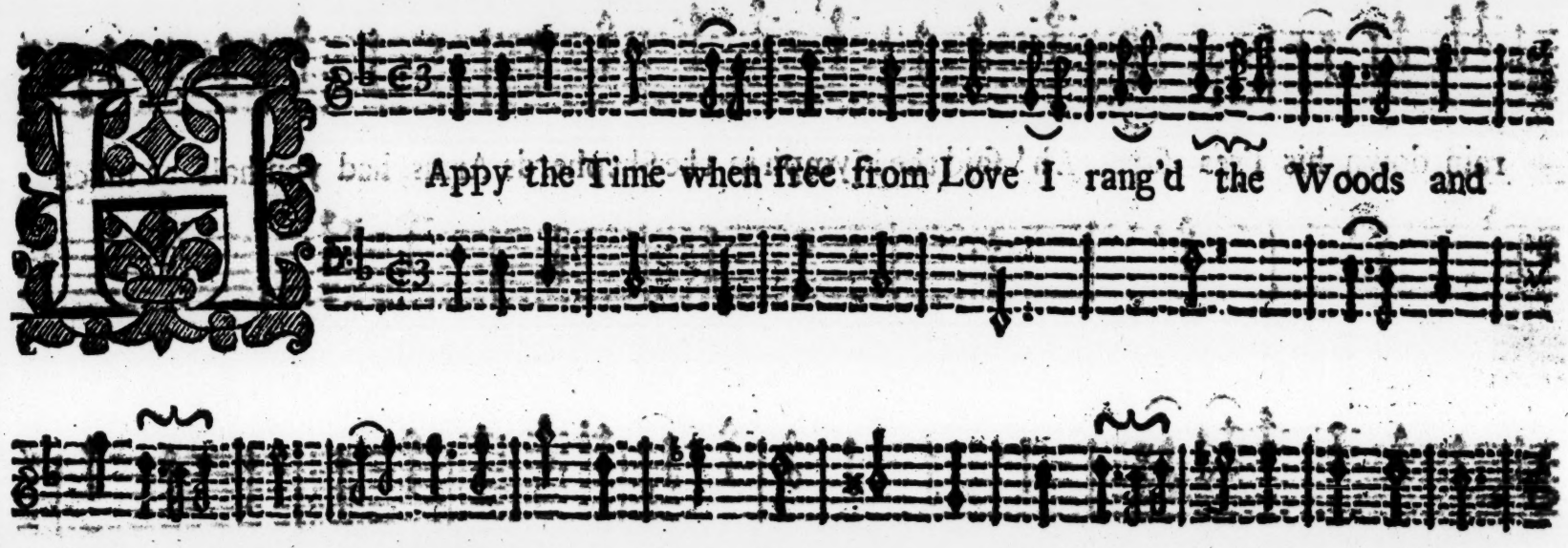
pity with my daily groans: In ev'ry Grove the tender Leaves I paint, both with her Name,

Chorus.

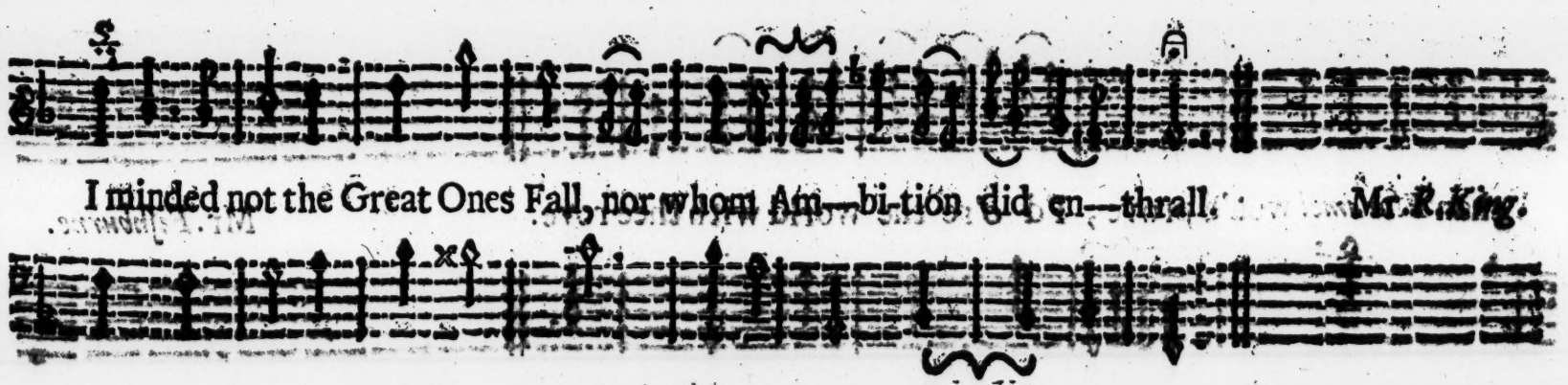
both with her Name, and with my own Complaint. BUT *might I hope the Gods*

did e're de--ſign to move her Heart to love return to mine, then all who in immor---tal Thrones re-







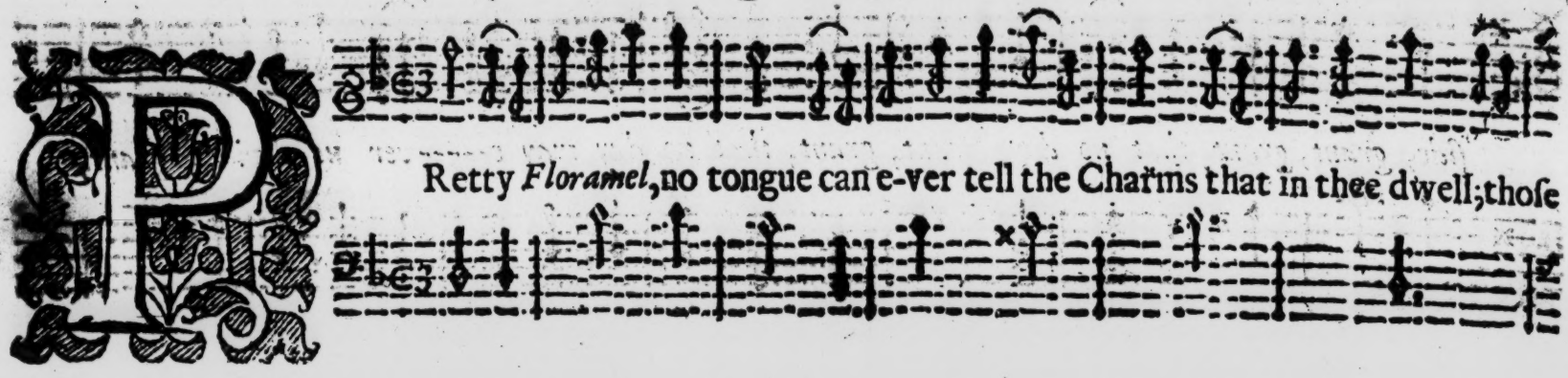


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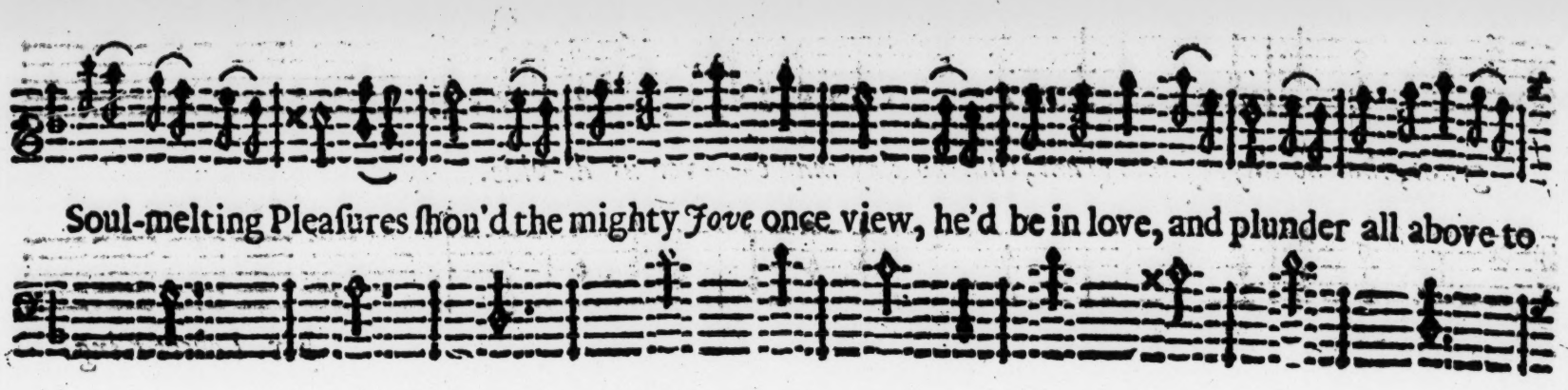
My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wolves my harmleſs Sheep:
But though from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
None could my Heart from Love protect.
But though, &c.

III.
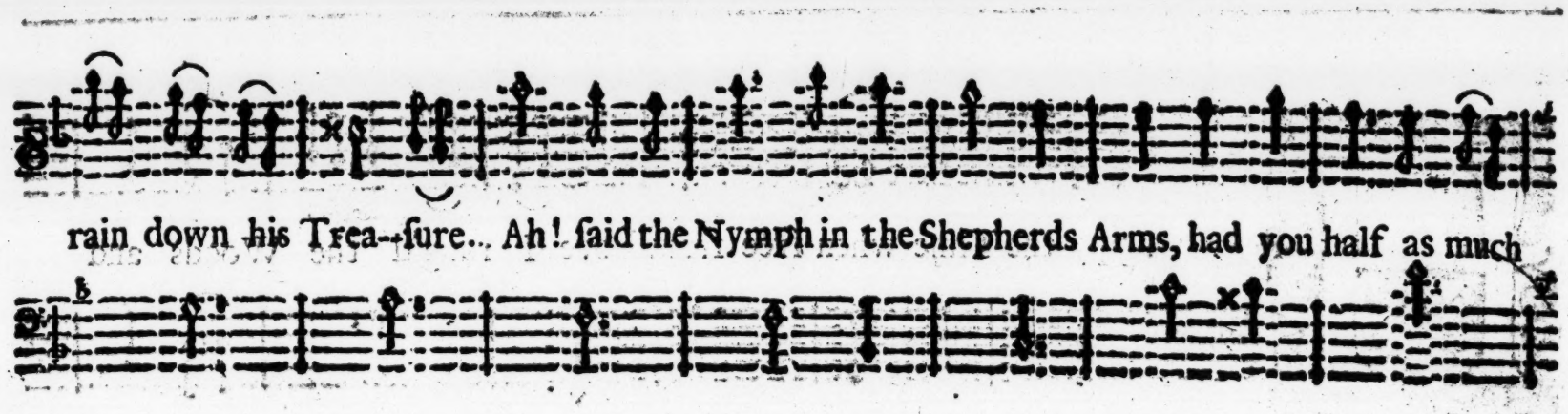
There is not one upon theſe Plains
That loves like me of all the Swains:
But I have learn'd now to my coſt,
That who loves beſt muſt ſuffer moſt.
But I have, &c.



Retty *Floramel*, no tongue can e-ver tell the Charms that in thee dwell; thoſe



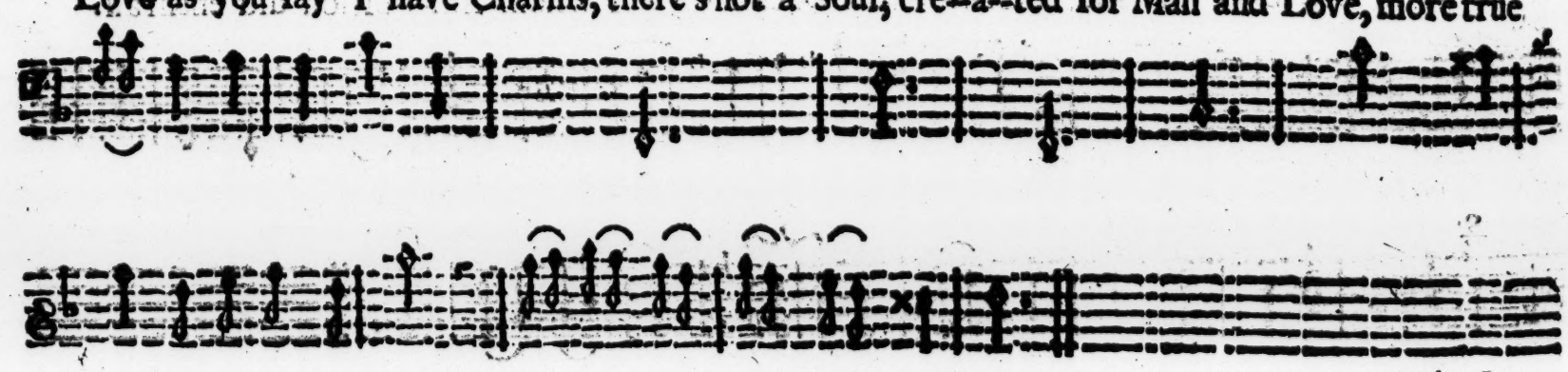
Soul-melting Pleaſures ſhou'd the mighty *Jove* once view, he'd be in love, and plunder all above to



rain down his Trea--ſure... Ah! ſaid the Nymph in the Shepherds Arms, had you half as much

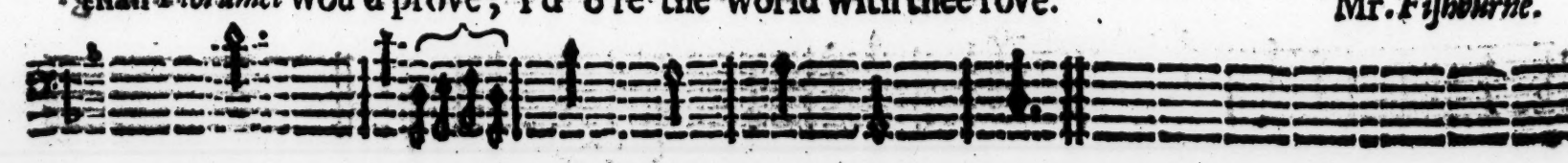


Love as you ſay I have Charms, there's not a Soul, cre--a--ted for Man and Love, more true



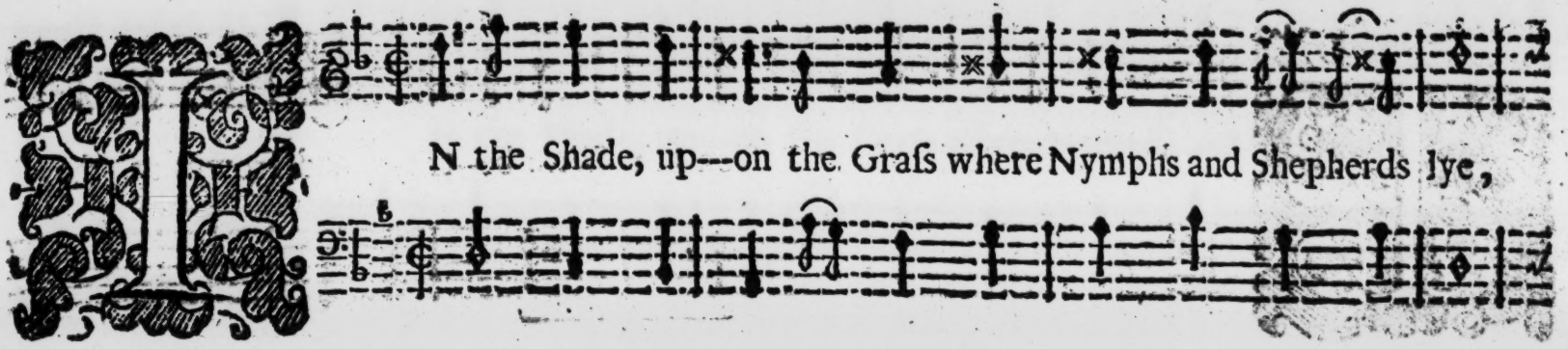
than *Floramel* wou'd prove; I'd o're the world with thee rove.

Mr. *Fiſhburne*.



II.

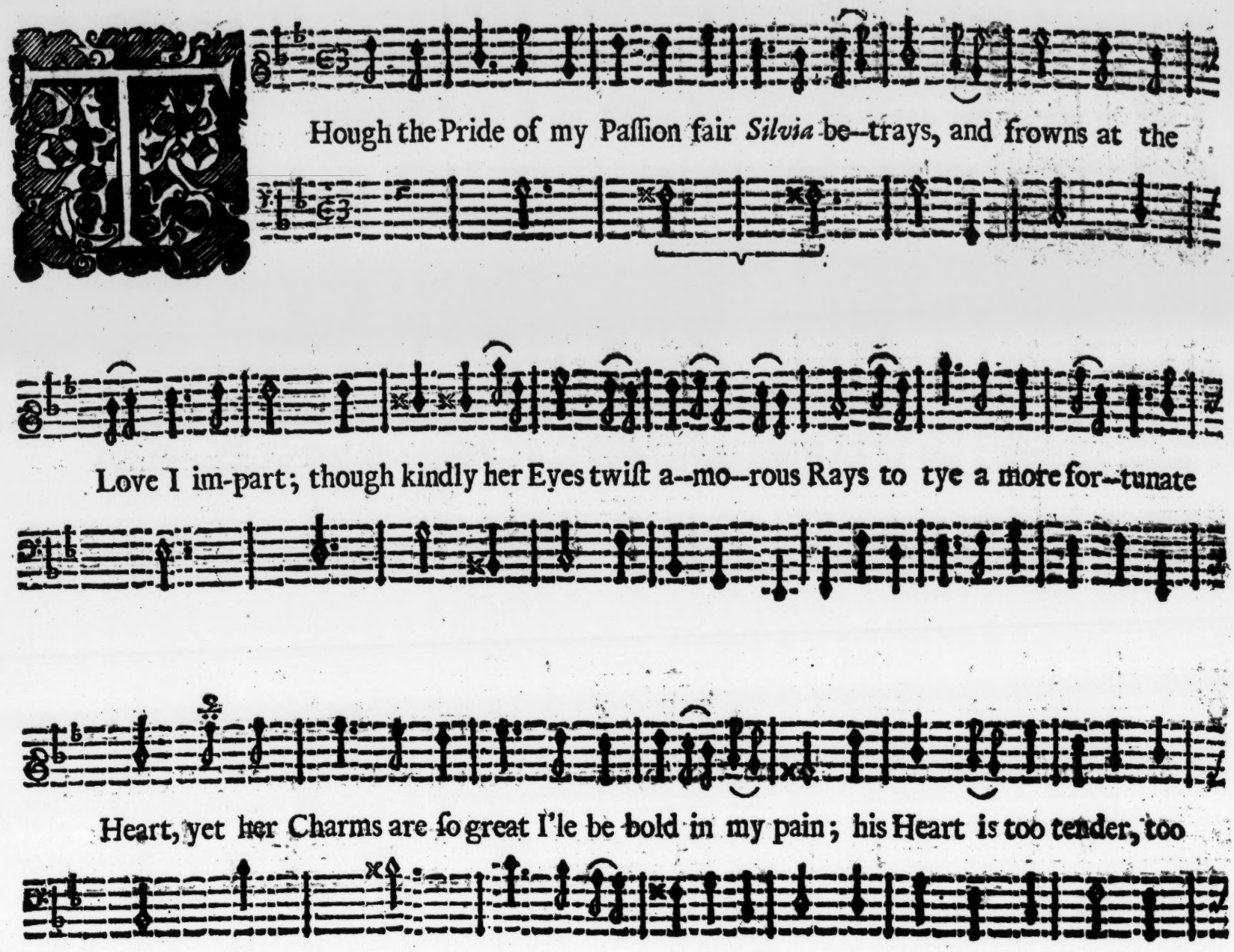
Love that's truly free had never Jealouſie,
But artful Love may be
Both doubtful and wooing.
Ah! dear Shepherdeſs, ne're doubt, for you may gueſs
My Heart will prove no leſs
Than ever endleſs loving.
Then, cryes the Nymph, like the Sun thou ſhalt be,
And I, like the kind Earth, will produce all to thee,
Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden I'le Off'rings pay
To my Saint. Nay then pray
Take not thoſe dear Eyes away.

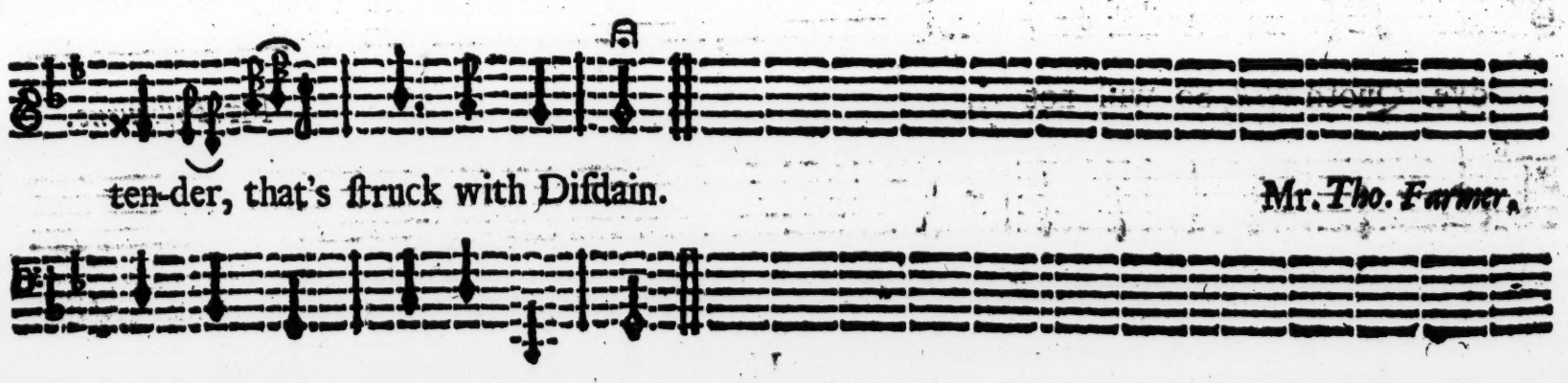


Mr. *Fiſhburne.*

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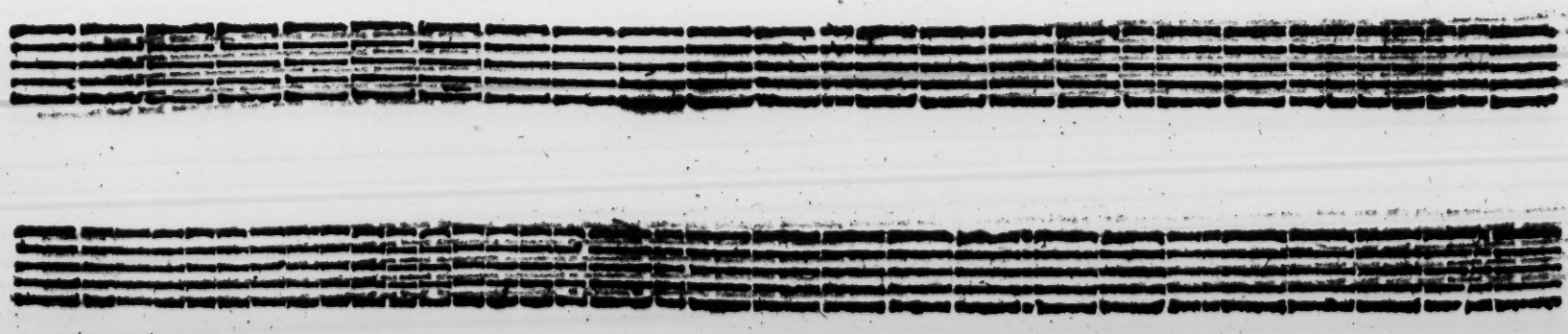
Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
With Kiſſes mixt between,
With a Song he charm'd her Ears
How Minds have alter'd been;
Finding his Love grown ſtronger,
For fear of ſtaying longer,
Cry'd, Good now, pray now,
If you love me let me go,
For fear you change my Mind,
And leave my Heart behind.
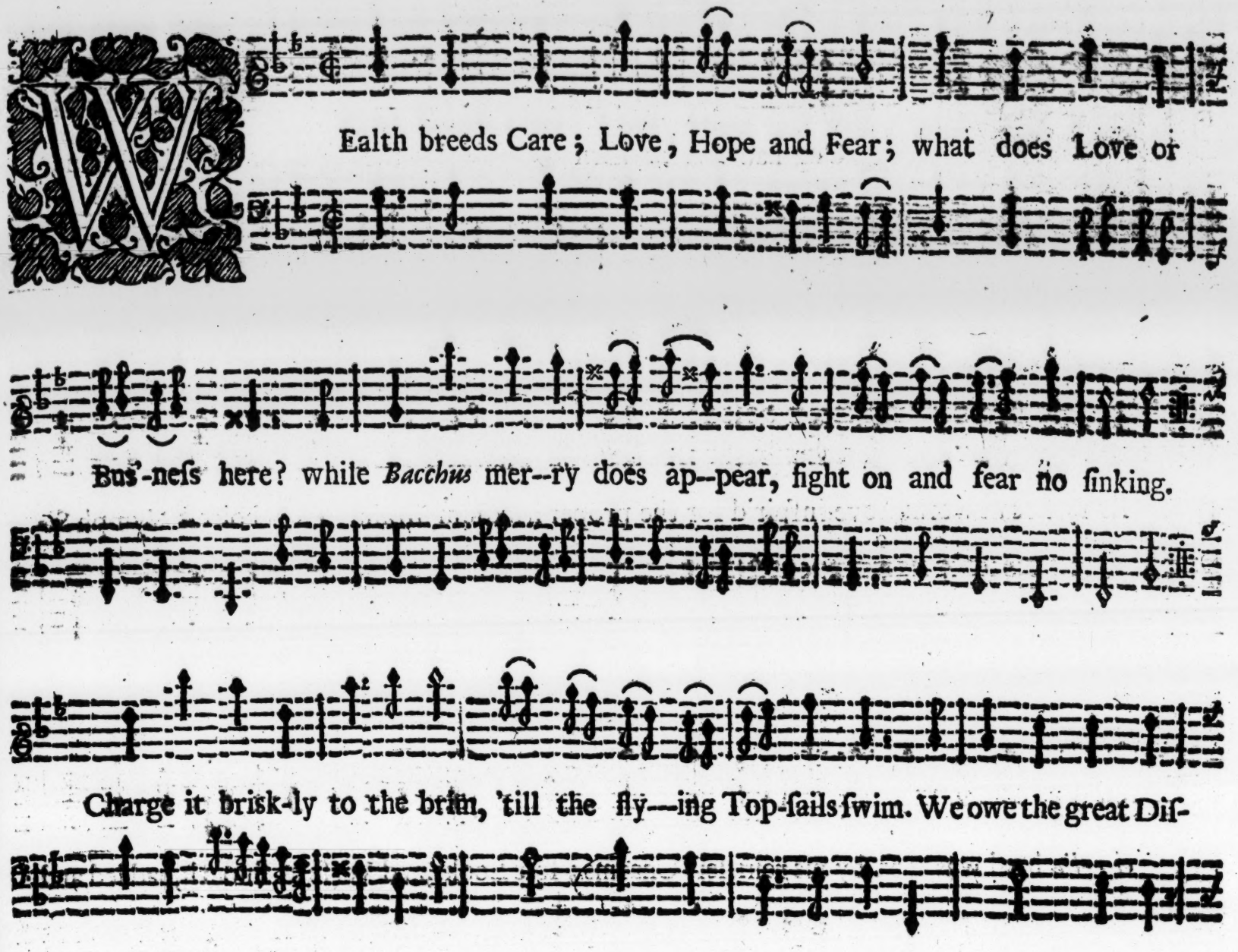


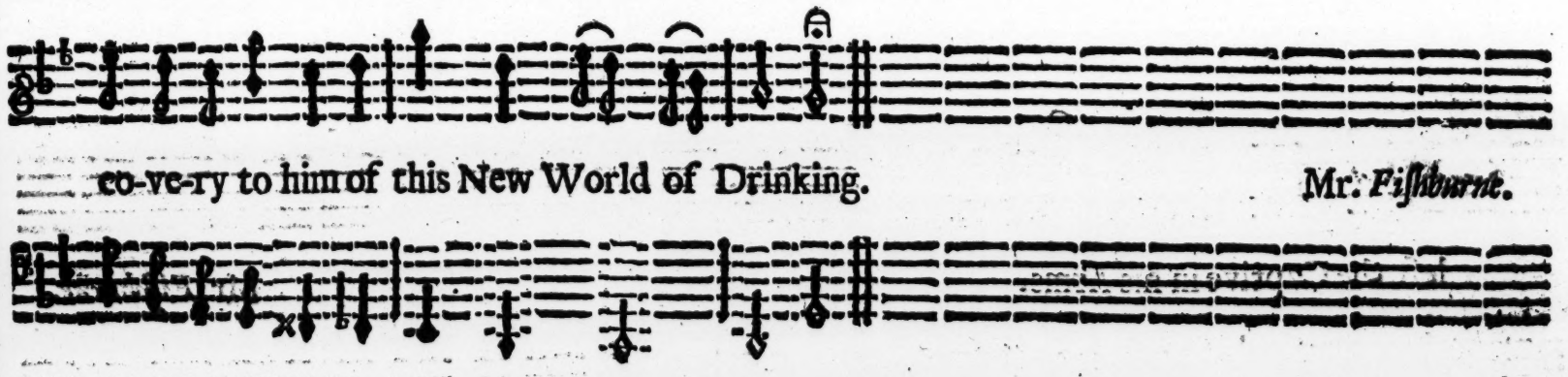


II.

Still my Heart is ſo juſt to my paſſionate Eyes,
It diſſolves with delight while I gaze:
And he that loves on, though *Silvia* denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys.
I no more can refrain her Neglects to purſue,
Than the force, the force
Of her Beauty can ceaſe to ſubdue.





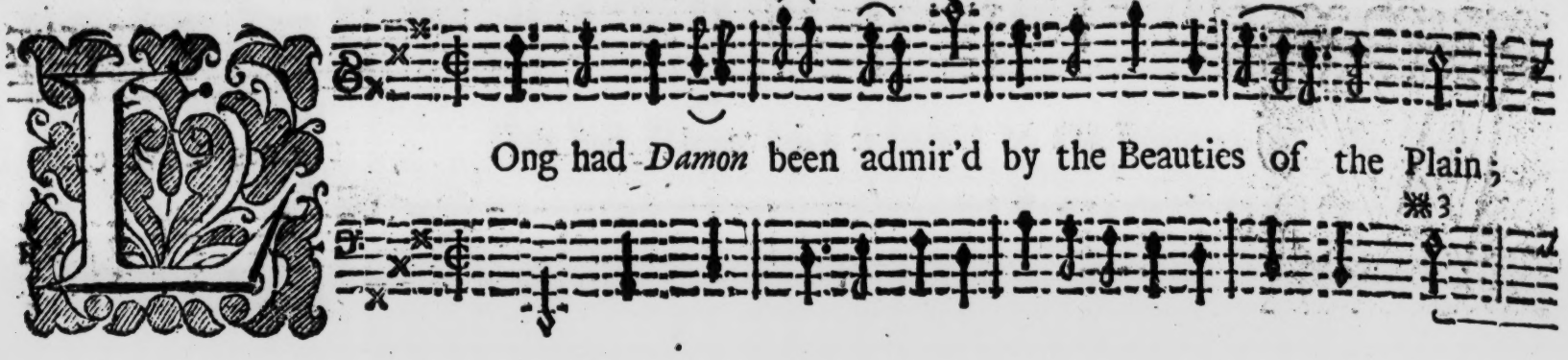


II.

Grave Cabals that States refine,
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the God o'th' Vine
Makes ev'ry great Commander.
Let ſober Sots Small-beer ſubdue,
The Wiſe and Valiant Wine does woe;
The *Stagyrite* had the honour to
Be drunk with *Alexander.*

III.

Stand to your Arms, and now advance
A Health to the *Engliſh* King of *France*;
On to the next, a *bon ſperanze:*
By *Bacchus* and *Apollo*
Thus in ſtate I lead the Van,
Fall in your place by your right-hand Man:
Beat Drum! now March! Dub a dub, ran dan:
He's a *Whigg* that will not follow.



II.

But our *Damon*'s Soul aſpires
To a Goddeſs of his Race,
Though he ſues with chaſter Fires,
This his Glories does deface.
The fatal News no ſooner blown
In Whiſpers up the Cheſnut Row,
The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown
Blaſts all the Lawrels on his Brow.

III.

Swains be wiſe, and check Deſire
In its ſoaring, when you'l woo:
Damon may in Love require
Theſtyles and *Laura* too.
When Shepherds too ambitious are,
And court *Aſtrea* on a Throne,
Like to the ſhooting of a Star
They fall, and thus their Shining's gone.



Hough *Fortune* and *Love* may be De-i-ties ſtill; to thoſe they oblige by their Pow'r; for my part, they ever have us'd me ſo ill, they cannot ex--pect I'le a--dore: Hereafter a Temple to *Friendſhip* I'le raiſe, and de-di-cate there all the reſt of my Days, to the Goddeſs ac-cepted my Vows, to the Goddeſs ac--cep--ted my Vows.

Mr. *Fiſhburne.*

II.

Thou perfecteſt Image of all things divine,
Bright Center of endleſs Deſires,
May the Glory be yours, and the Services mine;
When I light at your Altars the Fires.
I offer a Heart has Devotion ſo pure,
It would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all things you wiſh;
Might you, *&c.*

III.

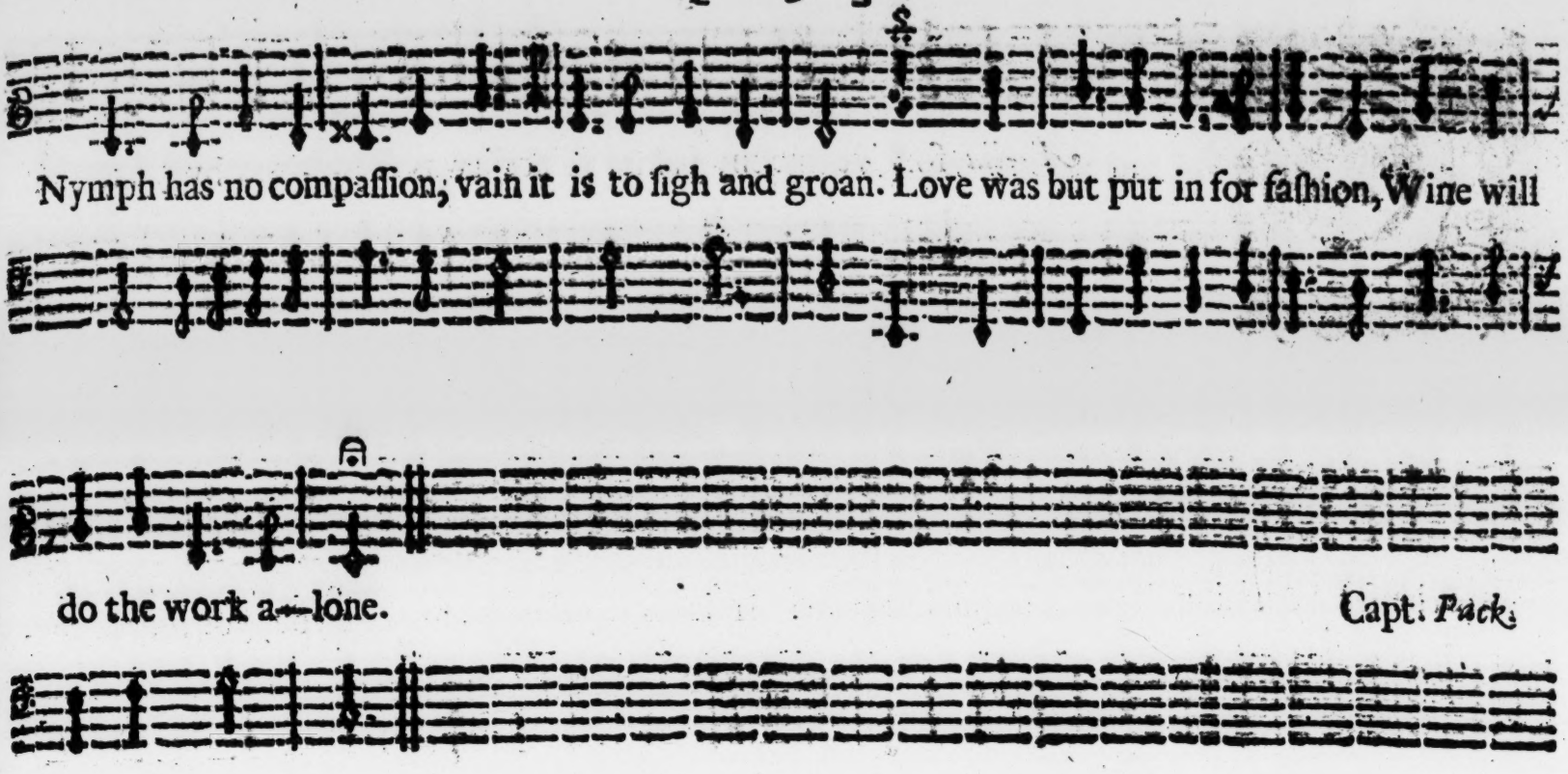
But yet the Goddeſs of Fools to deſpiſe,
I find I am too much in her pow'r;
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wiſe,
In abſence of her I adore:
If Love then undoes me before I get back,
I ſtill with Reſignment receive the Attack,
Or languiſh away in deſpair,
Or languiſh, *&c.*

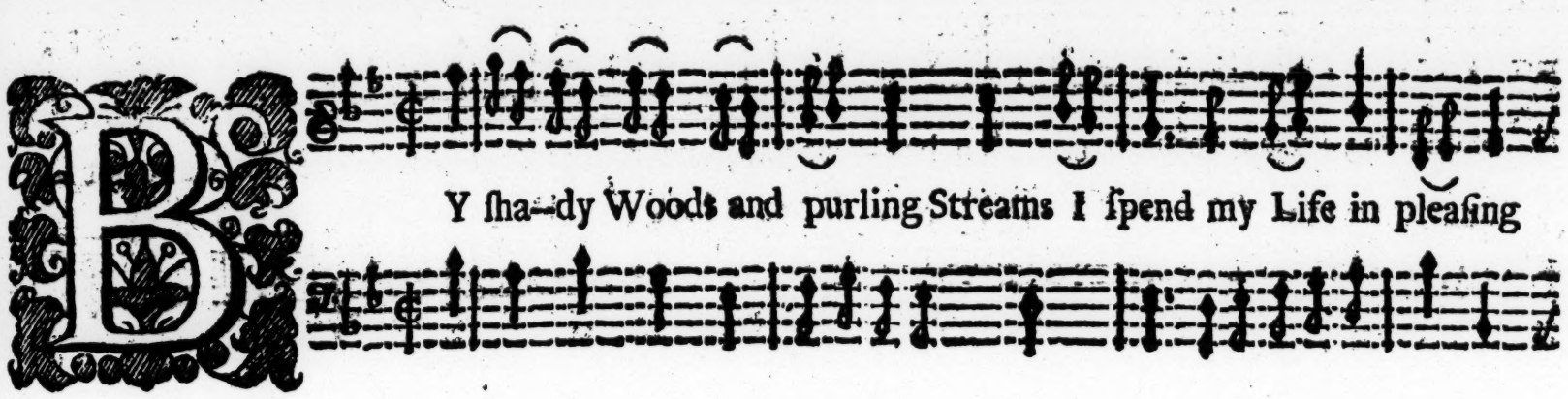
HE himſelf courts his own ru--in, that with too great paſ--ſion ſues 'em:
When Men whine too much in wooing, Women will like Cocquets uſe 'em: Some by this way
of addreſſing have the Sex ſo far tranſported, that they'l fool away the bleſſing for the pride of
be--ing courted. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

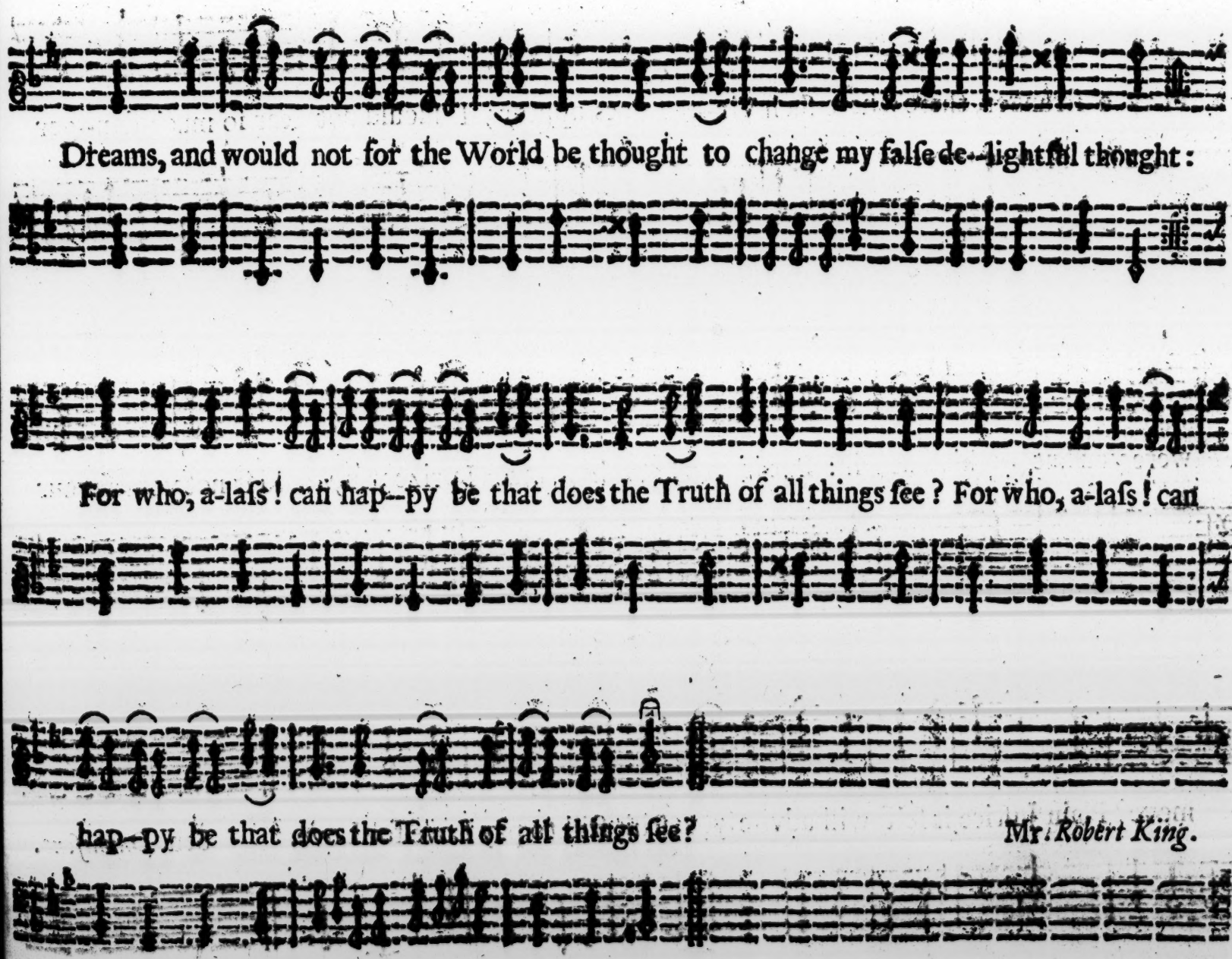
II.

Jilt and ſmile when we adore 'em,
  While ſome Blockhead buyes the Favour;
Preſents have more power o're 'em
  Than all our ſoft Love and Labour.
Thus, like Zealots with ſcrew'd Faces,
  We our fooling make the greater,
While we cant long-winded Graces
  Others they fall to the Creature.

WOuld you be a Man in faſhion? would you lead a Life divine? Take a
lit--tle dram of Paſſion, a lit--tle dram of Paſſion, in a luſty Doſe of Wine; if the


Nymph has no compaſſion, vain it is to ſigh and groan. Love was but put in for faſhion, Wine will
do the work a--lone.
Capt. Puck.


Y ſha--dy Woods and purling Streams I ſpend my Life in pleaſing


Dreams, and would not for the World be thought to change my falſe de--lightful thought:
For who, a-laſs! can hap--py be that does the Truth of all things ſee? For who, a-laſs! can
hap--py be that does the Truth of all things ſee?
Mr. Robert King.

Æ--lia forgive me my paſſion, ſince 'twas cre--a--ted by you, you
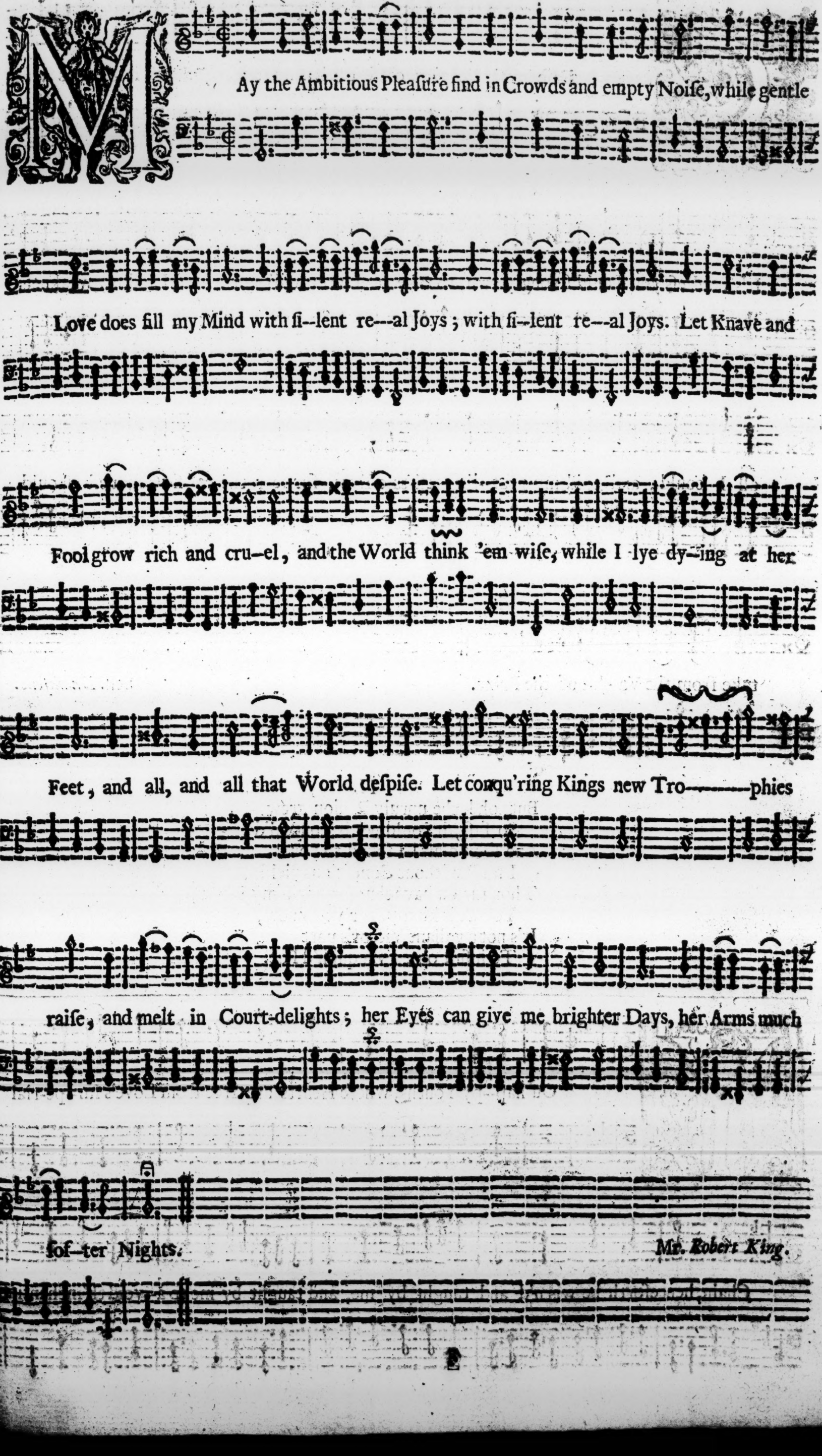
are the fatal occaſion, be not the puniſher too: If it be a crime to a--dore you, you ſhould con-

cealed be; ſince all that do come but be--fore you, needs muſt of-fend like me. Make not ſoft

Pi-ty a ſtranger, there where ſuch Vir--tue does appear; I ſhould not fear ſo much dan--ger

were you but as kind as fair: But if you knew how much I prize you, would it not your favour

move? Plain Juſtice it ſelf will adviſe you, ſtill, ſtill to pay Love for Love. Sen. *Damaſene.*


May the Ambitious Pleasure find in Crowds and empty Noise, while gentle
Love does fill my Mind with si--lent re---al Joys; with si--lent re---al Joys. Let Knave and
Fool grow rich and cru--el, and the World think 'em wise, while I lye dy--ing at her
Feet, and all, and all that World despise. Let conqu'ring Kings new Tro--------phies
raise, and melt in Court-delights; her Eyes can give me brighter Days, her Arms much
sof--ter Nights.
Mr. Robert King.

CEaſe lovely *Strephon*, ceaſe to charm; uſeleſs, alaſs! is all this Art;

It's needleſs you ſhould ſtrongly arm, to take a too too willing Heart: I hid my weakneſs

all I could, and chid my prat--ling tell-tale Eyes, for fear the ea--ſie Conqueſt ſhould

take from the Va--lue of the Prize.

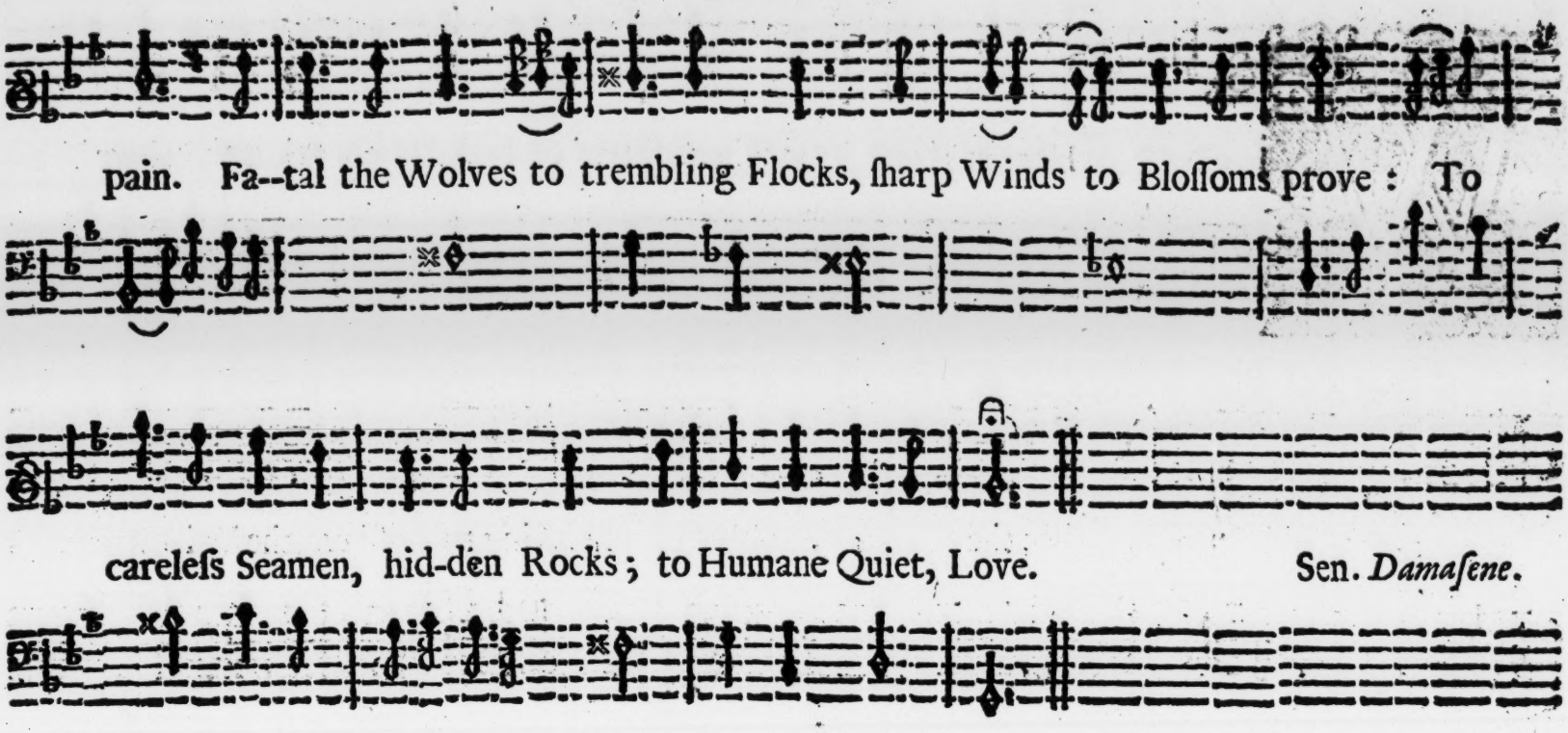
Sen. *Damaſene.*

II.

But, oh! the unruly Paſſion grew
So faſt, it could not be conceal'd,
And ſoon alaſs! I found to you
I muſt without Conditions yield.
Though you have thus ſurpriz'd my Heart,
Yet uſe it kindly, for you know,
It's not a gallant Victor's part
To inſult o're a vanquiſh'd Foe.
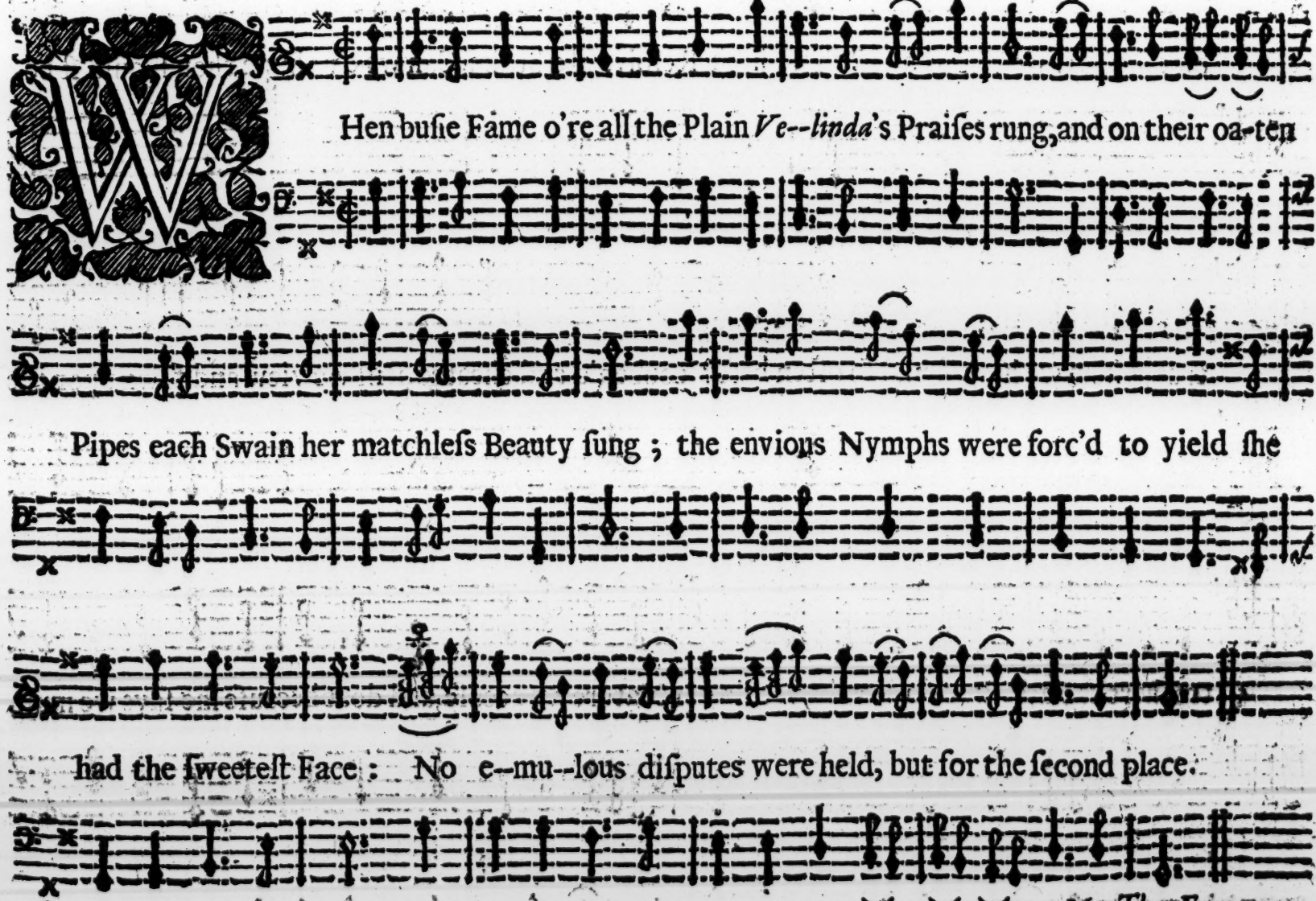
YOu happ--py Youths, whoſe Hearts are free from Love's Im--pe-rial

Chain, henceforth be warn'd and taught by me, and taught by me to a--void th'inchanting



II.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliſs you prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
Whoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
That taſted quiet more?
The Kind with reſtleſs Jealouſie,
The Cruel fill with Care;
With baſer Falſhood thoſe betray,
Theſe kill us with Deſpair.



II.

Young *Coridon*, whoſe ſtubborn Heart no Beauty e're could move,
But ſmil'd at *Cupid*'s Bow and Dart, and brav'd the God of Love,
Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at firſt ſuch ſilent Charms to ſee,
With wonder gaz'd, then ſigh'd, and curs'd his Curioſity.

WHat art thou Love? whence are thoſe Charms, that thus thou bear'ſt a

u-ni-verſal Rule? For thee the Soldier quits his Arms, the King turns Slave, the Wiſeman turns

Fool. In vain we chaſe thee from the field, and with cool thoughts reſiſt thy yoke, next tide of

blood, alaſs! we yield, and all thoſe high Reſolvs are broke. Can we e're hope thou ſhould'ſt be

true, whom we have found ſo often baſe? couzen'd and cheated, ſtill we view and fawn upon the

trecherous Face. In vain, in vain, in vain our Nature we accuſe, and doat becauſe ſhe ſays we muſt.

In vain our Nature we accuſe, and doat becauſe ſhe ſays we muſt. This for a Brute were an ex-

cuſe, whoſe very ſoul and life is luſt, whoſe very ſoul and life, whoſe very ſoul and life is Luſt.

To get our likeneſs, what's that? Our likeneſs is but mi-ſe-ry, but mi- - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - ſe - - ry. Why ſhould I toil to propagate another thing as vile, another thing as

vile a Fool as I: From Hands divine our Spirits came, and Gods that made us did inſpire

ſomething more noble in our Frame, above the dregs of earthy Fire: From Hands divine our

Spirits came, and Gods that made us did in--ſpire ſomething more noble in our Frame

above the dregs of earthy Fire.

Sen. *Baptiſt.*

WElcome Mortal to this place, where ſmiling Fate did ſend thee, ſnatch thy

happy Minutes as they paſs, who knows how few attend thee? Joy--------es full ripe a-

bout thee rowl, and flow in endleſs Meaſure; dip thy Wiſhes deep, and fill thy Soul with

draughts of ev'ry Pleaſure. Feaſt thy Heart with Love's de---ſire, thy Eyes with Beauty's

charms, with Imagination fan the Fire, then quench it in thy Arms; for ſince Life's a ſlip-pe-ry

Gueſt, whoſe flight cann't be prevented, treat it whilſt it ſtays here with the beſt, and then 'twill

go con---ten---ted.

Capt. *Packe.*

A Sweet Reſemblance of Heav'n no Man did ever ſee, nor can a-ny thing

like it be, where Joys are all compleatly giv'n; on-ly my *Cælia*, the mighty Queen of conqu'ring

Beauty and of Wit, does a true Co--py make of it. As the Angels Muſick does in-

ſpire the Saints a-bove, ſo my *Cælia* (their likeneſs here) ſets all Mens Hearts on fire with the

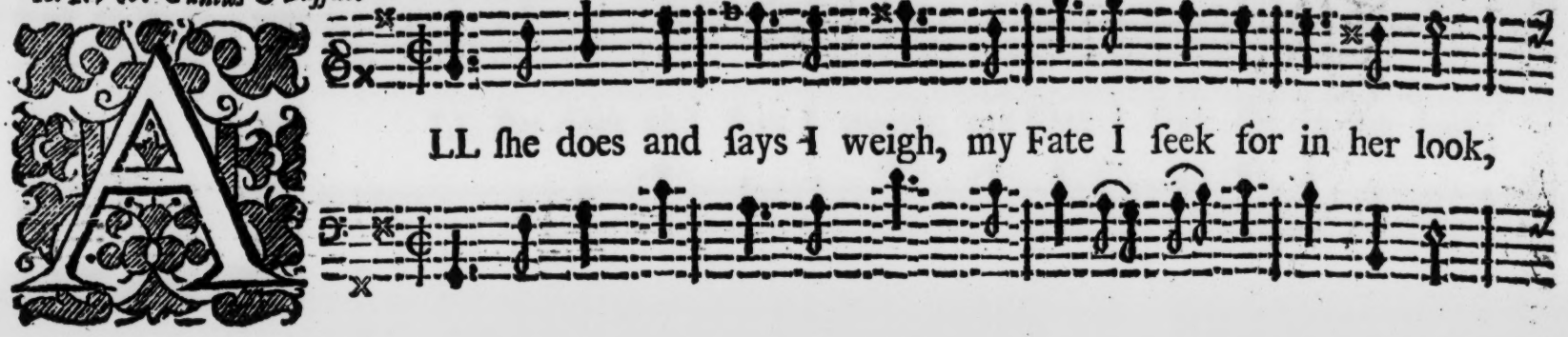
Flames of Love. The ſtarry brightneſs of the Skies is but the like--neſs of her Eyes:

So wondrous good, ſo matchleſs fair and ſweet, and all Graces ſo exactly meet, as if Hea-

ven were her, or ſhe her ſelf were it.

Sen. *Damaſene.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.







Mr. *Ja. Hart.*

II.

If my Suit can never thrive,
And my juſt Charms forgotten lye;
If for you I muſt not live,
This Hour, this Moment let me dye:
Give more force to your Diſdain,
And put the Wretched out of pain.

III.

But if my Deſpair muſt end,
And my true Love rewarded be;
If your Heart's my private Friend,
Deny no more your ſelf and me:
Quick to my Embraces run,
Heav'n can never come too ſoon.

A SONG *in the* CITY HEIRESSES.



H *Jen--ny* gin your Eyes do kill, you'l let me tell my pain; gud

Faith, I lov'd a---gainſt my will, yet wad not break my Chain: Ize once was call'd a
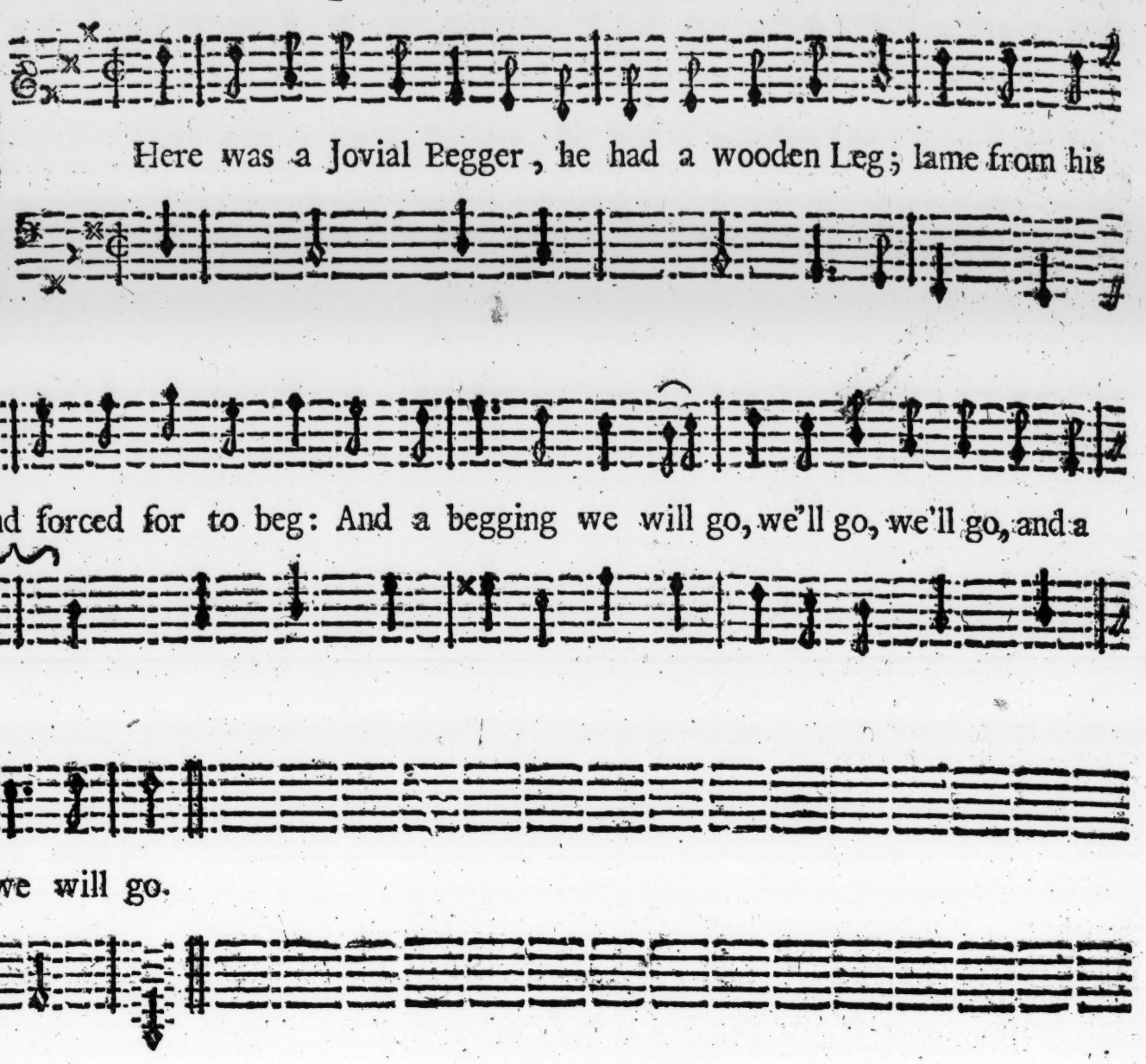
bon---ny Lad, 'till that fair Face of yours betray'd the Freedom once I had, and

all my bli---ther hours.

II.

And now wey's me, like Winter looks
My faded ſhow'ring Eyn;
And on the Banks of ſhaded Brooks
I paſs my wearied time:
Ize call the Streams that glideth on
To witneſs, if they ſee,
On all the brink they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.





II.

A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches
To ſhew that he can halt.
And a begging, *&c.*

III.

A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his ſide,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, *&c.*

IV.

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we ſhall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, *&c.*

V.

And when we are diſpos'd
To tumble on the Graſs,
We'ave a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Laſs.
And a begging, *&c.*

VI.

Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Maſter *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was a Child.
And a begging, *&c.*

VII.

I begg'd for my Maſter,
And got him ſtore of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be praiſed,
I now beg for my ſelf.
And a begging, *&c.*

VIII.

In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, *&c.*

IX.

Of all Occupations,
A Begger lives the beſt;
For when he is a weary,
He'll lye him down and reſt.
And a begging, *&c.*

X.

I fear no Plots againſt me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggers live ſo well.
And a begging, *&c.*



TELL me *Jen--ny*, tell me roundly, when you will your Heart ſurrender;

Faith and Troth I love thee ſoundly, 'twas I that was the firſt pretender. Ne're ſay nay,
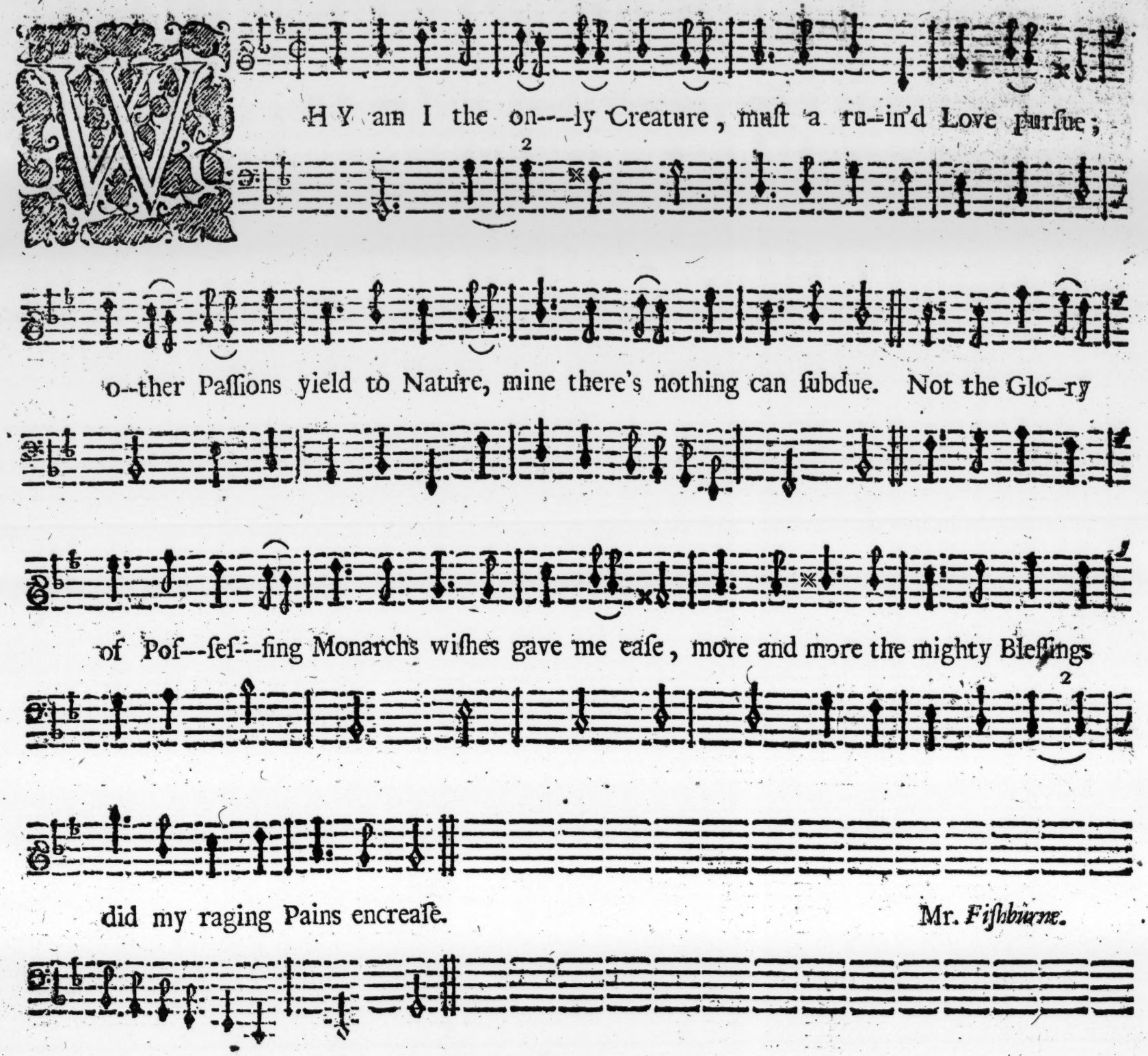
nor de--lay, here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too; all that's mine, ſhall be thine,

Body and Goods at thy command too; all that's mine, ſhall be thine, Bo---dy and Goods at

thy command too.

II.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fye! I think the Devil's in you,
To kiſs a body ſo as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I can't abide ſuch fooliſh doing;
Get you gone, naughty Man,
Fye! is this your way of Wooing!



II.

Nor could Jealouſie relieve me,
Though it ever waited near;
Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monſter would appear:
That, nor Time, nor Abſence neither,
Nor Deſpair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments ſtill remain.

III.

Had alone her matchleſs Beauty
Set my amorous Heart on fire,
Age at laſt would do its duty,
Fuel ceaſing, Flames expire.
But her Mind immortal grows,
Makes my Love immortal too;
Nature ne're created Faces,
Can the Charms of Souls undo.

IV.

And to make my Loſs the greater,
She laments it as her own;
Could ſhe ſcorn me, I might hate her;
But alas! ſhe ſhews me none.
Then ſince Fortune is my Ruine,
In Retirement I'le complain;
And in rage for my undoing,
Ne're come in its Power again.



Au-rin-da, who did love diſdain, for whom had languiſh'd many a Swain;

leading her bleating Flocks to drink, ſhe ſpy'd up--on a Rivers brink, a Youth, whoſe Eyes did

well declare, how much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

II.

At firſt ſhe laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
Which ſoon it leſſen'd to a ſmile;
Thence to ſurpriſe and wonder came,
Her Breaſt to heave, her Heart to flame:
Then cry'd ſhe out, Ah! now I prove
Thou art a God, moſt mighty *Jove*.

III.

She would have ſpoke, but Shame deny'd,
And bid her firſt conſult her Pride;
But ſoon ſhe found that Aid was gone,
For *Jove*, alas! had left her none:
Ah! now ſhe burns! but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes ſhe reads her Fate.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

Like a Dog with a Bottle faſt ty'd to his Tail, like Vermin in a

Trap, or a Thief in a Jayl; or like a To--ry in a Bog, or an Ape with a Clog:

Such is the Man, who when he might go free, does his Li--ber--ty loſe for a Ma-tri-mo-nial

Nooſe, and ſells himſelf in--to Cap--ti--vi---ty. The Dog he does howl when the Bot--tle does

jog; the Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain, of the Trap, of the Jayl, of the Quagmire complain.

But well fare poor Pug, for he Play------es with his Clog: And tho' he would be rid on't

rather than his Life; yet he lugs it, and he hugs it, as a Man would his Wife.

Mr. *Tho. Strafford.*

A. 2. Voc.

LET th'ambitious ſore high on the Wings of Renown, and mount, and

:S:

mount, like blind Birds, to come tumbling down: Let Lo-ver's pale Face his ſick Fortune de-

clare; let Trai--te--rous Stateſmen the Rabble enſnare, Wine's all my Am-bi-tion, my

Love, and my Care. In Brimmers each Man ſhall drink Loy-al--ly round, till his Fancy's, his

Fan--cy's i'th' Air, and him--ſelf on the Ground. Our Hats down be--fore us for

Pillows we'll fling, where Pu--nies ſhall ſleep whilſt the A----ble do ſing, All health, all

health to the Duke and the King.

SEE, ſee, how plea--ſant--ly ſhe lies, with croſſed Arms, and clos'd-up

Eyes, ſmi---ling with a charming Grace; ſuch In--no--cence lies in her Face, that ev'ry

time ſhe draws her Breath, it wounds ſo deep, 'twill be my death. Prethee, dear An--gel!

dream of me, by Heav'ns I love none more than thee; I bleed, I bleed, and ſoon ſhall dye,

Phillis! ah *Phil--lis!* hear my Cry: Death for a minute pray be gone, my *Phillis* ſure will

hear my Moan; but if ſhe will not, then come you, and take me hence, and *Phil--lis* too.

A new LOYAL SONG *made and composed to Muſick, and ſung at the great Feaſt of the* Loyal Gentry *of the City of* Weſtminſter, *in* Weſtminſter-Hall, Thurſday July 19. 1683.

HARK how *Noll* and *Bradſhaw*'s heads a--bove us, cry, Come, come, ye *Whigs* that love us; come ye faith--ful Sons, fall down, and a--dore ye your Fathers, whoſe Glory was to kill Kings before ye. From Treaſon and Plots let your grave heads adjourn, and our glo--ri--ous Pi--na--cle adorn. What tho' the Scaffolds all are down here, to entertain the friends of the Crown here. We whoſe lives and whoſe fortunes great *Charles* will maintain; for Monarchy Haters, damn'd Aſſo-ci--a-tors, Whigs, Baſtards, and Traitors, wee'l build 'em, wee'l build 'em a--gain. Let the in-fa-mous Cut-throats of Princes be ſhamm'd all, their black Souls be

damn'd all, their Blunderbuſs ramm'd all with Brimſtone and Fire in-fer--nal. The Gods that look

o're *him* did by *wonders* reſtore *him*, their *Angels* ſat round *him* that hour that they *crown'd him*, and were

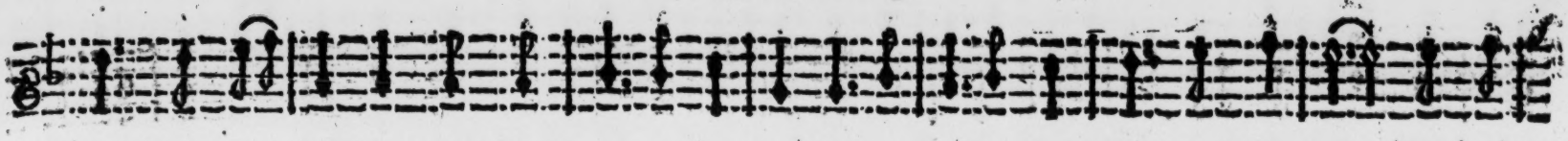
liſted his Guards e--ternal. HOw like *Jove* the *Monarch* of *Great-Britain* drives the Gi---ant-

ſons of *Titan!* Down ye Re--bel-crew; ye Slaves that lye under, ſee *Charles* with his Thunder has

daſh'd 'em all a--ſunder: Down from his bright Heav'n the Aſpirers are hurl'd, loſt in the common

Rubbiſh of the World. See how the God returns victorious! and to make his Triumph ſtill more

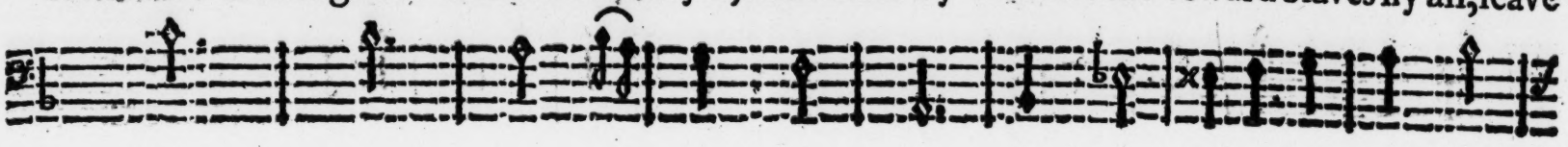
glorious, ſee the whole Hoſt of Heav'n the proud Conquerour meet! The Stars burn all brighter, the
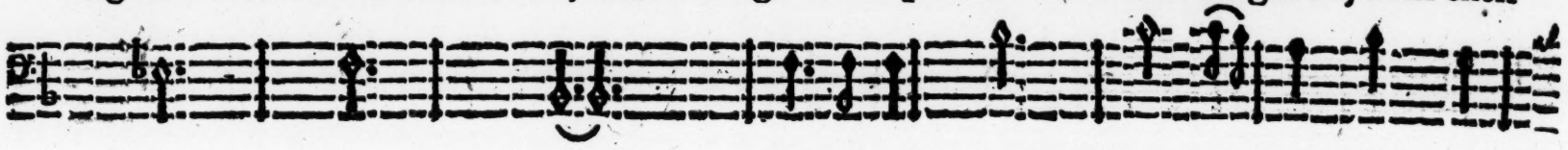


Sun mounts up-righter, while his Steeds gallop lighter, to ſee, ſee their *Jove* made ſo great. With the



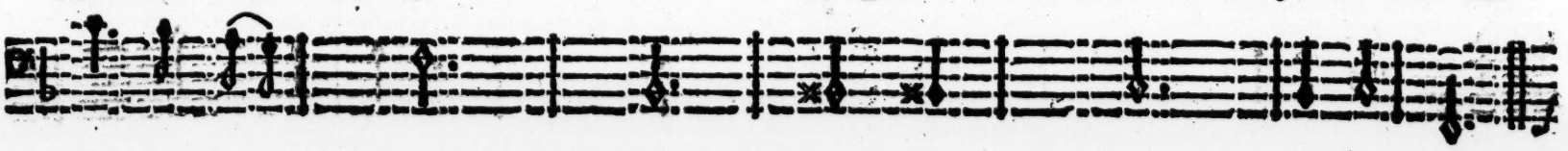
brands and the ſtings of a Conſcience diſloyal, from the fi'-ry Trial let the coward Slaves fly all, leave



Vengeance and Gibbets behind 'em, whilſt the great Deſperado's all turn Renegado's, with their

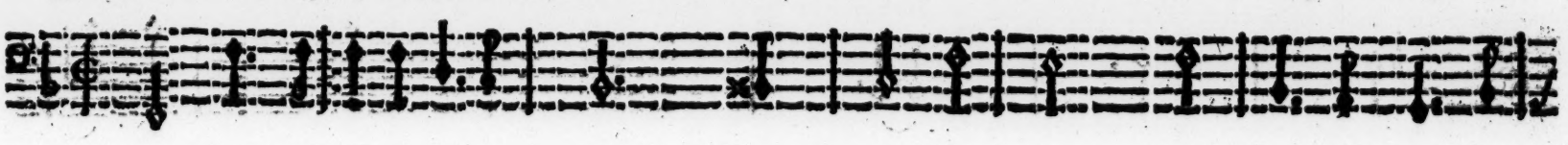


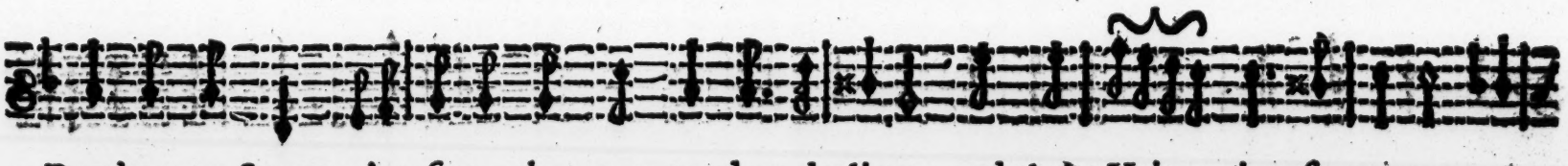
old Friends took napping, in ſome Coal-hole at *Wapping*, ſhall *CHARLES* and his Juſtice find 'em.



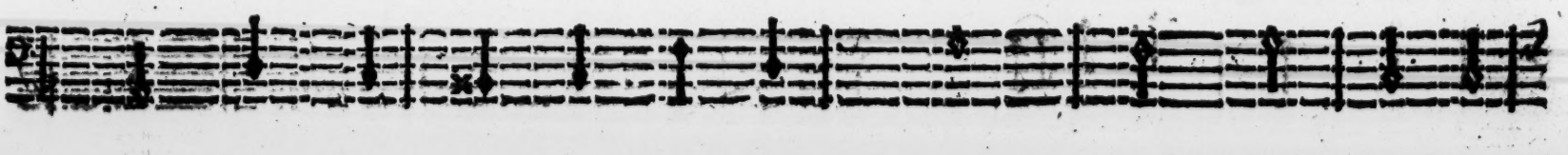


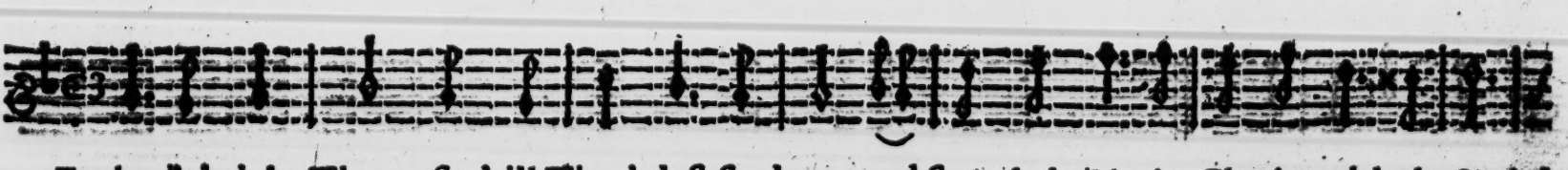
LEt the Malice of fanatick Roundhead, hatch'd in Hell, be ſtill confounded! May the Roy--al



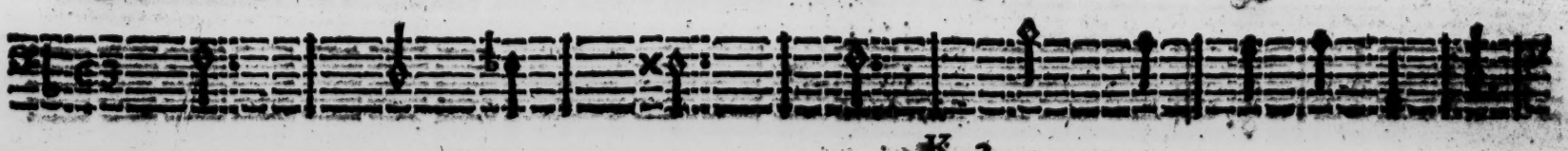


Brothers no Storm e're ſever, but new wonders de-liver, and their Heirs reign for--ever; on





England's bright Throne ſit, 'till Time's laſt ſand runs, and ſtop their Glories Char'ot with the Sun's!



For *Charles* his ſe--cond Reſtoration, ſnatch'd from the Jaws o'th' Imps of Dam-na-tion, with

Feaſting and Revels wee'l chear up our Souls: For the ſafety of *Cæſar*, in Joys and in Pleaſure wee'l

out-run all meaſure, 'till our hearts ſhall o'reflow like our bowls. For a Health to great *Charles* let the

Goblet be crown'd there, the Huzza go round there, to the Skyes let it ſound there, to the

Throne of Great *Charles* his Pro-te-ctour, 'till the pleas'd Gods (that ſee) Boys, grow as merry as

we Boys, joyn their Sphere in the Chorus, make their whole Heav'ns out-rore us, and pledge us in

Bumpers of Nectar.

Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

TO the Grove, gentle Love, let us be go--ing, where the kind

Spring and Wind all day are wooing; he with ſoft ſighing Blaſts ſtrives to o'retake her,

ſhe would not, tho' ſhe flies, have him forſake her. But in circling Rings returning,

S:

and in pur--ling Whiſpers mourning; ſhe ſwells and pants, as if ſhe'd ſay,

Fain I would, but dare not ſtay.

When first *A—min—tas* charm'd my Heart, the heedleſs Sheep be-

gan to ſtray; the Wolves ſoon ſtole the greateſt part, and all will now be made a Prey.

Ah! let not Love your Thoughts poſſeſs, 'tis fa--tal to a Shepherdeſs; the dangerous Paſſion

you muſt ſhun, or elſe like me be quite undone. Dr. *Staggins.*

A Wife I do hate, for either ſhe's falſe, or ſhe's jealous; but

give me a Mate, who nothing will ask us, or tell us: She ſtands on no terms, nor chaffers by



way of Indenture; or loves for the Farms, but takes the kind Man at a ven-ture.



Mr. *Pelham Humphreys.*

II.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Proceſs or warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd the next morning.
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats cann't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.



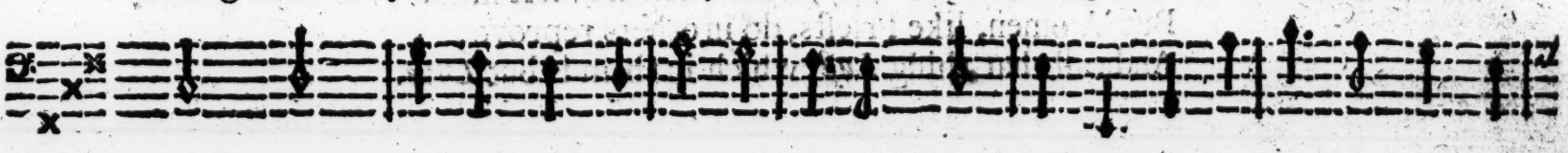
Lo-ris, when you diſperſe your In-flu--ence, your dazling Beams are

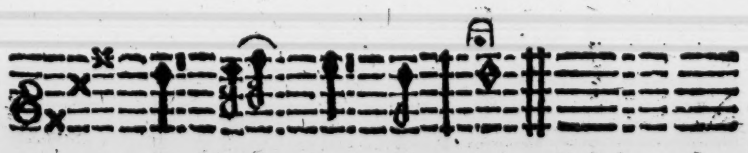


quick and clear; you ſo ſurpriſe and wound the Senſe, ſo bright a Miracle you appear: Ad-

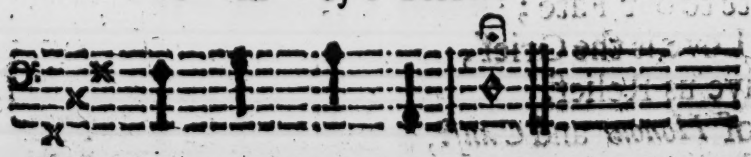


miring Mortals you a--ſto--niſh ſo, no o--ther De-i-ty they know, but think that all Di-



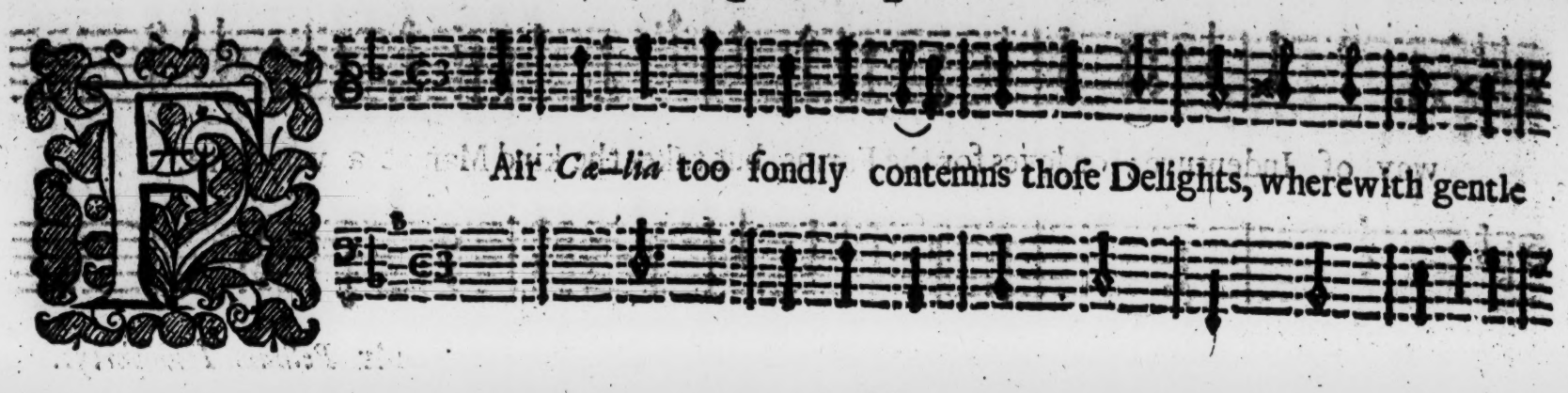


vi----ni----ty's below.



II.

One charming Look from your illuſtrious Face,
Were able to ſubdue Mankind;
So ſweet and powerful a Grace,
Make all Men lovers, but the Blind:
Nor can you Freedom by reſiſtance gain,
For each embrace the ſofter Chain,
And never ſtruggle with the pleaſant Pain.



II.

Then *Celia* no longer reſerve the vain Pride,
Of wronging thy ſelf, to ſee others deny'd;
If Love be a pleaſure, alas! you will find,
We both are not happy, when both are moſt kind.
But Women, like Prieſts, do in others reprove,
And call that thing *Luſt*, which in them is but *Love*.

III.

What they through their madneſs and folly create,
We poor ſilly Slaves ſtill impute to our Fate;
But in ſuch Diſtempers where Love is the Grief,
'Tis *Celia*, not Heaven, muſt give us Relief.
Then away with thoſe Titles of *Honour* and *Cauſe*,
Which firſt made us ſin, by firſt giving us Laws.

I Lik'd, but never lov'd, be--fore I ſaw that charming Face; now

ev'ry Feature I adore, and doat on ev'ry Grace: She ne're ſhall know that kind deſire, which

her cold Looks denies; un---leſs my Heart that's all on fire, ſhould ſparkle through my

Eyes. Then if no gentle Glance return a ſi--lent Leave to ſpeak, my Heart which would for

e---ver burn, a---las! muſt ſigh and break. Mr. *William Turner.*

LET buſineſs no lon--ger uſurp your high mind, but to Dallance give

way, and to Pleaſure be kind; let buſineſs to morrow, to mor--row employ, but to day the ſhort

Bleſſings let's cloſely en-joy. Let's frolic below 'till they hear us a--bove, to *Ca--ſar* we'll

ſing, to *Ca-ſar* and *Jove*.

Dr. *Staggins*.

II.

From buſineſs we'll ramble like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And ſurfeit on Pleaſures which others but taſte:
We'll laugh 'till we weep on the Breaſts of the Fair,
And Tears that are ſhed ſhall the treſpaſs repair.
Then ſtudy below to act thoſe above,
Who never repent, but are always in love.

HOW happy and free is the re--ſo--lute Swain, that denies to ſub-

mit to the Yoak of the Fair; free from exceſſes of Pleaſure and Pain, neither dazl'd with

hope, or depreſt with deſpair: He's ſafe from diſturbance, and calmly enjoys all the pleaſures of

Love, without Clamour and Noiſe.

Mr. *Richard Croone.*

II.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peeviſh, proud, ſullen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Paſſions conceal,
For they boyl in their Grief 'till themſelves they deſtroy.
And thus the poor Darling lyes under a Curſe,
To be check'd in the Womb, or o'relaid by the Nurſe.

LOng was the day e're *Alexis* my Lover, to finiſh my Hopes would his

Paſſion re—veal; he could not ſpeak, nor I could not diſ—co—ver, what my poor aking

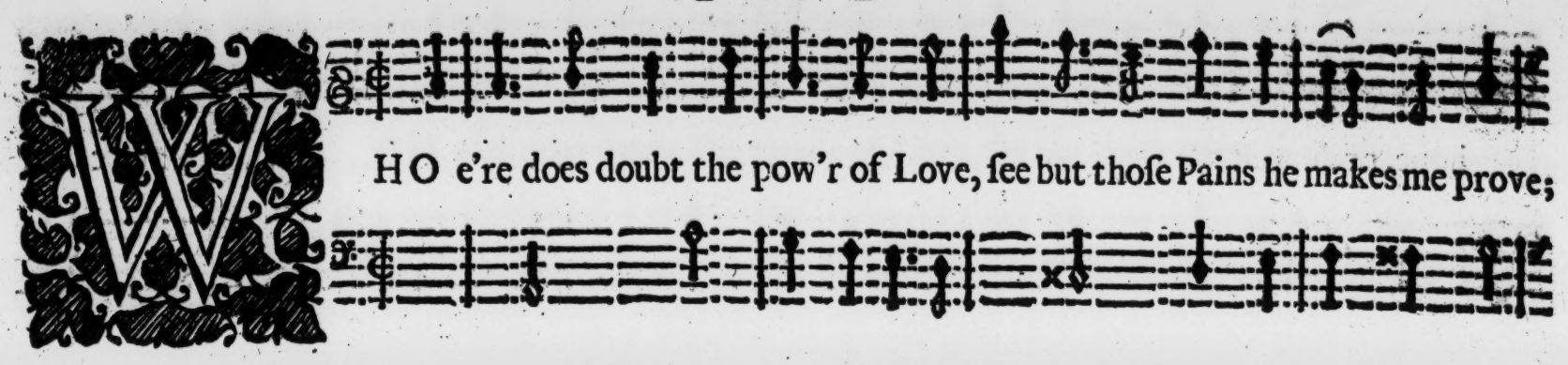
Heart was ſo loth to conceal: 'Till the ſtrength of his Paſſion his Fear had remov'd, then we

mutually talk'd, and we mutually lov'd.

Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'reſhade us
From *Phebus* hot Rages, who like Envy had ſtrove;
Had not kind Fate this Proviſion made us, (Love:
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our
But we ſtand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate,
And above cruel Scorn is our happy Eſtate.
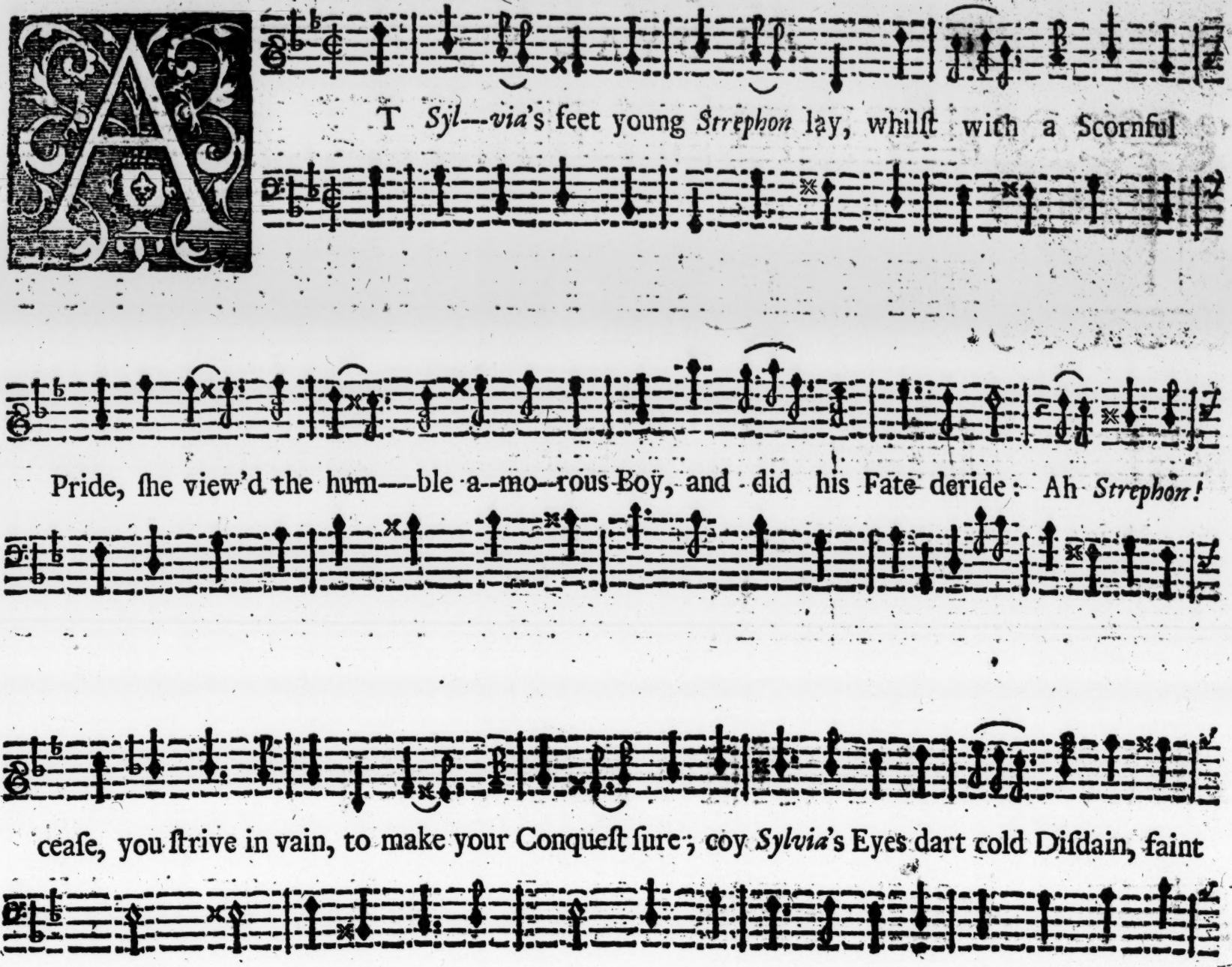


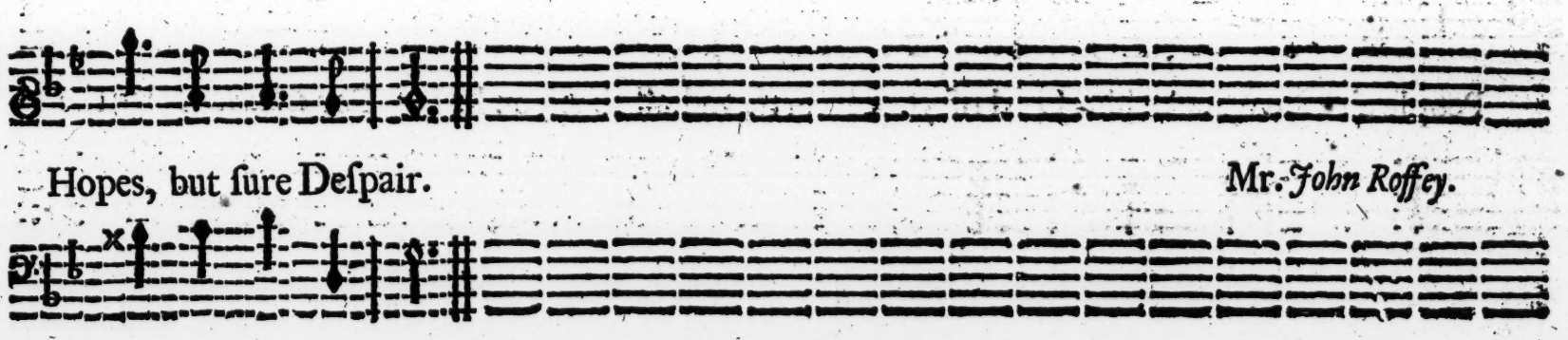
II.

That vigorous Climate ſhall I find
More mild than this I leave behind;
The Snowy Breaſt from which I part,
Her never-thawing Icy Heart,
Has ſtill ſo inur'd me to Cold and Diſdain,
That I never ſhall fear
The Storms that are there,
The North yields not half ſo much pain.

III.

But ſince her Beauty has impreſt
Her Image firmly in my Breaſt,
'Tis vain to leave her, unleſs I
From my own ſelf knew how to fly.
Yet ſince in the Weſt ſhe her Thouſands hath ſlain,
Her Empire ſhall be
Enlarged by me,
In the North *Doraliſa* ſhall Raign.
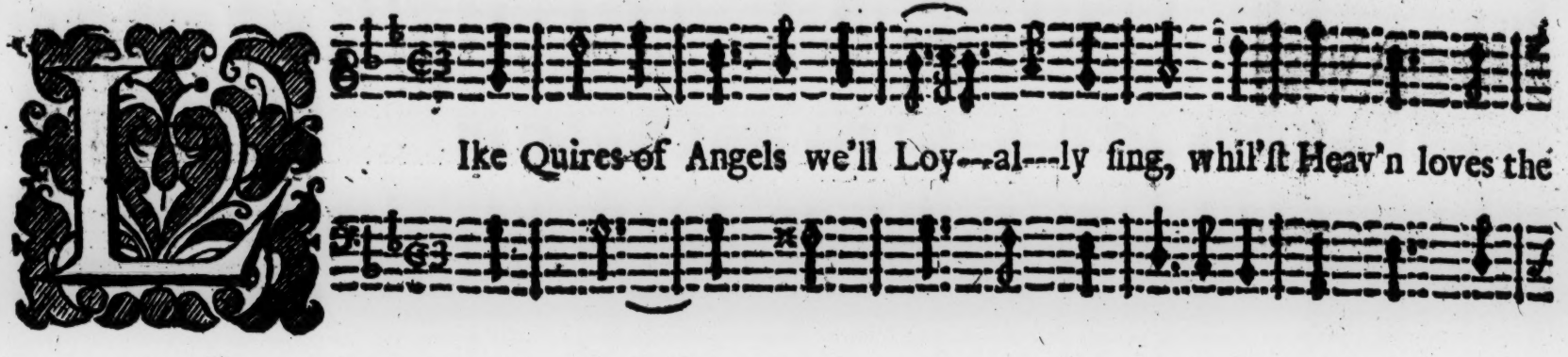




Tears loſe their Virtue, when addreſt,
To thaw her frozen Heart;
Tears dropp'd on *Sylvia*'s Icy Breaſt,
To Chryſtal ſtrait convert.

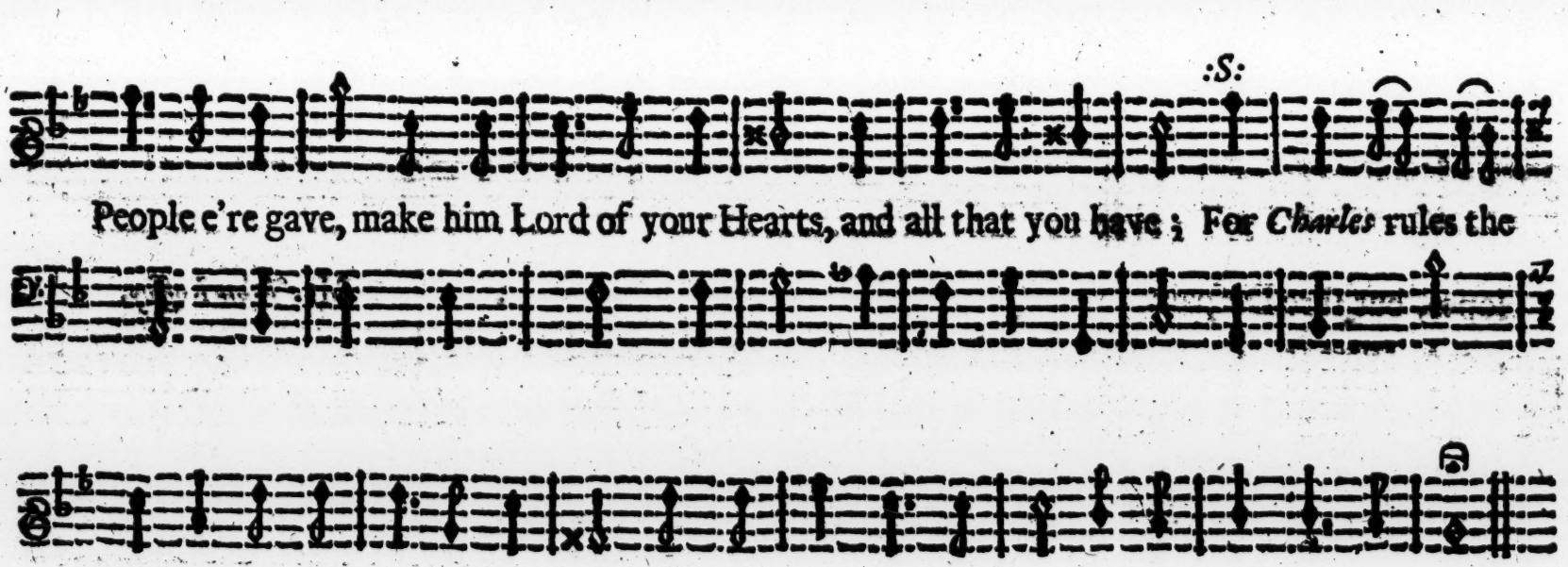
Then gentle *Strephon* ſeek no more,
What thou ſhalt never find;
Thy fruitleſs Paſſion give o're,
And love a Nymph more kind:

One that ſhall all thy Joys compleat,
And Happineſs ſecure;
When both with equal Flame ſhall meet,
Such noble Loves endure.

[*Sing theſe four Lines to the latter part of the Tune.*]

A LOYAL *Song.*





Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

II.

Phanatics be damn'd, who Succeſſion out-face,
And tell us, Dominion is founded in Grace;
With *Julian* and *Plato*, and all their Decrees,
Who ſet up new Princes when ever they pleaſe:
But long live the King for to triumph o're thoſe,
Who the Laws of the Crown or Land do oppoſe;
And when our great Monarch to Heav'n muſt be gon,
May the rightful Succeſſor then ſit on his Throne.

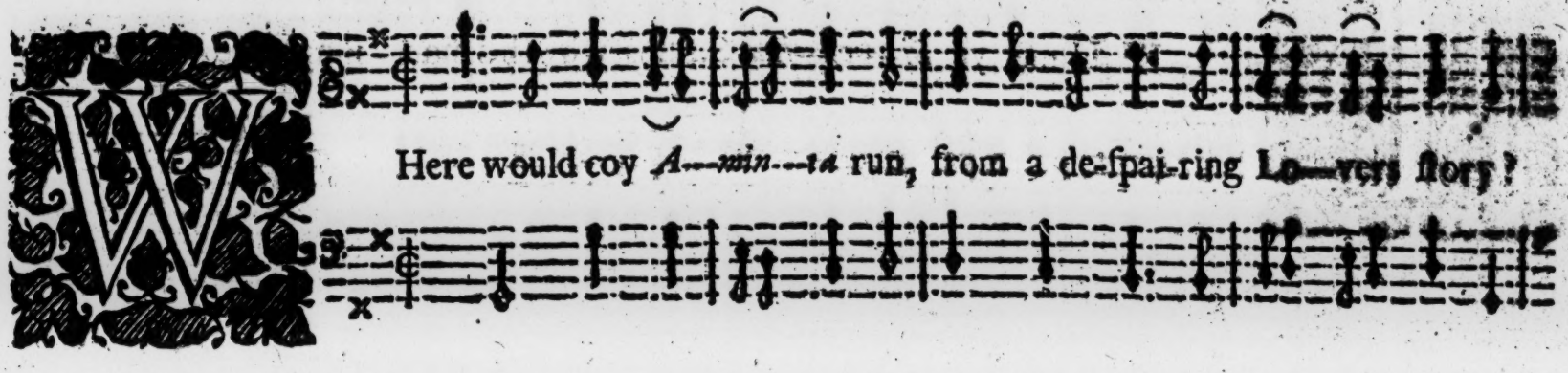
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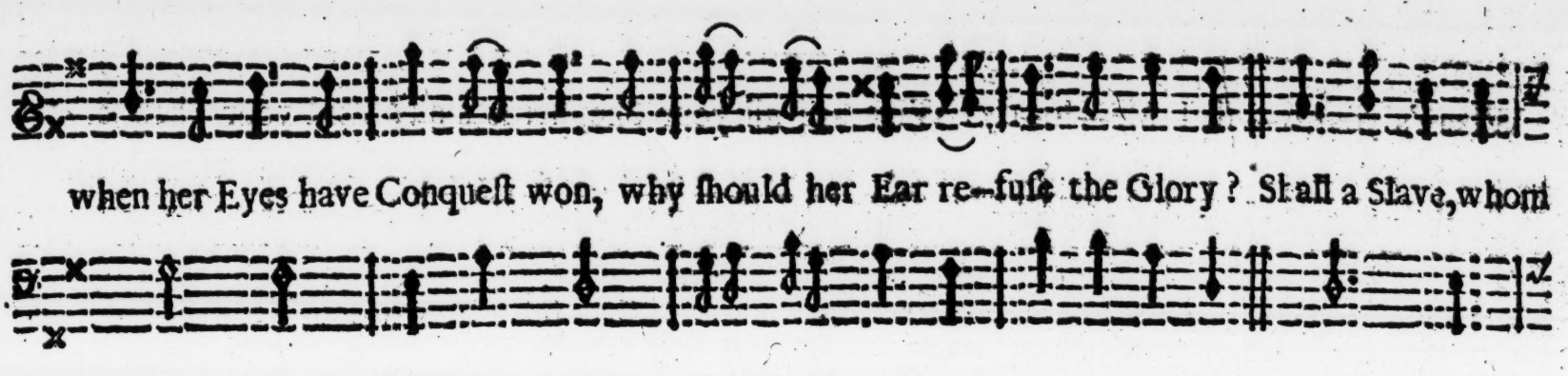
When Rebels their Oaths of Allegiance forſook,
And did wait for the Blood of the King & the Duke;
The Stars in their Courſes appear'd for the Crown,
And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town:
And tho' *Whigs* in Cabals do daily combine,
The Birds of the Air will reveal the deſign;
And lawful Succeſſion juſt Heav'n ſhall ſecure,
As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure.

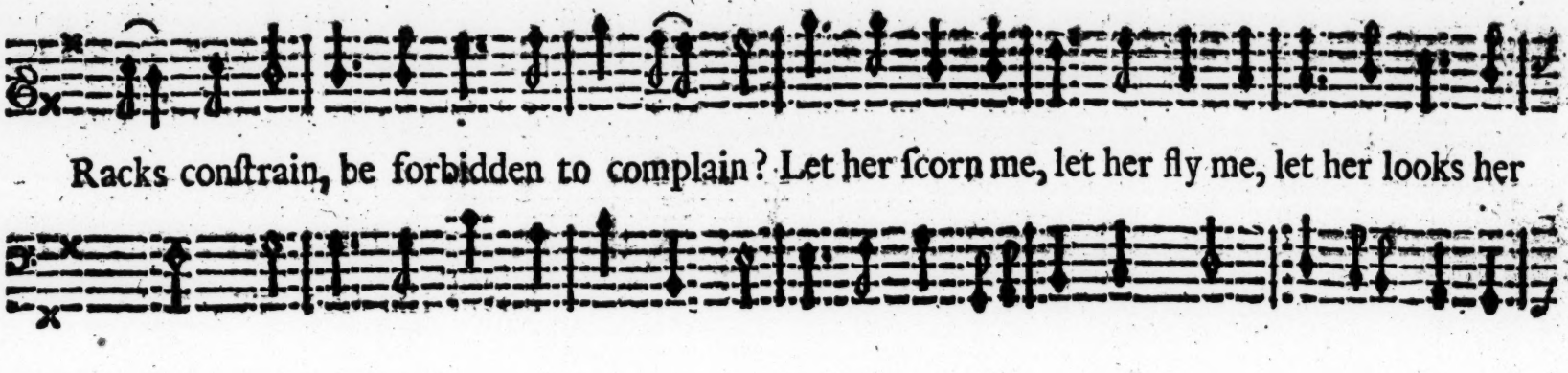
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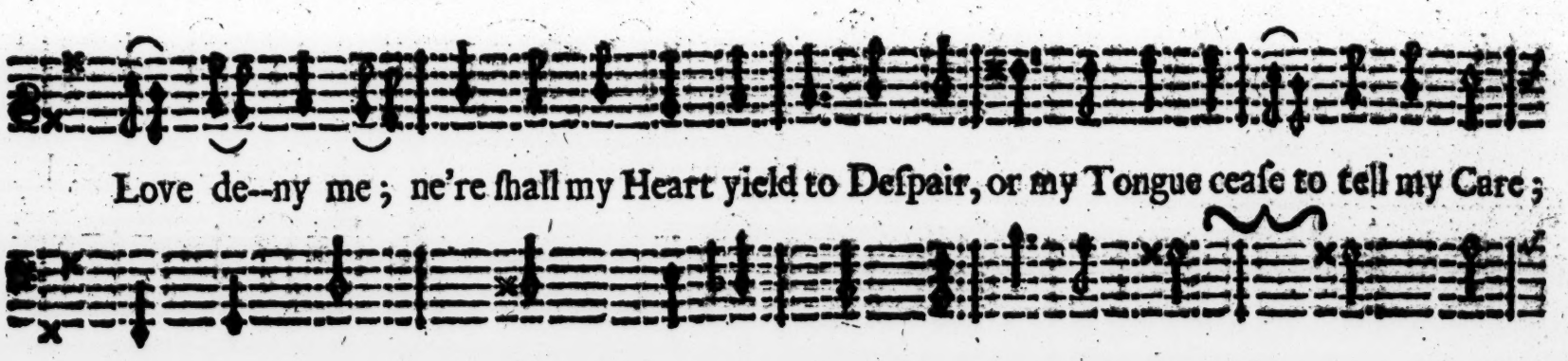
Bleſt are the People, when Heav'n does Eſpouſe
The Cauſe of the King, and eſtabliſh his Houſe;
No Cant of Phanatics, or Commonwealth Zeal,
Can ever prevail by a Whiggiſh Appeal:
But *Charles* muſt for ever the Scepter command,
Which the Powers above have repos'd in his hand;
And we unto Heav'n will our Gratitude pay, (day.
And make his whole Reign a long Thankſgiving-

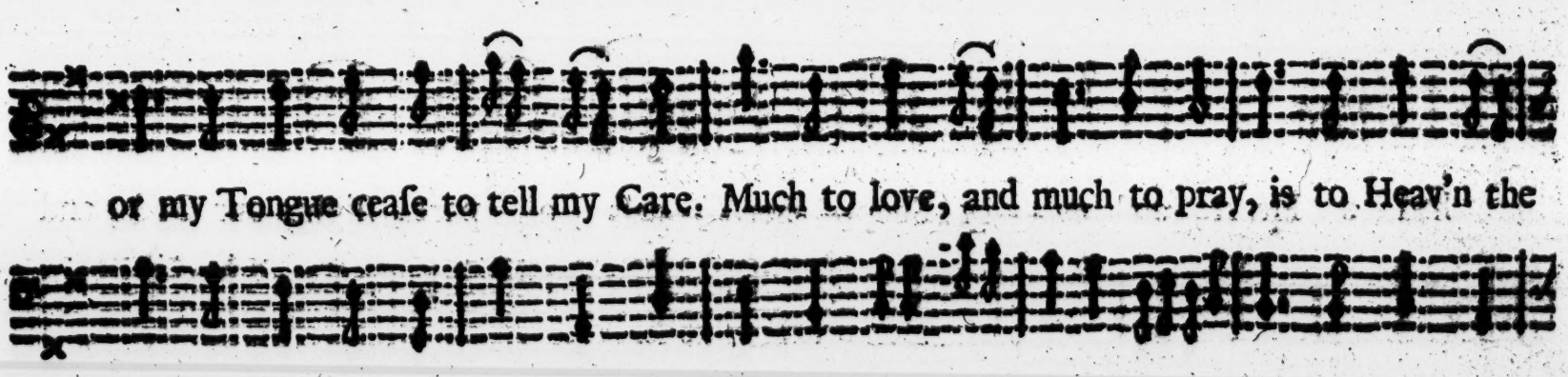
A new Song in the late reviv'd Play, call'd, Valentinian.

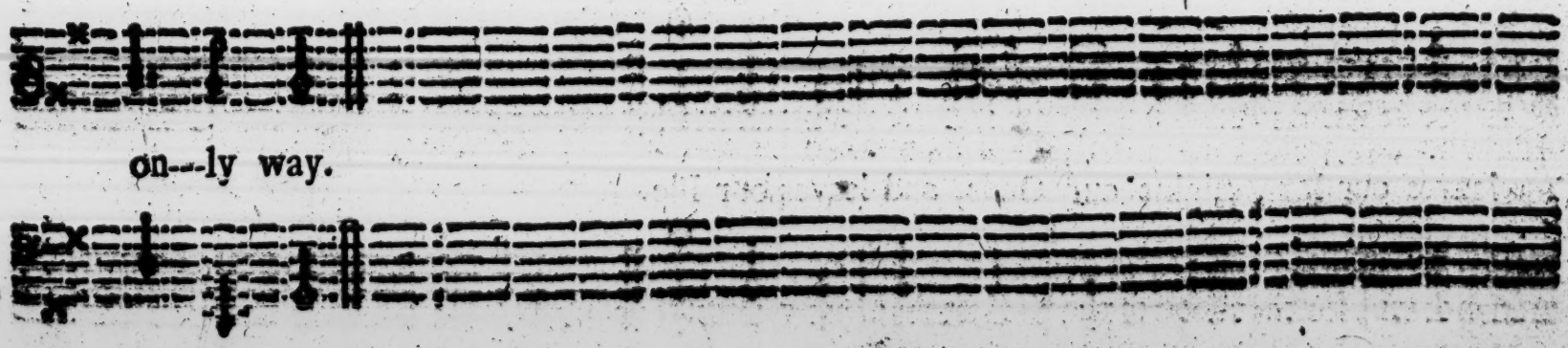












TELL me ye *Si---ci---lian* Swains, why this mour--ning o're your Plains?

Where's your u---ſual Me---lo--dy? Why are all your Shepherds mad? And your Shepher-

Chorus.

deſ--ſes ſad? What can the migh--ty mea--ning be? *Sylvia* the Glo---ry of our

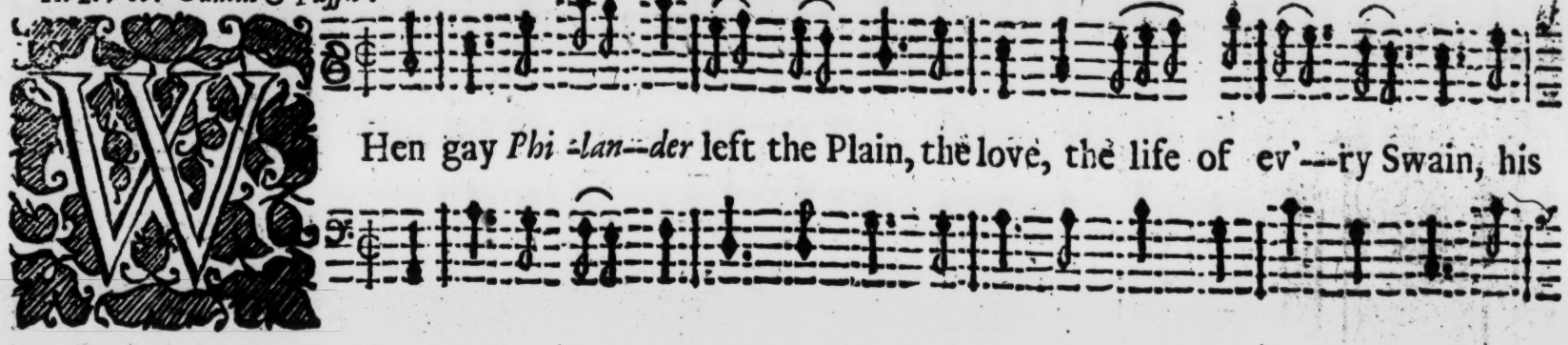
Sylvia the Glo---ry, *&c.*

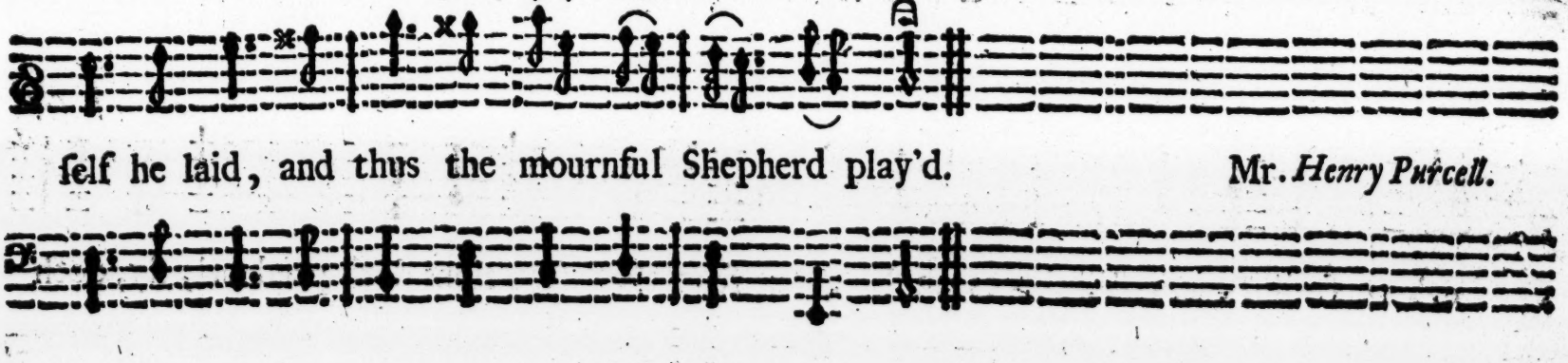
Plains, *Sylvia* the Love of all our Swains, that bleſt us with her Smiles; where ev'ry Shepherd

had a Heart, and ev'----ry Shep-----her-----deſs a part, ſlights our Gods, and

leaves our Iſle, ſlights our Gods, and leaves our Iſle.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Taſſus.





Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Light and chearing Day;
No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
'Till the loſt Youth return again:
Then every penſive Heart that now
With mournful Willow ſhades his Brow,
Shall crown'd with chearful Garland's ſing,
And all ſhall ſeem Eternal Spring.

III.

Say, mighty *Pan!* if you did know,
Say all ye rural Gods below,
'Mongſt all Youths that grac'd your Plain,
So gay, ſo beautiful a Swain;
In whoſe ſweet Air and charming Voyce,
Our liſt'ning Swains did all rejoyce;
Him only, O ye Gods! reſtore,
Your Nymphs and Shepherds ask no more.

Againſt L O V E.

HOW happy's that Mortal whoſe Heart is his own, and for his own quiet's be-

Eccho. *Eccho.*

holding to none, beholding to none, to none; that to Love's Enchantments ne're lendeth an

Eccho. *Eccho.*

Ear, which a frown or a ſmile can e--qual--ly bear, can e--qual--ly bear, can bear: Nor on

Soft,

ev'--ry frail Beauty ſtill fix--es an Eye, but from thoſe fly Felons doth prudently fly, doth

Eccho.

pru----------dently, prudently fly, doth fly; for the Heart that ſtill wanders is pounded at

Eccho. *Eccho.*

laſt, and 'tis hard to relieve it when once it is faſt, when once it is faſt, is faſt.

Mr. *Tho. Kingſley.*

II.

By ſporting with Dangers ſtill longer and longer,
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow ſtron-
He drills on his Evil, then curſes his Fate, (ger;
And bewails thoſe Misfortunes himſelf did create:
Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,
And all the day lingers 'twixt Hope and Deſpair:
Like a Fly in the Candle he ſports, and he games,
'Till, a Victim to Folly, he dies in the Flames.

III.

If Love, ſo much talk'd of, a Hereſy be,
Of all it enſlaves, few true Converts we ſee;
If hectoring and huffing would once do the feat,
There's few that would fail of a Vict'ry compleat:
But with Gain to come off, and the Tyrant ſubdue,
Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few:
How eaſie is Freedom once had to maintain;
But Liberty loſt is as hard to regain.

IV.

This driv'ling and ſniv'ling, and chiming in parts,
This whining and pining, and breaking of Hearts;
All penſive and ſilent in corners to ſit,
Are pretty fine Paſtimes for thoſe that want wit:
When this Paſſion in faſhion doth ſo far abuſe 'em,
It were good the State ſhould for Pendulums uſe 'em:
For if Reaſon it ſeiſe on, and make it give o're,
No labour can ſave, or relieve 't any more.

On MARRIAGE.

HE that is reſolv'd to wed, and be by th' Noſe by Woman led, let

him conſider 't well e're he be ſped; for that lewd Inſtrument, a Wife, if that ſhe be en-

T. *Soft.*

clin'd to ſtrife, will find a Man ſhrill Muſick all his life, will find a Man ſhrill Muſick all his life.

Mr. Tho. Kingſley.

II.

If he approach her when ſhe's vext,
Nearer than the Parſon does his Text,
He's ſure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we ſee,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Soleciſms connected be. :||:

III.

Yet this by none can be denied,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belied,
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:
And this convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a ſight of's Sins. :||:

IV.

If he by chance offend the leaſt,
His Pennance ſhall be well encreaſt,
She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feaſt:
And when's Confeſſion he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing elſe to do, but to ſay *Amen.* :||:

A Thouſand ſev'ral ways I try'd to hide my Paſſion from your view,

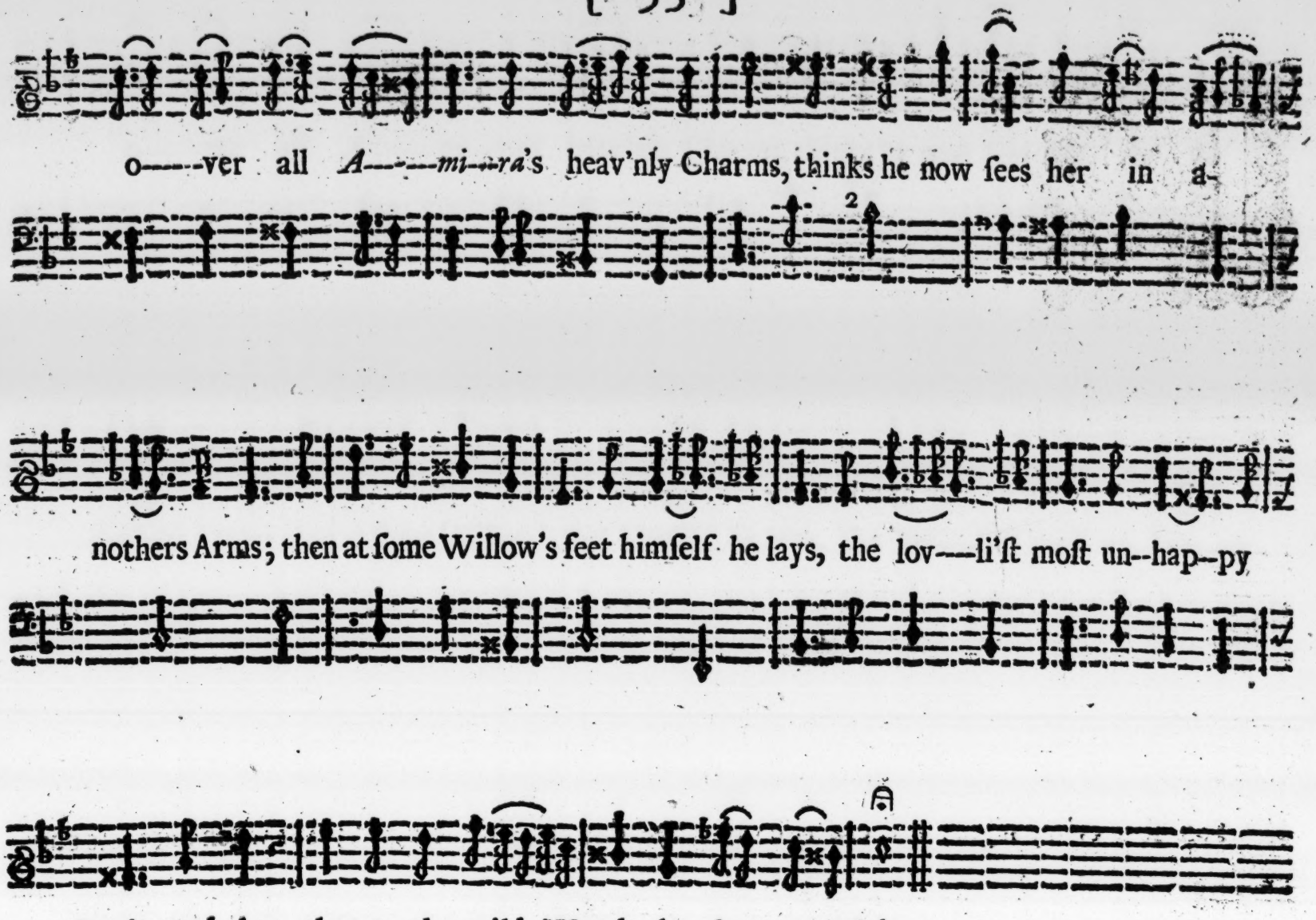
conſcious that I ſhould be deny'd, becauſe I can---not me--rit you; abſence, the laſt and

worſt of all, did ſo encreaſe my wretched Pain, that I return'd, ra----ther to fall by

the ſwift Fate, by the ſwift Fate of your Diſdain. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

THrough mournful Shades, and ſo----li----ta--ry Groves, fann'd with the

ſighs of un----ſuc---ceſs----ful Loves, wild with Deſpair young *Thirſis* ſtrays; thinks



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thirſis!* ſince the time
That thou could'ſt love, and hope without a Crime;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,
As through her ſhady Evening Walk ſhe paſs'd,
And a bright Day did all around her caſt,
Could ſee (nor be offended at the ſight)
The ſighing, melting, wiſhing Swain,
That now muſt never dare to wiſh again.

III.

Riches and Titles, why ſhould they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?
Lovely *Amira!* could'ſt thou prize
The empty Noiſe that a fine Title makes,
Or the vile Traſh that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that ſighs for thee, and dies?
Be not unkind, but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, not triumph o're the Slain.

LET us, kind *Les—bia!* give a way in ſoft Em—bra—ces

all the day; we'll laugh at what the Old report, and make their Gra—vi—ty our Sport: The

Sun ſets ev'-ry night, and can riſe ev'—ry day as bright again; but when once ſets our

ſmalleſt Light, we then ſhall find it always Night; diſſolv'd in Sleep, both thou and I muſt

e—ver *Les—bia*, e—ver lye.

Chorus.

THen let us kiſs, then let us kiſs, and kiſs a-gain, and give a hun-dred, hun-

THen let us kiſs, let us kiſs, and kiſs again, and give a hun-dred, hun-

dred thouſand more; let us kiſs, kiſs on as we began, and give as ma-ny as be-fore.

dred thouſand more; let us kiſs, kiſs on as we began, and give as ma-ny as be-fore.

But leſt perchance our printed Bliſs ſome envious Ri--val ſhould deſcry, we'll wipe out

But leſt perchance our printed Bliſs ſome envious Ri--val ſhould deſcry, we'll wipe out

all with one more kiſs, and ſo, ſo de---ceive his jea--lous Eye, and ſo, ſo deceive
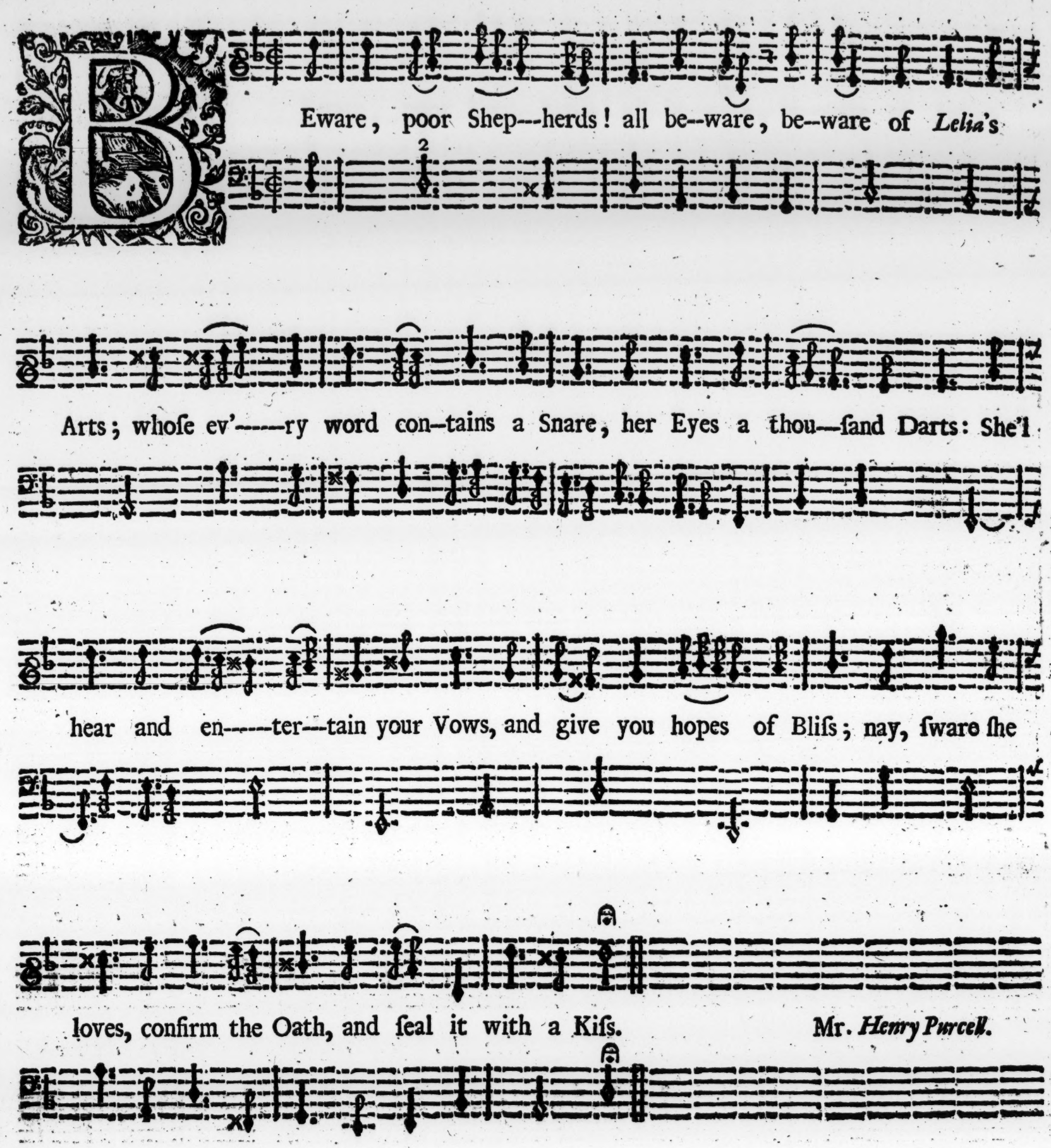
all with one more kiſs, and ſo, ſo de---ceive his jea--lous Eye, and ſo, ſo deceive

his jea--lous Eye.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

his jea--lous Eye.

The CAUTION.



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

But when the woful circumſtance
  Proclaims the Conqueſt ſure,
Too late you'l curſe the fatal Chance,
  Too ſoon th'effect endure:
I that once thought my ſelf her Care,
  Now hopeleſs muſt complain;
Learn therefore, learn to ſhun the Snare,
  By thinking on my Pain.

A Dialogue between PHILANDER *and the* Eccho.

Philander.

STay, ſtay, gen—tle *Ec-cho*, dear Nymph! ſtay, with Love's ſad Language thou can'ſt play; the laſt of my Diſcourſe retort. Love, once thy grief, is now thy

Eccho. *Philander.*

ſport. *Thy ſport.* My ſport, fair Nymph? no, 'tis my pain, to love, and not find love a-

Eccho. *Philander.*

gain. *Love again!* Cru—el! thus to encreaſe my Care, is Love a Cordial for De-

Eccho. *Philander.*

ſpair? *Or De-ſpair.* Love or Deſpair! what doſt thou mean, would'ſt have me ſuf—fer

Eccho. *Philander.*

both a—gain? *Both a—gain.* And what reward ſhall I e're find? will fair *Clarif-*

Eccho. *Philander.*

ſa be ſtill un-kind? *Still unkind.* When Paſſion ſtrains his Voice moſt high, will ſhe like

Eccho. *Philander.*

thee, like thee, far---ther fly? *Far---ther fly.* Shall I in vain my ſighs repeat, ſince

Cupid's grown ſo great a Cheat? Tell me, dear *Ec--cho!* how I may chaſe this in--tru--ding

Gueſt a--way, and break that Bow, whoſe Pow'r moſt ſtrange, thy Subſtance to a

Eccho. *Philander.*

Voice did change? *Change.* Ah no, my Fate I can--not fly! 'tis harder far to change than

Eccho. *Philander.* Eccho *Philander.*

dye. *Than dye.* Ah! ah! what, does this Eccho ſay Dye? *Ah dye!* Is this the Counſel I im-

Eccho. *Philander.*

plore? Hence bubling Air, I will no more. *Ill no more.* Be ill no more? That I be-

lieve, he cann't be ill that does not live. When *Titan*'s weary Carr once more has trac'd the

ſpacious Heav'ns o're, near to this happy Fountain ſet, I'le call thee with my Fla--ge--let:

Eccho.

Fail not to haſt and know my will. *I will.*

Dr. *John Blow.*

A Paſtoral Elegy on the Death of a lovely Boy.

[*words by Mr.* Tho. Flatman.]



Lex--is, dear *A----lex----is*, love--ly Boy!

Oh my *Da--mon!* oh *Palemon!* ſnatch'd away, to ſome far diſtant Re--gion

gone, has left the mi--ſe--ra--ble *Co--ri--don*, bereft of all his Comforts, bereft of all his

Comforts, all a---lone. Have you not ſeen the gen----------tle Youth, whom ev'ry

Swain did love, chearful when ev'--ry Swain was ſad, beneath the me------lan-

cho--ly Grove? His face was beauteous as the dawn of Light, broke through the gloo--my

Shades of Night. Oh my Anguiſh! my Delight! him, ye kind Shepherds, I be-

wail, 'till my Eyes and Heart ſhall fail; 'tis he that's landed on that di--ſtant

Shore, and you and I ſhall ſee him here no more, and you and I ſhall ſee him here no more.

Re---turn *A----lex---is*, Oh re---turn! re--turn, re----turn, in vain I

cry; poor *Co--ri---don* can ne---ver ceaſe to mourn, thy too un--time--ly cru---el

De---ſti---ny: Farewel for e--ver, for e--ver, char---ming Boy, farewel for e-ver, and

with thee all the Tranſport of my Joy; ye Pow'rs above, why ſhould I longer live, to

wait a few un--com---for---ta---ble Years, to drown my ſelf in Tears, for

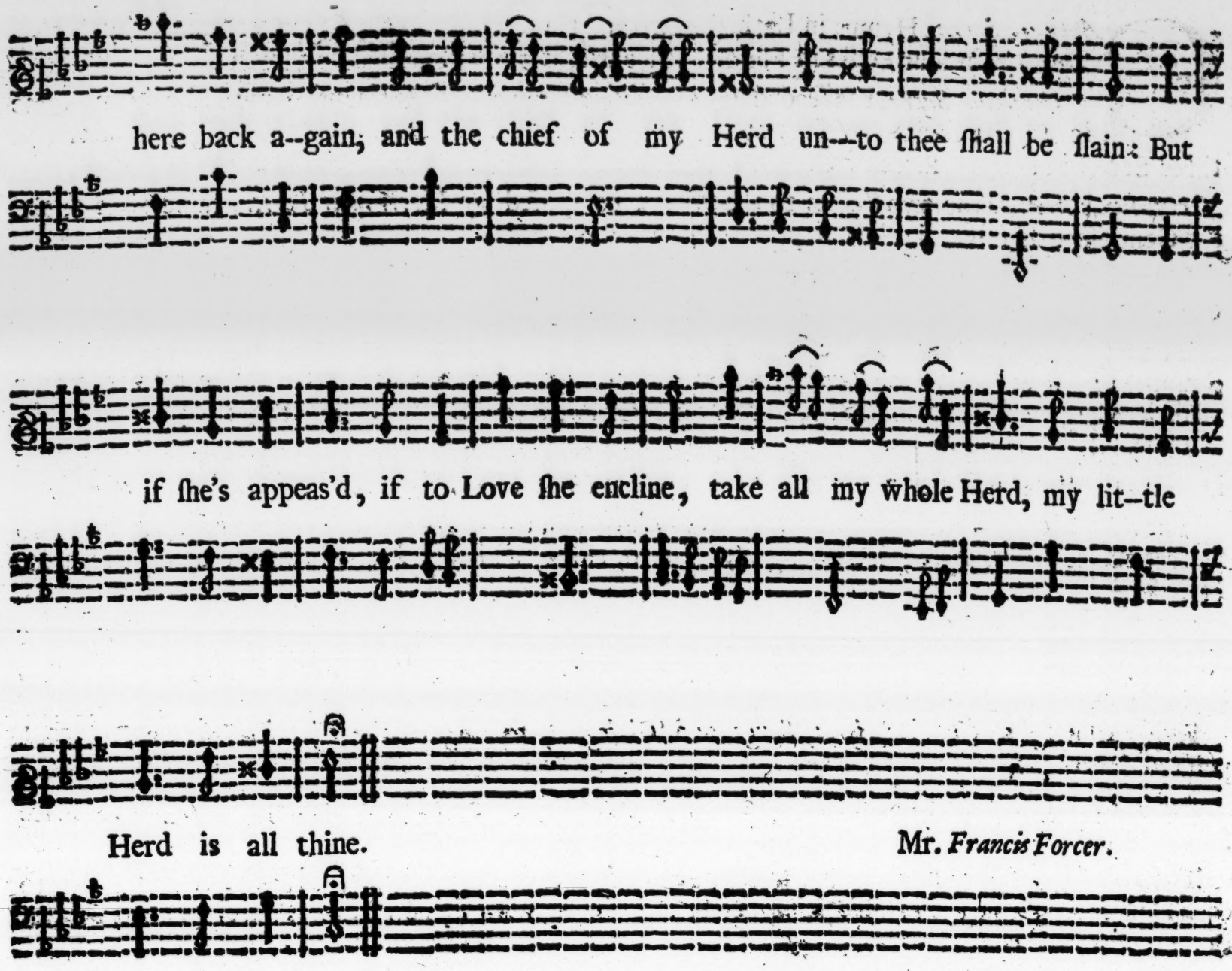
what my Sighs and Pray'rs can ne're retrieve, for what my Sighs and Pray'rs can

ne're retrieve.

Dr. *John Blow.*

WHile here for the fair *A---ma---ril--lis* I dye, ſhe o're

Rocks and o're Streams from my Paſ--ſion does fly; O! bring her, kind *Venus*, bring her



FINIS.

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